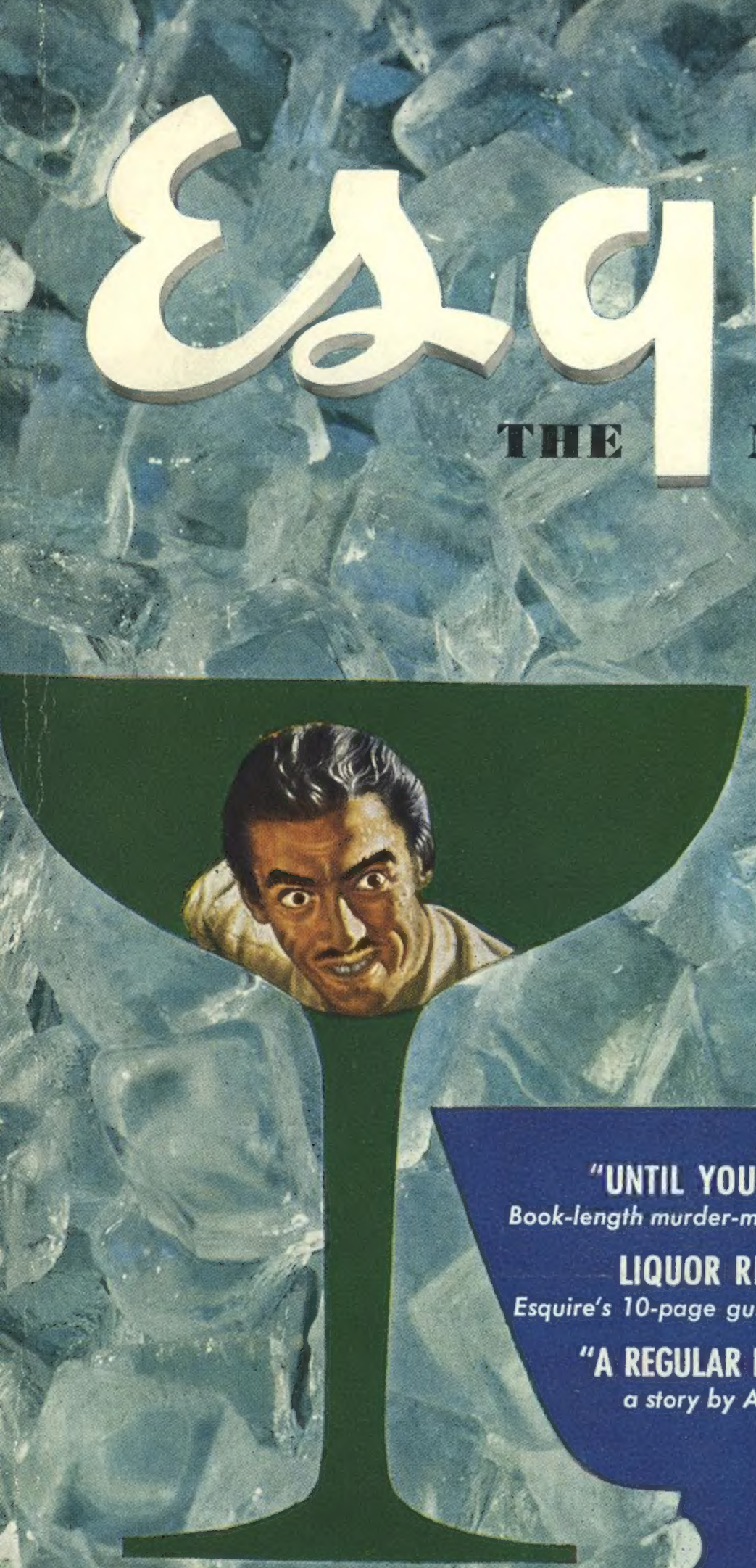
AUGUST 1949
PRICE 50¢
CANADA 55¢

esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



"UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD"
Book-length murder-mystery by Henry Kane

LIQUOR REFRESHER
Esquire's 10-page guide for summer hosts

"A REGULAR DEATH CALL"
a story by Arthur Miller

Commander Starlight coupe

Studebaker's the stand-out

in savings that count and style that sings

MAKE Studebaker your new-car buy word—and watch how fast you find yourself cash money ahead!

You start cutting your car operating costs right away, thanks to those trim, sleek Studebaker dream lines.

Studebaker's flight-streamed designing bars out all burdensome excess bulk—there's no surplus poundage in body or chassis—no squandering of gasoline.

And what a relaxed, road-hugging ride you get! What a pleasure it is to park and maneuver this low-swung style star!

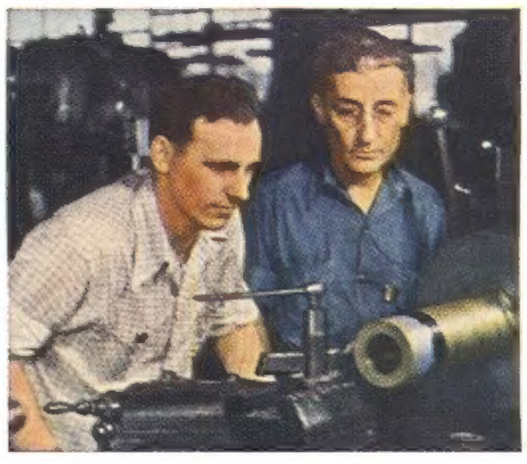
Stop in at a showroom—you'll see in a minute why a Studebaker buying wave is sweeping the country. There's a Studebaker just right for your needs and means.

White sidewall tires and wheel discs available on all models at extra cost

Studebaker's fabulously fine interiors are rich with distinctive new decorator-fabric upholsteries, smart fittings and appointments. Shown here, a view inside one of Studebaker's new five-passenger Starlight coupes.

Studebakers breeze by the gas pumps for days and miles at a stretch. What's more, Studebaker's automatic overdrive serves to step up gas savings remarkably. Automatic overdrive available on all models at added cost.

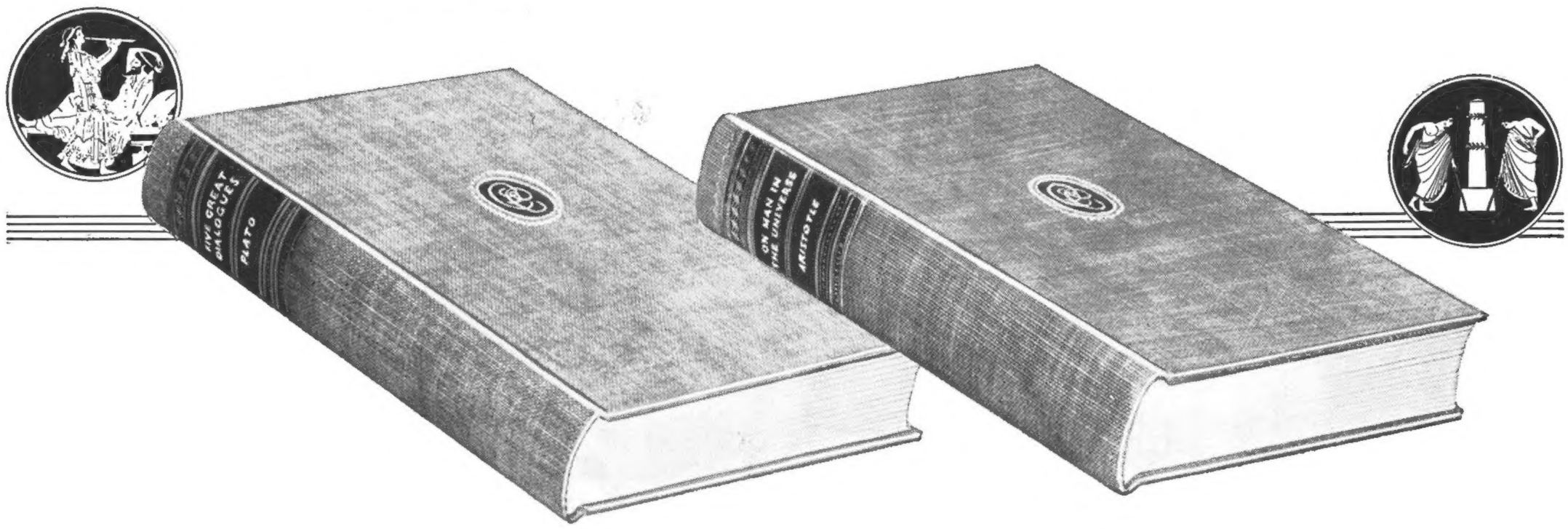
Brakes almost never need servicing in a Studebaker—they automatically adjust themselves. You have the firm brake pedal feel and dependable stopping power of a brand-new car for many thousands of care-free miles.



Built by father-and-son teams and other trustworthy craftsmen, these distinctive new Studebaker cars are designed to resist wear amazingly—rarely require any high-priced repairs.

Studebaker Corp'n, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

BOTH FREE TO NEW MEMBERS ...WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB, INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE



Both of these beautifully bound, superbly decorated editions of

PLATO AND ARISTOTLE

FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES

ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE

NOTHING short of amazing is the way these classics—written two thousand years ago—hit so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, two of the greatest scholars of all time tell us how to live intelligently happy lives, whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches in our hearts and minds. Little escaped the reflections and discussions of Plato and Aristotle. They were mighty pioneers in the field of knowledge, and their ideas are astonishingly timely now.

PLATO is presented in the famous Jowett translation, and contains the five great dialogues—*Apology, Crito, Phaedo, Symposium,* and the *Republic.* ARISTOTLE includes the five celebrated essays —*Metaphysics, Parts of Animals, Nicomachean Ethics, Politics,* and *Poetics.* These splendid De Luxe Classics Club Editions have been brilliantly edited and annotated by Louise Ropes Loomis, Professor Emeritus of Wells College. Both books will be cornerstones of your library. And both are yours *free,* as membership gifts!

Why The Classics Club Offers You These Two Books Free

WILL YOU ADD these two volumes to your library—as membership gifts from The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have *become* "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes (which are being used in many leading colleges and universities) are luxurious De Luxe Editions—bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for $5 and $10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre—books you and your children will read and cherish for many years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price—and your FREE copies of PLATO *and* ARISTOTLE—cannot be assured unless you respond promptly.

THE CLASSICS CLUB, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Walter J. Black, President RF

THE CLASSICS CLUB

One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful 2-volume De Luxe Classics Club Editions of PLATO and ARISTOTLE, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you $2.89, plus a few cents mailing charges. (*Books shipped in U. S. A. only.*)

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address .....

City ..... Zone No. (if any) ..... State .....

LADD

Man of Violence and Mystery

...vs.

Women of Wealth and Beauty!

Paramount presents

ALAN

LADD

BETTY MACDONALD

FIELD · CAREY

RUTH

HUSSEY

BARRY

SULLIVAN

HOWARD

DA SILVA in

F. Scott Fitzgerald's greatest story of the loves and tensions of the times.

"The GREAT Gatsby"

with **SHELLEY WINTERS** · Produced by **RICHARD MAIBAUM** • Directed by **ELLIOTT NUGENT**

Screenplay by Cyril Hume and Richard Maibaum • From the novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald and the play by Owen Davis

contents for August, 1949 Vol. XXXII. No. 2 Whole No. 189

Memo from the Publisher

Fashion spins the plot

I often recall the short-short story of the man who, at the peak of his business and social success, decided to dispense with a necktie—finally to hang himself with one when his life was ruined by such heresy. This tragic little fiction illustrates an enormous fact: the majority of American men have always strived for sartorial anonymity and shunned the conspicuous.

Yet the truth is we're actually the vainer sex, preferring to be noted for our exceptional *accomplishments*, however, rather than for exceptional appearance. The latter is too often the pretense of charlatan, rebel, or clown.

Hence, the clothes that successful men wear are seldom conspicuously extraordinary—and seldom conspicuously ordinary. Either extreme would be suspect as a pretense or a sham.

And that's what happened to the unfortunate man whose necktie (in absentia) was his undoing. He cast suspicion upon himself, and the world was just too damn busy to prove that he was all right in spite of it.

Which brings us to the clue we're seeking in this "Bedside Mystery." It's a simple law of life: people will accept you on your own terms, at your own appraisal. If you feel enough like a leader to look and behave like one—you are one. Obviously, clothes alone can't make you Chairman of the Board; for clothes don't make the man, any more than advertising makes the product. But—like a good advertisement—your clothes can say a lot about your essential quality. Far more, in fact, than you could ever gracefully say about yourself.

Take a look at the fashion pages these days, for instance—and you'll see clothes "saying" things in a straight Man's language.

GTS

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DAVID A. SMART
Chairman of the Board

ALFRED SMART, *President* — G. T. SWEETSER, *Publisher*

FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM ..... *Managing Editor*
GEORGE SAMERJAN ..... *Art Director*
GUS BERKES ..... *Production Director*
A. L. BLINDER ..... *Circulation Director*
JOHN SMART ..... *Business Manager*

Fashion Editor: O. E. SCHOEFFLER; *Associate Fashion Editor:* ARTHUR TODD; *Features Editor:* S. S. FIELD; *Travel Editor:* RICHARD JOSEPH; *Associate Editors:* DONALD BERWICK, C. H. McBRIDE, HENRY W. PLATT, H. A. RICHARDS, GEORGE WISWELL; *Editorial Associates:* EDMUND BURKE, ARNOLD GLANTZ, STELLJES NICHOLS

JESS W. SWEETSER
Advertising Director

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1949 by Esquire, Inc. Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fiction articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

comment

A LOT OF THINGS: NOTRE DAME, CLASS OF ZERO . . . . Jimmy Cannon 32

mystery

UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD . . . . . Henry Kane 62

supplement

THE ESQUIRE REFRESHER

THE BIG 10 WITH THE ESQUIRE TOUCH 88
BARTENDER'S TRICKS 89
AMERICA'S FINEST! 90
WINE LIST 91
CORDIALLY YOURS 92
CHAMPAGNE 92
THE ESQUIRE PARTY LINE 94
THE THREE BARS 95
OF MALT AND MEN 96

sports

CORNELIUS JOHNSON, U.S.A. . . . . Budd Schulberg 27
TAMING THE HANDGUN . . . . . Charles B. Roth 60

articles

FOUR-LEGGED KING OF FRANCE . Quentin Reynolds & Kenneth Downs 23
HOLLYWOOD ALL' ITALIANA . . . . . R. Michaels 56
THE SHAPE OF CARS TO COME . . . . . John Bentley 81

fiction

JUNGLE GOLD . . . . . Charles Yerkow 24
MA HELPS NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE . . . . . Mel Matison 30
A REGULAR DEATH CALL . . . . . Arthur Miller 35
GIFTS OF THE GREEKS . . . . . Walter Duranty 36
MURDER WITH MUSIC . . . . . F. A. Bee 39
LONG, LONELY EVENINGS . . . . . Jack Sher 84
DID I EVER TELL YOU? . . . . . Norman Katkov 86

pictorial

RAW TIGERS . . . . . Kodachromes by Robert Ensworth 28
PAUSE FOR REFLECTION . . . . . Kodachrome by Paul Himmel 33
SCOTTISH TAM . . . . . Kodachrome by L. Willinger 43
CASTANETS . . . . . Photographs by Bob Smallman from Pix 44
THE RIFLE FROLIC . . . . . Painting by Gayle Hoskins 58
CARMEN . . . . . Photograph by Arthur Jacob 61
EZIO PINZA: MAN OF THE HOUR . . . . Photographs by Robert Harrah 82

wearables

HIDE BROWN 47
HIDE BROWN GETS AROUND 52
HIDE BROWN WELL DONE 54

departments

Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY 8
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE 16
Travel: THE WORLD IS YOUR OYSTER . . . . . Richard Joseph 40
Fashions . . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 47
One for the Book: GOING OUT FOR A WALK . . . . . Louis Untermeyer 42
ESQUIRE'S VACATION TRAVEL CALENDAR 122

credits

Roulette wheel, courtesy Abercrombie & Fitch 37
THE RIFLE FROLIC, courtesy T. G. Samworth, Publishers 58

ADVERTISER'S INDEX 130

T. M. REG.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., David A. Smart, Chairman of the Board; Alfred Smart, President & Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; G. T. Sweetser, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Editorial and Art Depts., 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Circulation, Business, and Production Depts., Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as 2nd class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15, 1933, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Mss. and art should be sent to Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-Am. Union and Canada, $6.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, $12.00. Subscribers changing addresses should notify Esquire Subscription Dept. 30 days before change takes place. Give old and new addresses.

LIGHT *is right*

Dobbs Cross Country*... Town or country is home to this style-wise lightweight felt. Heavy on quality. Change the shape to suit the whim. $8.50 and $10

it's the DOBBS *for America's top* LIGHTWEIGHTS

Late Summer's a good time to alternate a lightweight felt with your straws. Dobbs lightweights make this switch a particular pleasure. Put one on. Except for the admiring glances you collect, you'd hardly know you're wearing a hat!

Here's the most famous and lightest of all lightweights! Dobbs-styled to perfection—right to the neat, narrow band. Wear it off-the-face, snap-brim or pork-pie.
Dobbs Hankachif Felt $10 and $12.50*
Dobbs Hanblok, $15

Carry this one right with you in its own handy container. Or even carry it in your pocket! You've got a spare that shapes back into a handsome Dobbs!
Dobbs Foldaway with Carrying Box $10*

Available at the finer stores

Dobbs Individu-Ovals* give you an Individually Fitted Hat

**Trade Mark*

Dobbs Hats, New York's Leading Hatter,
Park Avenue at 53rd Street, New York 22, N. Y.

EDITORIAL

At the end of the rope

HENRY KANE, author, bon vivant, stoic, student, tramp, lawyer, philosopher and master of the masse shot on a pool table, has twisted another strand of yarn into one of his famous Pete Chambers mysteries for this issue—*Until You Are Dead*. When you reflect that his last book-length whodunit was entitled *Hang By Your Neck*, you have already learned something of the impish unconcern that governs even the daily life of our man Kane. He doesn't expect anyone to put these titles together and chortle over their aptness: he's pleased himself by thinking up the gimmick, and, after that, if you like, fine. As for H. K., he's busy with his next gimmick, now being readied for a future issue.

Henry Kane (long since dubbed Hurry-Kane by our receptionist, a beautiful and fortunately agile person) is probably best reflected by his own Pete Chambers, a hard-drinking, wisecracking, unpredictable, and occasionally tender private eye. To those of our readers who may keep a finger at the right place in their volume of Freud and wonder if Pete Chambers is a saucy compensation dreamed up by a mousy author with thick glasses and thin wrists, we say no. Forget Freud when you take to the mark of Kane, for you have here an irresistible and natural force, running as freely and freshly as a spring stream, and meandering with the same illogical whim. The man is big, as he should be for the wanderings into hidden places, which is his private pleasure. Kane works in a glittering New York studio in the fifties—works straight through the days and nights when he is hot on one of his books, and turns from his typewriter only for an occasional hamburger washed down with Scotch. But he may whip out of this genteel stage—setting off at any moment for a ramble of unknown destination and distance. A New Yorker, he combs its byways on foot: a midnight stroll to the shadows under the George Washington Bridge may lead him close to the poetic tides of the Hudson River, but more possibly it will only turn him south again one hundred or more blocks away to a water-front saloon on the East River where sailors from foreign ports elbow and jabber over their varnish-and-soda.

Henry knows New York, being one of the few surviving New Yorkers still living there. Born on the lower East Side, he learned early that wrapping your belt around your knuckles with the buckle side out is a good substitute for politeness. He learned all about Broadway, and its people, and loved it, and talks about it constantly, as he did in *Hang By Your Neck*, as "the street of the pineapple joints and the coconut juice, the cheesecake and the roll collar, the swelled head and the snap brim, the ledger and the scratch sheet, the million-dollar deal over a herring and the fast proposition over draw-one-black; and all the characters: the touts, the books, the crooks, the madames, the madmen, the showgirls, the boygirls, the badgirls, the birdies, the vultures, the gypsies, the doodles, the hard boys, the con boys—the whole commotion."

Such, on one side, is Henry Kane, the boy who studied to be a lawyer and gave it up to write after he learned how to make Gladstone pay. Such is the lad who works off a hang-over conceived in a Hoboken dive by swooshing down large orders of Eggs Benedict at the Waldorf on the morning after. It takes no editorial skill to work with Kane, because he is a meticulous craftsman. It merely takes tremendous vitality. If you are up to breakfasting in Chicago, draped over the bar at the Drake, and mixing oatmeal and gin, Henry is your boy. If you would wonder how a man can use polysyllables on 3rd Avenue, and certain ancient monosyllables on Park Avenue, just listen for the loud voice of the Kane-break, any dawn.

Well, perhaps now you'll turn to *Until You Are Dead*. Perhaps now you'll understand why the striking painting by Herman E. Bischoff on the opening spread of the story, and delicate atmospheric sketch contributed for this column by the artist, were done in darkest secrecy, in a closely guarded upstate farmhouse. If Henry Kane had ever known about them, he might have insisted on doing them himself. ##

Seagram's GOLDEN '49ers

MADE WITH SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN

are Cool, Smooth and Golden!

An American Original
Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry Gin
A pale golden gin of rare mellowness and superb bouquet made by an original and unique method. The first pale golden gin of its kind ever made in America.
distilled & bottled by
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Inc.
Lawrenceburg, Indiana

Golden Gin!

It's the gin in Seagram's distinctive Ancient Bottle . . . the smoothest you've ever tasted . . . and *naturally* so. Produced by a unique process that means extra patience in the making, it's a golden discovery!

For a *smoother*, cooling *summer* treat try a *GOLDEN '49er* tonight. Delicious!

'49er RICKEY

Squeeze ½ lime into highball glass. Drop in lime shell. Add ice cubes and 1½ oz. of SEAGRAM'S Ancient Bottle GIN. Fill with carbonated water.

'49er COLLINS

Juice of ½ lemon, 1 teaspoonful fine granulated sugar, 1½ oz. SEAGRAM'S Ancient Bottle GIN. Shake with cracked ice and pour unstrained into a Collins glass. Fill with carbonated water; stir and serve with slice of lemon and cherry.

Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin

DISTILLED DRY

AN AMERICAN ORIGINAL

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

Grant's
Largest-Selling
8 and 12 YEAR OLD
Scotch Whiskies
in America*
YEARS 8 OLD
Grant's
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
8 YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
William Grant & Sons Ltd.
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
DISTILLERIES.
THE GLENFIDDICH AND BALVENIE-GLENLIVET
DUFFTOWN. SCOTLAND
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 86 U.S PROOF
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & Co., INCORPORATED, BROOKLYN-NEW YORK
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS for U.S.A.
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
FAMOUS LORE OF SCOTLAND
Pole vaulting, introduced to Great Britain at the Caledonian games, is an old tradition of Scotland, like their famous art of distilling which goes back to the 15th Century.
* Every drop of GRANT'S is either 8 or 12 years old. Wm. Grant & Sons are the exclusive proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet and Glenfiddich distilleries. 86 Proof
SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
IMPORT DIVISION
Austin Nichols & Co. Inc.
Brooklyn-New York

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

the pleasure is all ours

I started my husband reading Esquire. I like it—big improvement through the years. I like it fine. I even quote Esquire, "I laugh with it and also learn from it."

HARRIET FARB
Indianapolis, Ind.

it's here to stay

Sex is one of the main topics at this present period, so why not give it to us . . . man-sized jokes, stories, and cartoons. Bring it on; we *men* can take it.

ART HERRINGTON, JR.
Omaha, Nebr.

replace turf

In your April golfing supplement you said that Bobby Jones took the British Open three times, "a record beaten only by Hagen." How about Harry Vardon, five-times winner and Jim Braid, also a five-times winner?

WILBUR W. SEAY
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Right. Sorry we got tangled up in the rough.*

what smells?

In the May story, *The Last Shot*, the author speaks of the floating aroma of nitrogen . . . It is a colorless, tasteless, and odorless gas . . . I've been in enough stables to know that the aroma is ammonia—not nitrogen . . .

THOMAS CALEY
Ann Arbor, Mich.

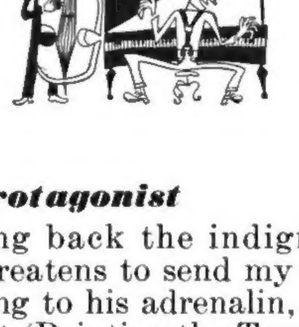
EDITOR'S NOTE: *So that's it.*

what's in a name

I have one remark about your flower chart: what is the difference between a sweetheart and wife? I don't know of any!

MELVIN LIPMAN
Syracuse, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "*A rose by any other name . . .*"



bop protagonist

Fighting back the indignation that threatens to send my doctor fluttering to his adrenalin, I only say that (Painting the Town with Esquire, May) . . . bop is a product of the same creative, imaginative, tumultuous drive that made New Orleans jazz, Chicago jazz, and swing a part of the American tradition of music . . .

So it's different. But the way the old-school jazz men are revamping their bands to include bop arrangements should prove that this new branch of America's folk music should be studied before blasted.

I will venture a guess that our friend who wrote that . . . can be found on nights out, big appleing to the commercial simperings of the boys who like their music canned and easy to read . . .

I think your magazine is tops, but THIS IS WAR!

JEAN ROYE
Glendale, Calif.

enough said

Glancing through some battered but treasured copies of Esquire, I have sadly realized that it is ten years since I last set eyes on your grand magazine . . . Hope ever rises eternal in the human breast, and among the good things to come, may Esquire return to our newsstands for general sale. I think the last war has taught us much and among its more important aspects, a new and deeper appreciation and understanding of the American way of life . . .

We are a curiously silent people and it is not always easy for us to display our true feelings of gratitude. Your helping hand has meant so much to Britain and the peoples of Europe. An indissoluble bond has been welded.

Good luck! A decade is too long.

HAROLD TAYLOR
Manchester, England

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our distributors in the British Isles are The International News Company and the Rolls House Publishing Company, both located in the Breams Building, London.*

come back, Zaza

As a onetime drama critic of the early 1900s, I was intrigued by your delightful *Tragedy of Comedy* in the May issue. Your point of view is definitely in tune with my own . . .

The reference to a re-do of *Zaza* makes me sure you would agree with what I said in an article in a New York newspaper last year. Hope to see more articles on the subject in future issues.

MRS. CLARA K. BROWN
Woodstown, N. J.

Bungled Bundling

In olden times throughout this land our maidens made their sheets by hand. They used a spinning wheel until it was replaced by cotton mill. Then, lovers found more than one use for strong sheets that could stand abuse. They used them to avoid grandsire and thereby to escape his ire. Our knight slid often down a sheet with eyes on girl and spurs on feet. But sometimes luck just wasn't there when grandpa's hatchet cut through air. Today we weave FORT SUMTER sheets in such a way that always meets with every family's bedroom need from restful sleep to militant deed.

Unlike old times when couples bundled and in the process often bungled, we make our SPRINGMAIDS much the best and proved it in a strenuous test. We took our own FORT SUMTER brand, woven and finished by skillful hand. Each sheet was washed 400 times—a test like that would slick new dimes. Two hundred times they were abraded, yet none were either worn or faded. That's equal to a generation of wear and tear and vellication. In speaking of FORT SUMTER covers, we really wish all fabric lovers, when homeward bound from some dull party, would test SPRINGMAIDS—they're all so hardy that you can get a running start and dive in—they won't come apart. The moral is to each of you: No matter what you say or do, remember that in cold or heat, you can't go wrong on a SPRINGMAID sheet.

SPRINGS MILLS

200 Church Street • New York 13, New York

Atlanta Chicago Dallas Los Angeles St. Louis San Francisco

For a set of SPRINGMAID ads suitable for framing, send 25 cents to Springs Mills, Dept. E-11, New York.

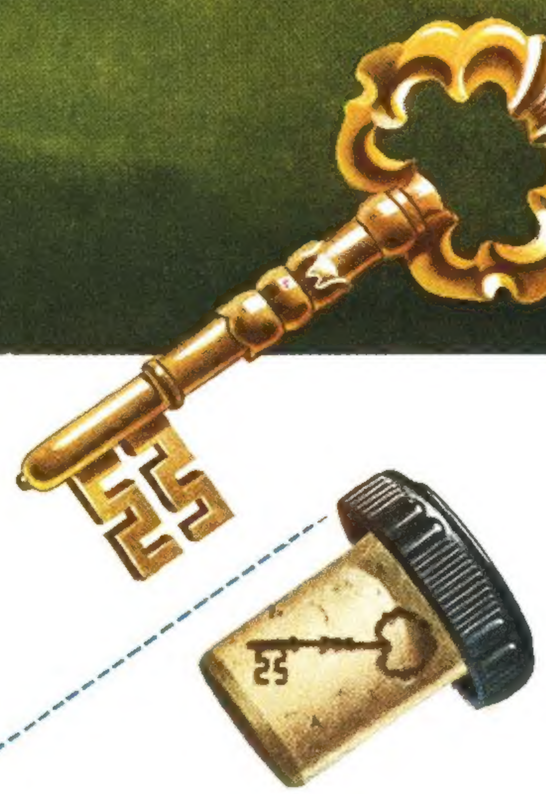
ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, *president of The Springs Cotton Mills, has written another book, "Clothes Make the Man," which was indignantly rejected by every editor and publisher who read it. So he had it printed privately and sent it to his friends for Christmas. After they read it, he ran out of friends, so there are some extra copies. It contains a veritable treasury of useless information, such as how to build cotton mills, how to give first aid on Park Avenue, and how to write advertisements.*

If not available at your local bookstore, send a dollar and postage to us.

He has also designed a sport shirt with 16 SPRINGMAID *girls printed in 6 colors on* SPRINGMAID *broadcloth. It is made large, medium large, medium, and small. Send us $3, and we will mail you one postpaid in the United States. Or, if you want to make your own, send $2.50 for four yards of material 36 inches wide.*

©1949, The Springs Cotton Mills

"Manchester," Home of Mr. and Mrs. Duval A. Headley, Fayette County, Lexington, Kentucky



BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF

KENTUCKY'S KEY TO HOSPITALITY

A heart-warming experience awaits you as the key turns in a gracious Kentucky home. For next, the cork usually turns in the friendly bottle of OLD FITZGERALD, unlocking for your pleasure a bourbon as genial as your host.

Robust flavor and rich bouquet make this the Key Bourbon of Kentuckians, naturally distilled and aged on one genuine sour mash formula since 1870.

Unhurried as hospitality itself, the OLD FITZGERALD recipe requires far more time, yields far less whiskey. Yet only this age-old method gives our traditional Kentucky bourbon its matchless character. Next bottle, enjoy OLD FITZGERALD.

OLD FASHIONED... *but still in style*

OLD FITZGERALD

Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc., Louisville, Ky.

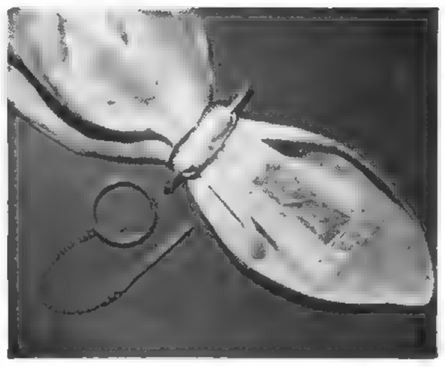
Get that WONDERFUL Seaforth FEELING!

Top off your shave with Seaforth Lotion and enjoy the bracing air of the Scotch Highlands—the cool crispness of heather and fern!
Seaforth Lotion soothes and cools ...smells fresh, not fragrant. Start your days—and dates—with That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling!

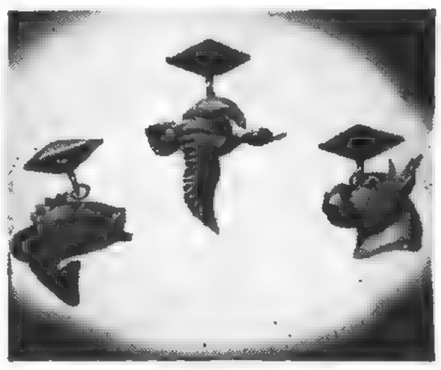
Seaforth! SHAVING LOTION

In handmade stoneware jug,
Only $1.00

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



FOR HIS SISTERS, his cousins or his aunts—maybe even wife, daughter or girl friend—an intriguing sterling silver scarf holder, neither large nor expensive, but a piece she will find practical. No tugging, pulling or pinning. It goes on as if by sleight-of-hand. In the circle as well as the oblong shape, it is either gold-filled or silver.



A MAN'S BIRTHDAY ought to turn up for him at least one thing he really likes. We recommend a pair of miniature wooden Speckled Trout, Mallard Ducks or Boxers, hand-carved and accurately colored which are, in fact, cuff links. There are other dogs, a horse, game birds and fish—all considerably more interesting than most cuff links.

SELF-WINDING watches have until recently been most successful only in the man-sized watches. But now despite the smallness of a lady's watch, an unbreakable automatic winder has been invented using a tiny ball bearing with microscopic steel balls. It is a Swiss made, 17 jewel, waterproof watch that keeps accurate time with no winding.

G. B. SHAW has not only been a forceful influence on the literature and opinions of our times but he appears to be an influence even in fashion. Norfolk jackets which he has worn through the years are coming back. This version is in lightweight gabardine; it has patch pockets, a belt and two vertical inserted bands both in front and in back.

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City 17, New York

Ranger

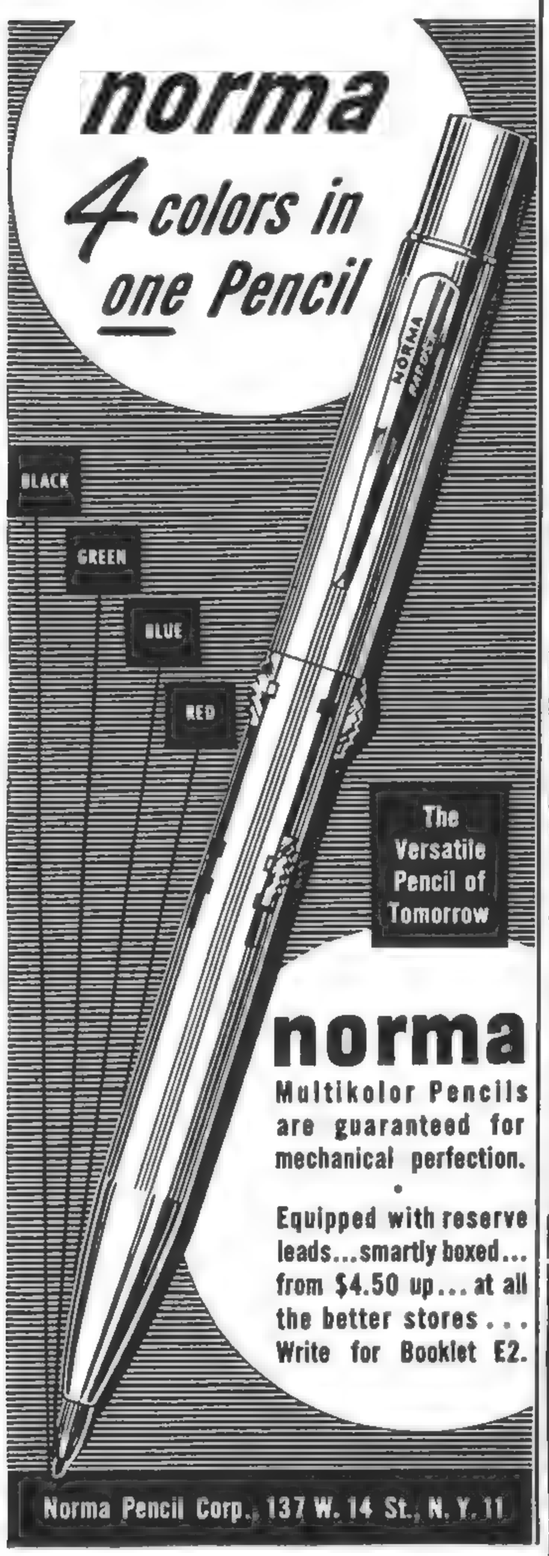
Promise her anything but— Give her Arpège

ARPEGE
MY SIN

LANVIN
the best Paris has to offer

Bottled and packaged in France

norma
4 colors in one Pencil



norma
Multikolor Pencils are guaranteed for mechanical perfection.
•
Equipped with reserve leads...smartly boxed... from $4.50 up... at all the better stores... Write for Booklet E2.

Norma Pencil Corp., 137 W. 14 St., N. Y. 11

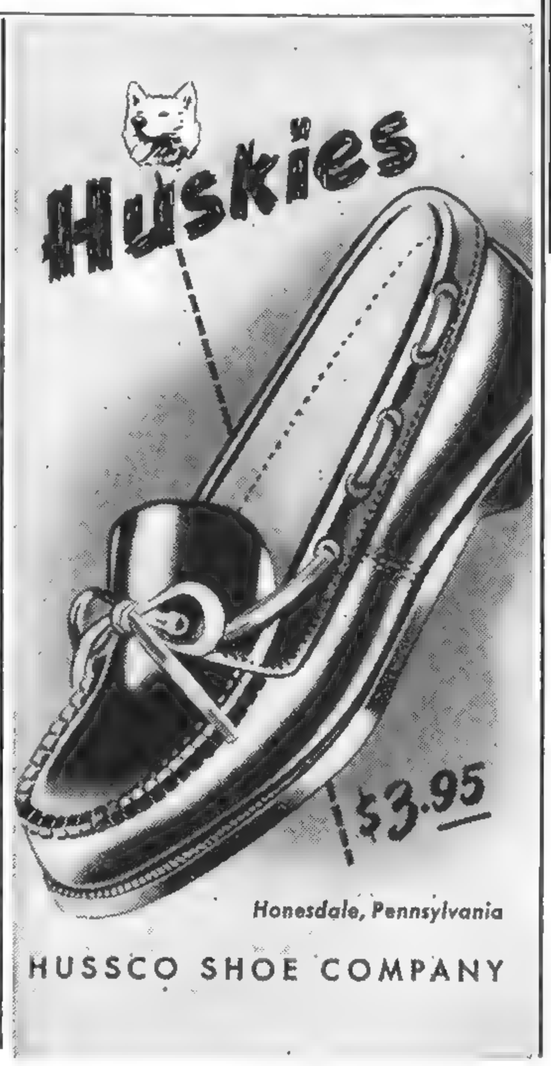
HENRI SAYS:

THEES CHIPPEWA REVERSIBLE, SHE'S FOR ALL AGES

Chippewa Reversibles are made for the little tyke of 3 and on up to size 50 . . . Zelan water repellent gabardine on one side—bright Chippewa plaids or Chippewa scarlet woolens on the other. Worn either way with or without detachable hood. Dealers everywhere are offering them now for advanced fall layaway. See *your* dealer.

Created in the great Northwoods... accepted by outdoorsmen everywhere. From raw wool to finished garment in our own mill.

CHIPPEWA WOOLENS
SHIRTS • JACS • PARKAS • PANTS
CHIPPEWA FALLS WOOLEN MILL CO.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin



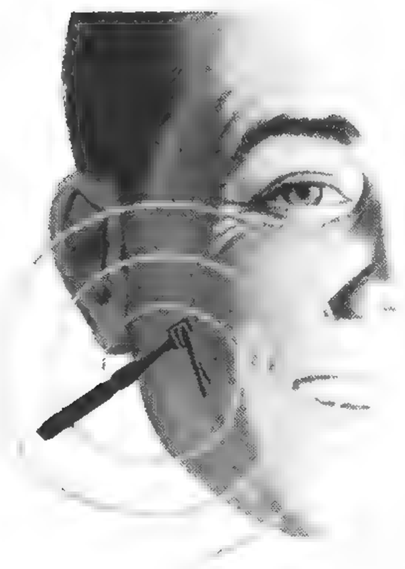
Honesdale, Pennsylvania
HUSSCO SHOE COMPANY

For the loaf of your life . . . 10 ounces of soft comfort that fits better, looks better, gives you more freedom than a basque shirt, T-shirt or *any* shirt! 2-ply ribbed collar, cuffs and waistband that stays down under your belt . . . can be worn over or under slacks or shorts. Handsomely tailored in lustrous, suede-finish Interlock cotton that washes like a handkerchief. What a nice thing to be Gifted with!

Order by Mail or Send for Catalog

Small . . . ☐
Medium . ☐
Large . . ☐
Ex. Lg. . . ☐
Long Sleeve . ☐
Short Sleeve . ☐
Colors
White . . ☐
Grey . . . ☐
Maroon . ☐
Navy . . . ☐
Lime . . . ☐
Rust . . . ☐
Beige . . ☐
Yellow . . ☐
Dk. Green ☐
Black . . ☐
Brown . . ☐
Powder Bl. ☐

John Blye
565 5th Ave., New York 17
Dept. ES-8
Enclosed find check ☐ money order ☐ for ___ Gaucho Shirts in sizes and colors checked.
MONOGRAM
Name_____
Address_____
Add 2% sales tax in N. Y. City



Nothing gives a

Better Shave

Nothing gets a

Bigger Welcome

ROLLS RAZOR

No trouble with stubble—no more blades to buy. Finest Sheffield hollow-ground steel, always barber-sharp. Speed-Strop and Hone built into case. Made in England. $15.

Rolls Razor, Inc. • New York • Los Angeles

FOR MEN OF GOOD TASTE

The Flying JODHPUR

Mexico's finest bootmaker—TRES CABALLOS—designed this shoe for modern men. Immediately it became a popular favorite. Soft as a glove, sturdy, the Flying JODHPUR is ideal for hiking, riding, flying, business. Fully leather lined; bench-made of top-quality leather by skilled craftsmen. Rich Cordovan Brown only. Order by mail, give size.

$18.00

Write for free literature

For overseas shipment add $2

Navarro Bros. IMPORTERS EXPORTERS

113 So. Oregon St. El Paso, Texas

A Thrill in your view---

...wherever you go!

With a Commander Telescope at your car window miles become inches, specks become people, wild life goes fascinatingly about its business. At home, put a Commander at your view window. Fits any standard tripod. Commander Prismatic (illustrated) $87.50, is the finest 'scope of its kind at any price. Other precision models from $35. Car window mount extra. Made by West's largest manufacturer of observatory telescopes. Send for booklet.

TINSLEY LABORATORIES

154 TINSLEY BLDG., BERKELEY, CAL.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

YOU CAN MAKE HOME ENTERTAINING EASY!

READ THE LIQUOR REFRESHER IN THIS ISSUE.

ALL OF THE BAR MARTICLES SHOWN IN THE LIQUOR REFRESHER ARE FOR SALE AT THE BAR MART.

Send for NEW "Tippler" catalog = 43

Executive Director. bobbie ganger

BAR MART

62 W. 45th ST., N. Y. C. MU. 7-1190

America's Most Unusual Store

CLASSIC POLO SHIRT OF MESH KNIT LISLE

Knitted for man-size comfort, it will never cramp your style on golf course or tennis court. Fine mercerized lisle that takes to the tub with the greatest of ease. And don't bother ironing it.

White, Blue, Tan, Canary, Grey
Men's and Students' ($3.50)
Also available for Boys

AMHO KNIT

at better stores, or write Dept. E
AMERICAN HOSIERY CO.
Division of A. Kuehnert & Co., Inc.
150 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Says Mr. A. P.

Before I started wearing my special SPORTFLEX support I looked and felt like an old man. Today, with this wonderful figure aid, I look 10 years younger and feel like a million!

Sportflex Reg Appd

What a wonderful way to control those bulges! SPORTFLEX simply e-a-s-e-s you into upright, perfect posture without any restraining stays to dig into soft flesh! The wide 2-way stretch band of quality lastex can't roll, bunch or bind.. Soft, smooth detachable crotch gives sanitary super-support. Here's a sturdy, resilient figure aid for porous non-chafe control that launders like magic!

Please specify waist & height size.

POST PAID Send check or money order. C.O.D.'s accepted.

$3.00 EXTRA CROTCH 75¢

SPORTEX FOUNDATIONS

SPORTEX FOUNDATIONS, Dept. E-8
14 W. 17 St., N. Y. 11, N. Y.

Please send me.....Sportflex supports and .....extra crotches.

Name.....

Address.....

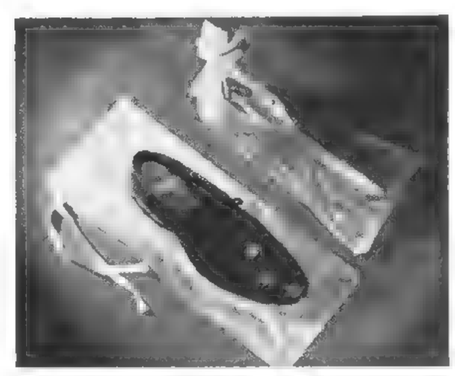
City.....Zone....State....

Please specify waist size....height size...

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

WELL-GROOMED or not, the details make the difference. To keep the creases in and take the wrinkles out of your trousers, for example, a good hanger helps. Among the best made, this one has felt-lined jaws for hanging trousers firmly, and the form for the jacket holds collar and shoulders in perfect shape. A serviceable item too often overlooked.

THE TRAVELING MAN packs a suitcase more easily and does a better job of it if he doesn't have to worry about getting shoe polish on his pajamas and his best shirts. The ideal solution is to use shoe bags. Made in appropriate sizes for both men and women, these plastic bags are dustproof, washable and durable; also very inexpensive.



CALLED REVENESENCE from the French *revenir*, to return, the liquid in the inky-black bottle is intended to reduce surface lines on the face that result from extra dryness. The name suggests a return to the fresh glow of youth. The liquid in the other flask does a thorough job of cleansing and softening. Good standard items for both man and wife.

EVERYONE KNOWS the nuisance of having an occasional skin blemish. Medicated not only helps to heal but because it is skin colored, it makes the trouble spot less conspicuous. The liquid form is recommended for oily type skins, the cream for dry skins. Handy for repairing the scratches and cuts you give yourself while shaving.

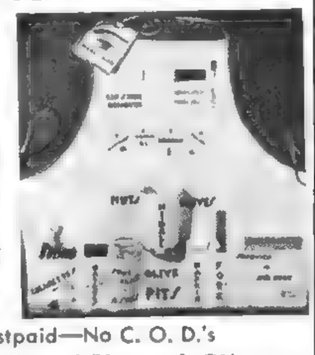
New! Hilarious!

"BINGE BUTLER" APRONS

POCKETS TO HOLD EVERYTHING

Identification cards, lipstick remover, address-phone numbers, pencil, four hangover cures, hi-ball glass, nuts, olives, pits, cigarettes, matches, shot-glass-ashtray, napkin, fork, sandwich, joke book and Mickey Finn!

Get one for each guest! Red on white material.



$2.50 postpaid—No C. O. D.'s

Write for catalog of Unusual Gifts

CRANE'S 419 East 57th Street New York 22, N. Y.

For VACATION SCHOOL TRAVEL HOME

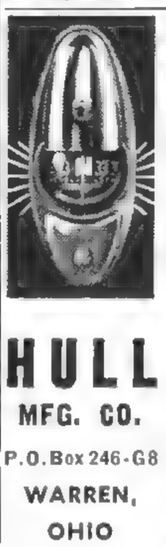
Mark Everything with **Cash's**

12 Doz. $3.50
9 Doz. $3.00
6 Doz. $2.40
3 Doz. $1.80
NO-SO Cement 25c (to attach without sewing)

Identify quickly. Protect positively. Personalize distinctively.

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

Ask your dealer, or write for samples **Cash's** S. Norwalk 2, Conn.



HULL MFG. CO.

P.O. Box 246-G8

WARREN, OHIO

Drive By **HULL** AUTOMOBILE COMPASS

AVOID DIRECTION WORRIES ON STRANGE VACATION ROADS

Beaconlite Illuminated $5.95

Streamline Standard $3.95

At your dealer's. • Write for LITERATURE

BINOCULARS

10 x 50 MILITARY WIDE ANGLE IND. FOC. $55

8 x 32 COATED CENT. FOC. $39.50

6 x 30 GERMAN FEATHERWEIGHT CENT. FOC. $37.50

20% Fed. Tax. Leather Cases Incl.

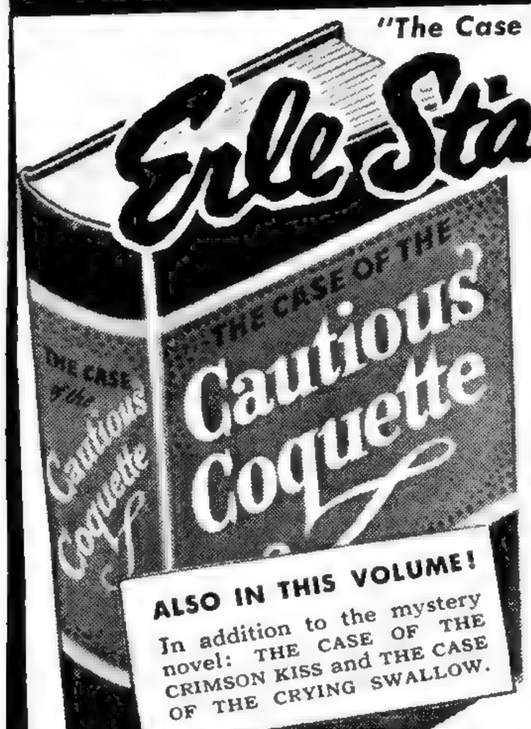
We Pay Postage • BRAND NEW • Money Back Guarantee

Big Optical Catalog Free

BROWNSCOPE CO.

Dept. 8ES, 24 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

NEW SENSATIONAL OFFER TO MYSTERY NOVEL FANS!

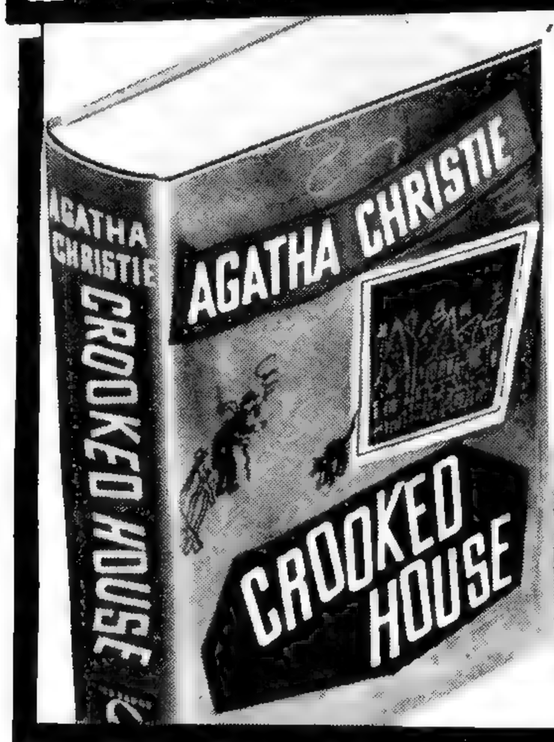

THE CASE OF THE
Cautious Coquette
THE CASE of the Cautious Coquette
ALSO IN THIS VOLUME!
In addition to the mystery novel: THE CASE OF THE CRIMSON KISS and THE CASE OF THE CRYING SWALLOW.

"The Case of the Cautious Coquette"—by

Erle Stanley Gardner

THE GORGEOUS BLONDE WHO JINXED EVERY MAN SHE MET—OR MARRIED!

Not even the hardened D.A. could believe this glamorous, blue-eyed minx was involved in so many criminal activities—extortion, gambling and well-planned murder to name a few. Still, neither did Perry Mason, until the tete-a-tete he was enjoying with her turned out to be a trap that sent him into hiding—with a murder charge on his handsome head! Only Erle Stanley Gardner could have written this fast-paced thriller! (Also in this great new volume are TWO superb new Erle Stanley Gardner mystery novelettes). Publisher's edition, $2.50.

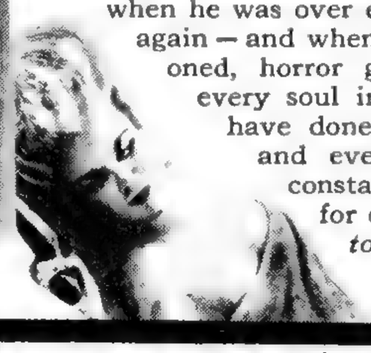


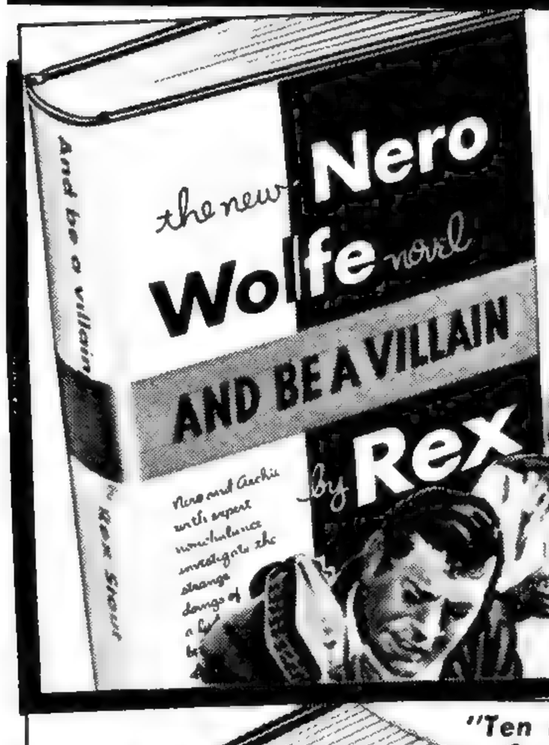
"Crooked House"—by

Agatha Christie

ANYONE COULD HAVE MURDERED THE WEALTHY 80-YEAR-OLD BRIDEGROOM!

The huge, twisted mansion stood out like a crooked thumb in the quiet London suburbs—and there old Aristide Leonides lived like royalty with his children and grandchildren. Then, when he was over eighty, Aristide married again—and when he was suddenly poisoned, horror gripped his house and every soul in it. For *anyone* could have done it—*and might have!*—and everyone lived in terror, constantly on guard—waiting for death to strike again! A *top* Agatha Christie mystery novel. Publisher's edition, $2.50.



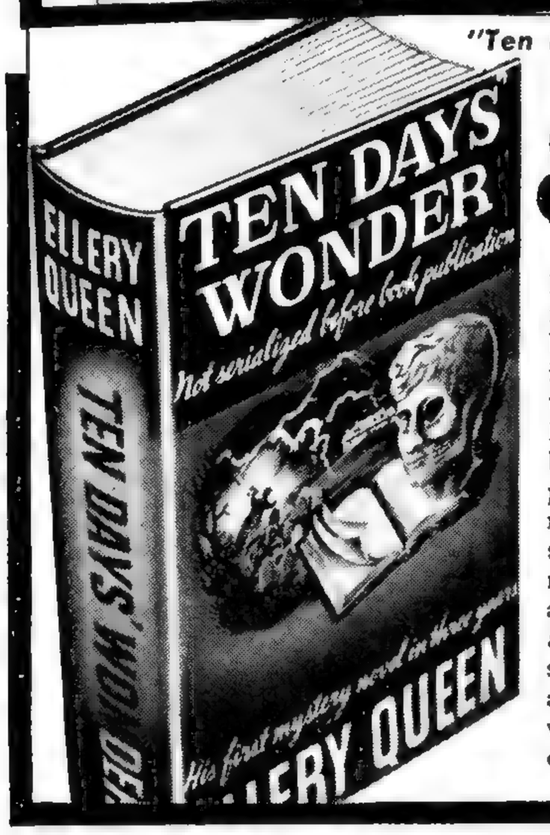


"And Be A Villain"—by

Rex Stout

THE MURDER THAT WAS BROADCAST TO MILLIONS!

One of the guests on the Madeline Fraser national program apparently didn't like his refreshment. He took a single gulp—*and fell dead!* "Cyanide," declared the doctors. "MURDER!" cried the police. That was when Nero Wolfe stepped in—for a little matter of twenty grand!—and did the most magnificent detection of his entire career! Here's a *must* story for admirers of the fat, brilliant "master detective of them all." Publisher's edition, $2.50.



"Ten Days Wonder"—the long awaited new novel—by

Ellery Queen

YOUNG LOVE—AND BLACKMAIL!

Ellery didn't like the case at all. A young man had foolishly fallen in love with his rich foster father's beautiful young wife, and *blackmail* was threatening to ruin him. Much against his will, Ellery agreed to deal with the extortioner—and suddenly found himself tangled in a pattern of crime too amazing to believe! He predicted one death, was powerless to prevent yet another, but not until he searched the strange, dark recesses of a man's mind did he uncover a fantastic plot. *Then Ellery acted*—in a way that will set your spine to tingling and leave you breathless with excitement! Publisher's edition, $2.50.

ALL 4

OF THESE NEW COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVELS

(EACH ONE SEPARATELY BOUND)

FREE

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD

WILL you accept as a FREE Gift from the Dollar Mystery Guild ALL FOUR of the sensational new mystery novels shown on this page? (Each of these books is right now selling for $2.50 in the publisher's regular retail edition.) Whether you are an enthusiastic mystery fan, or just an occasional reader who demands only the *very best,* you will realize that here is *top-notch reading*—by the world's finest mystery writers! Read, below, how you may have *all four* of these books *free*—at once—with membership in the

DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD

The Dollar Mystery Guild is the amazing new book club which offers you *separately bound* mysteries at the unbelievably low price of $1.00 EACH. Yes, as a member you pay only $1.00 each—*postpaid*—for handsomely-printed, well-bound editions of the best new full-length mysteries—at the same time they are selling in the publishers' editions for $2.25, $2.50 or more!

Every Novel a Guaranteed Treat

Each month the Guild's editors read ALL the new mysteries submitted in advance of publication. From among these many books they select TWO which are "tops" in suspense, drama, brilliant detection and sheer "unguessability." Sometimes they give you the work of an extremely talented newcomer; more often they choose novels by such famous authors as Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, Agatha Christie, Ellery Queen, Carter Dickson. But in either case, you ALWAYS get the *cream* of the latest mysteries!

Mystery Guild Clues—FREE

The Guild offers you TWO books each month—brand-new, *individually*-bound novels for your home bookshelf. But you do NOT have to accept every selection. Each month you will receive your copy of the club's exciting magazine, *Mystery Guild Clues,* which describes forthcoming selections. If you decide you don't want a book, you merely notify us and it will not be sent. Your sole obligation is to accept just four books a year from among at least 24 which will be offered. There are NO dues, NO fees, NO "extras."

Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

Why not join the Dollar Mystery Guild now while you can get these FOUR wonderful new mystery novels FREE with membership? Just fill in the coupon and mail—*right away!*

DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD • GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

Mail This Coupon

ALL 4 FREE *with membership*

THE CASE OF THE CAUTIOUS COQUETTE • CROOKED HOUSE AND BE A VILLAIN • TEN DAYS' WONDER

DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD
Dept. 8EM, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me Free ALL FOUR of the new mystery novels listed above and enroll me Free (no fees—no postage—no dues) in the Dollar Mystery Guild. I am to receive *Mystery Guild Clues,* the club's monthly bulletin, so that I may decide which selections I want to accept. I need take only 4 books a year (out of 24 or more to be offered), and pay only $1.00 each (we pay all shipping charges) as my sole membership obligation. After accepting 4 books I may cancel my membership at any time.

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Occupation.....Age, if under 21.....

Slightly higher in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2

Oooo-la-la SAUCY STRIPPERS FOR YOUR BAR

Bewitching Beer Mugs

Watch the boys' eyes pop when they see this sexy sextet. Six seductive sepia sirens doing a strip tease around these burlesque beer mugs. Coffee-colored glazed ceramic mugs hold 12 ozs., stand about 4½".

Your choice $3.95 each postpaid
(specify second choice when ordering)

Aqua-maid Highball Stirrers

In plastic, 8 assorted colors or in crystal. Gift boxed.
4 for $1.00 8 for $2.00 postpaid

She's a Corker

The better half — these graceful gams will stop the show — and the bottles at your bar. Cork-topped cuties are 5" tall — made of china — wear frothy undies in sheer pink, blue, and black. Come in attractive peep-through cellophane box.

Box of 3 Corkers
$3.95 postpaid

ICE TONGS to match ivory, crystal or ruby. $1.00 each postpaid

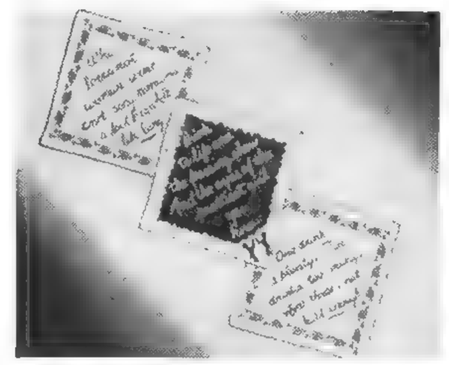
No C.O.D.'s please

When in New York visit our complete bar gadget department.

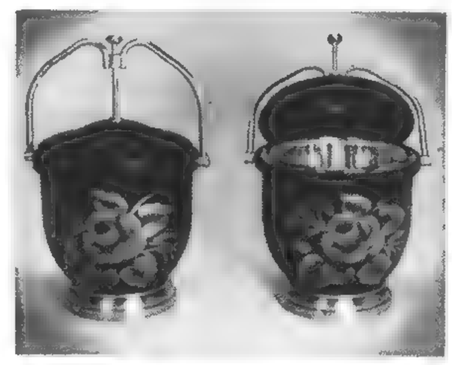
CRYSTALIER CO. Dept. E-8
485 Lexington Avenue • New York 17, N. Y.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

AS IT IS WRITTEN on a linen cocktail napkin, "Drink to life and the passing show and the eyes of the prettiest girl you know." Or take the warning that "One drink is plenty, two drinks too many and three not half enough." Another says "Who loves not women, wine and song, remains a fool his whole life long." Assorted sayings on sets of 8.

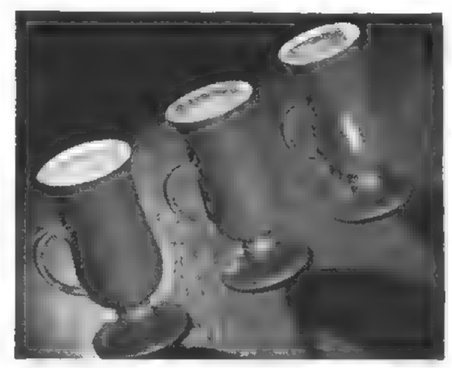


SHARP LINES and a strictly modern look characterize most ice buckets on the market. This one, though thoroughly efficient, makes a more gentle appearance. The soft-toned tole flowers are on a black or antique ivory background with base and handle in antique gold. It has a vacuum tub and the cover conveniently tilts back out of the way.



OVER ICE in a tall glass, served hot instead of after-dinner coffee or spiced with a cinnamon stick: these are three ways to serve a new and inexpensive blackberry drink. It also makes some excellent desserts. But on a hot summer afternoon, just with crushed ice, it is specially tasteful and refreshing. Blackberry Julep is 13% alcohol.

THE DEVIL'S COFFEE or Café Diablo is a Creole ceremonial brew made mainly of strong coffee and cognac, spiced and flavored and set aflame before serving. "It can be as fascinating to your guests as an exhibition of black magic", says the famous chef, De Gouys. The cups for it have handles but no saucers, are attractive and generally useful.



For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City 17, New York

Ranger

A GENTLEMAN'S TROUSER HANGER

Setwell

Makes Trousers Look Better

WRINKLES FALL OUT
SAVES ON PRESSING

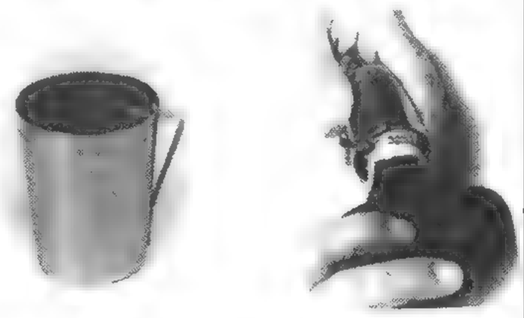
Indispensable for neatness

Nickel Plated Natural Finish Selected Hardwood

Never Lets Go

MACKIE LOVEJOY MFG. CO.
1709 West 13th Street, Chicago 8, Ill.

NIPPER-JIGGER



AMAZING NEW

Patented seal cutting jigger. Cuts seals and measures 1½ oz. liquid. Makes a delightfully useful gift. Perfect bar and car accessory. Gleaming chrome finish. Packed in a neat gift box.

$2.50 Postpaid. No COD's please. Checks, money orders, or cash.

Dealers Write For Details

THE TURGEON STUDIOS
Paramount Building Palm Beach, Florida
DON'T DELAY—ORDER TODAY!

"FLIGHT BOOTS"

Fit Every Occasion

ORDER NOW FOR QUICK DELIVERY
Specify black or tan — Widths B, C, D or E — Sizes 6-12.

Fine quality smooth grain leather 10 inch boot—full leather-lined. Finest bootmaker-leather outsoles. Tuck in trousers or wear outside. Easy on—Easy off!

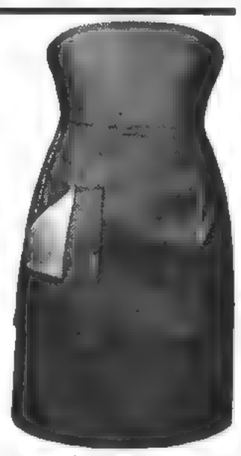
ALL LEATHER FOR ALL WEATHER

$16.50

NATIVE BOOT COMPANY
171 School Street Holbrook, Mass.

MEN WORKING

At Last!
A WORK and BAR Apron for



the HE member of the family. Made of sturdy iridescent denim in three wonderful colors:

GOLD-TINGED CHERRY OR EMERALD, BLUE-TINGED CHARTREUSE

Nicely tailored with sewn in pleats, reinforced bib to protect shirtfront and hold tie down, full cut flap pocket into which towel and gadgets can be plunged.

It's Smart—It's New—It's Exclusive
$6.00 for one; **$11.00** for two. We pay postage.
Send check, cash or money order.
Sorry no c.o.d.s.

norman-jules
"distinctive gifts for discriminating people"
1250 Wisconsin Ave., N.W.
Georgetown 7, D. C.

EXCESSIVELY OILY SKIN
BLACKHEADS
PIMPLES
OPEN PORES
ACNE

Heat and perspiration multiply suffering from these skin troubles. GEORGETTE KLINGER'S men's cleansing lotion brings quick relief for these offending conditions.

Just rub this pleasantly tingling lotion vigorously into your skin. Immediately it cleanses clogged pores of deep-seated soil particles and hardened oils that have caused blackheads, pimples and acne. Your skin can breathe freely again, you feel refreshed even on the hottest summer days.

Use it before and after shaving, too.

Order a trial bottle today. Comes in two sizes, 4 oz. $2.00 or the big 8 oz. bottle $3.75, plus 20% Federal tax. Add 25c for postage.

GEORGETTE KLINGER
Dept. E-8, 509 Madison Ave., N.Y.22, N.Y.

STUDY LAW
at home!

Increase earnings and business ability. Win advancement. LL.B. Degree. Texts furnished. Easy payments. Learn how law knowledge helps you to success. Write today for FREE book—"Law and Executive Guidance"—NOW

40 Years Instruction to 114,000 Students
AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 17E, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

A MILE IN 1:55!

The Great Dan Patch Breaks The World's Record...

NEVER BEFORE TOLD
ON THE SCREEN!

The amazing story of "the world's greatest pacer"... whose fighting heart and flashing hooves won the cheers of the nation!

Out of a fabulous era comes a great love story... and the great, great sporting adventure of our times!

Your heart will race every pace of the way... with

W. R. Frank's PRODUCTION

"The Great Dan Patch"

starring

DENNIS O'KEEFE · GAIL RUSSELL · RUTH WARRICK · CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD

with HENRY HULL · JOHN HOYT · Arthur Hunnicutt · Clarence Muse

Written and Directed by JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE · Executive Producer W. R. FRANK · Directed by JOE NEWMAN

Released thru United Artists

American Favorites
Founded in 1840
P&T
OVER 100 YEARS OF QUALITY
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Mild and Mellow
"The blend of experience." The finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America—and the best value.
Rich and Mellow
A superlative blend of ALL whiskies. Definitely America's luxury whiskey yet its price is moderate.
PARK & TILFORD
Fine Whiskies Since 1840

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • PARK & TILFORD "RESERVE" 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS 86 PROOF • PARK & TILFORD "PRIVATE STOCK" 86 PROOF

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Quentin Reynolds

The heavyweight boxing champion of Brown University, class of '24, turned out to be a world famous foreign correspondent, editor, movie writer, radio commentator, and teller of delightful tales like *The Four-Legged King of France*, on page 23. QUENTIN REYNOLDS, one of the many prides of Brooklyn, was a top scholar at Brown and holds a law degree from Brooklyn Law School. He went to Germany as a foreign correspondent in 1933 after sojourns with several New York newspapers, including the famous old *World*. In '34 he took an editorial post with a national magazine here, and went back to France five years later as a roving reporter, moving on to Moscow, North Africa, Sicily, Teheran, Palestine, and the southwest Pacific during the war years. Reynolds recently returned from a trip to Europe where, among other things, he heard about the great French race horse, Souverain. Back in the States once again, he collaborated on the story with Kenneth Downs.

Louis Untermeyer

In a burst of understatement we might say that LOUIS UNTERMEYER is prolific. He has published more than fifty volumes of prose and verse, edited a number of anthologies, and currently is working with a record company preparing a cultural series. Sandwiched in between all of this activity is Untermeyer's selection of his favorite short stories and articles for Esquire. His first choice, on page 42, is a piece by Max Beerbohm, *Going Out for a Walk*. It is *One for the Book*, chosen by a professional anthologist who admits that he is "the least educated poet in America." Untermeyer never finished high school, but he learned a lot while working as a jewelry manufacturer, semipro pianist, dog raiser, radio writer and literary critic. In fact, he became a lecturer who specialized in university seminars, teaching the teachers! He told us that he hopes to keep up his multiple activities until he is ninety. Then he plans to retire and settle down to something serious. (Perhaps an anthology of anthologies.)

Henry Kane

The characters who make trouble for Pete Chambers in *Until You Are Dead*, page 63, were created with little difficulty by ex-lawyer HENRY KANE: his sometime legal clients were right out of a mystery story and he just naturally writes even tougher than he likes to look. This book-length Chambers' classic is Kane's sequel to *Hang by Your Neck* which appeared in Esquire last year. One of his briefer works recently received mention by Martha Foley as a distinctive American short story, in her latest *Best American Short Stories*.

One of the most famous playwrights in the country also writes a hard-hitting short story. ARTHUR MILLER'S *A Regular Death Call*, page 35, is a perceptive tale that will give the reader some indication of Miller's genius. It shows his remarkable talent for making an incident in the lives of commonplace people come alive. He has been breathing life into everyday people ever since his undergraduate days at the Uni-

Continued on page 18

YOURS! These 2 new best-sellers BOTH FREE

to you as a member of The Fiction Book Club!

What an offer! Here are hours and hours of great reading pleasure . . . 2 smash-hit best-selling novels . . . and you get not just one — but BOTH . . . the same titles that are selling at retail for $6.00 . . . absolutely FREE as a special new-membership gift.

Don't Delay! Mail Coupon Today!

Thousands will take advantage of this amazing offer. Orders must be filled as received! Don't miss out! Mail coupon below NOW and make sure you get your two FREE new best-sellers!

Kings feared him . . . women adored him . . . this man who lived and loved outside the law!

"Morgan Did to Women What Amber Did to Men"

says The Cleveland Press

And how you'll agree, as you race through the blazing pages of F. Van Wyck Mason's rip-roaring romantic novel about Sir Harry Morgan, history's most famous—and most amorous—blue-blooded renegade—and about some of the lovely, scheming women in his lawless life!

"Swords flash plenty, so do the petticoats." Omaha World-Herald

Yes, this bold buccaneer seemed to cast a spell over all women. And most of them would go to any length to keep him. Yet only one—a woman as wild and ruthless as he—gambled everything, including her life, to hold him. She was the sultry, beautiful Carlotta, who dared to promise him what no other woman dared to offer. Discover for yourself why "Cutlass Empire" is high on best-seller lists everywhere. It's yours FREE, together with that other smash-hit, "Rampart Street"—yes, BOTH free when you mail the coupon.

She promised him what no other woman dared . . .

knowing it meant certain death for her if this cruelest of tricks was discovered. Could anyone — but Carlotta —have planned such a devilish deception for a man in love? Meet this passionate Spanish vixen soon — in "Cutlass Empire!"

They Made A Shocking Love Pact —These Two Southern Beauties

to save the life of a handsome renegade Yankee—the man they both want!

Here's the tense, emotion-packed story of two passionate Southern sirens locked in a strange and bitter conflict . . . and of the "devil's bargain" they make . . . a bargain that shocks *even* Rampart Street, wickedest street of the wickedest city in the world. Yes, even Rampart Street whispered, "Just how far will a woman go—to save the man she loves?"

"Romance that transcends all barriers." San Antonio Express

Would anyone — besides honey-haired Raphaelle d'Arendel — dare to sell herself into the most infamous establishment on Rampart Street to save her lover—only to see him marry her hated rival? And why does the notorious Simone de Tourneau, New Orleans' most successful adventuress, plot her fiendish revenge to get handsome Captain Carrick? You'll discover the answers in "Rampart Street" by the Webbers. And it's yours FREE, together with "Cutlass Empire"—yes, BOTH free when you mail coupon. Don't delay! Do it today!

None wiser or more ruthless than Simone!

Who—but Simone—could force a man to marry her—a man like John Carrick, at that, who has refused her costly favors and whose heart belongs to another?

Why was lovely Raphaelle whipped and sold to the highest bidder?

The mortal terror in her eyes caught at Carrick's heart as her soft young beauty was bared on the auction block. "What has she done?" he cried. "Want to bid on her?" jeered the jailer. "I'll try not to mess her up too much." A strangled cry escaped, as the whip, stiff as wire, bit into her. There would be a row of scars along her side . . . and love in her heart as long as she lived, for this strange Yankee, who rescues her with his pistol and his gold.

Membership is FREE in The FICTION BOOK CLUB

And you get 2 best-selling novels FREE to introduce you to all the many other advantages of Club membership listed below:—

You will be sent immediately FREE your copies of these two new best-sellers when you mail the coupon. You'll also become a member of The Fiction Book Club with your choice of the Club's monthly best-seller selections and you'll get these four big advantages, too:

1. You Save up to $2 on Every Book!
Fiction Book Club contracts for big special editions—prints from original plates and in return for mass distribution, authors accept lower royalties. These savings are passed right on to you. You save up to $2.00 on every book you get. And you get two new best-sellers FREE as an introductory membership gift!

2. You Get Outstanding New Books!
Selections are made only after a careful study of current books from all publishers. From these reports of top-quality novels at $2.75 to $3.95, our editors select the best available books that are "the cream of the crop." No guesswork. No opinions. Fiction Book Club selections are always outstanding best-sellers . . . books by leading authors . . . brand-new, beautiful books.

3. You Pay No Special Dues or Fees!
No trick obligation clauses. You simply agree to accept any six of the twelve outstanding novels offered in a year—just those you want after you have read an advance description.

4. You'll Find Plan So Simple and Easy!
If you decide you don't want any monthly selection simply notify us not to send it. Otherwise do nothing, and it will be mailed to you. For each monthly selection YOU decide you want you pay just $1.89 plus postage.

SO ACT NOW!

Get your free copies of the sensational best-sellers described above plus all the conveniences and savings of free Fiction Book Club membership! But hurry—offer is limited! It's first come—first served. ACT NOW!

First Selection!

Brand-new romantic best-seller

CELESTE

by famous author, Rosamond Marshall who gave you KITTY and DUCHESS HOTSPUR!

When a beautiful girl doesn't know she's supposed to be a "bad woman"

. . . and when she's as delightful, disturbing and desirable as golden-haired Celeste —*anything* can happen! Why did no one tell her that her mother was the notorious Dolly, Barbary Coast gambling queen . . . that even the worst of men would take her for "fair game?" Yes, things happen — and happen fast — from the time Celeste innocently visits the worldly young oil-millionaire, Bart Strang in his private railroad car — until she's "kidnapped" by Bart's mortal enemy. "Another smashing best-seller" says the Omaha World-Herald.

Mail Coupon Now! Hurry . . . Make Sure of Your FREE Books!

Send No Money! Mail Coupon! ES-8

BOTH FREE!

"Cutlass Empire" and "Rampart Street"

The FICTION BOOK CLUB (Dept. 548), 100 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, N.Y.

I want to take advantage of your gift offer to send me FREE BOTH "Cutlass Empire" and "Rampart Street." At the same time enroll me as a member of The Fiction Book Club which entitles me to receive your best-selling selections at only $1.89 each (plus a few cents shipping) a saving up to $2.00 a book from the retail price of the publisher's edition. It is understood, however, that I do not have to accept every book offered — I may accept or reject selections as I please; so send me regularly FREE the Club's monthly bulletin. In order that I may choose from the many books listed in the course of a year, the six I agree to purchase at only $1.89 each (plus shipping) within the next twelve months. Since this amazing offer may be withdrawn at any time—rush my free copies of "Cutlass Empire" and "Rampart Street" and begin Club services with that new smash-hit, "Celeste," by Rosamond Marshall, famous author of "Kitty" and "Duchess Hotspur."

NAME_____
Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____
Zone No. (if any)

OCCUPATION_____ AGE (if under 21)_____

(Same price in Canada. Address 136 Merton Street, Toronto)

ATHLETE'S FOOT MISERY?

ABSORBINE JR.'S "WET-DRY" ACTION BRINGS RELIEF!

Absorbine Jr.'s "Wet-Dry" action works two ways to help relieve Athlete's Foot!

First, Absorbine Jr.'s "wetting" action helps remove the dead skin and dissolve the stale perspiration-products on which Athlete's Foot micro-organisms thrive. This allows Absorbine Jr.'s active ingredients to contact and kill all the micro-organisms it can reach.

Second, Absorbine Jr.'s "drying" action inhibits the growth of infecting micro-organisms. The "Wet-Dry" action of Absorbine Jr. helps heal cracks and promotes regrowth of a smooth, unbroken skin barrier against reinfection!

Actually, in 3 out of 4 cases of Athlete's Foot as tested clinically under controlled conditions, Absorbine Jr. proved successful!

Caution: In severe cases of Athlete's Foot it is not possible for Absorbine Jr. to reach and kill all the infecting Athlete's Foot micro-organisms. If your Athlete's Foot persists after using Absorbine Jr., consult your physician.

Guard Against Reinfection. Don't share towels or bathmats. Also, boil your socks at least 15 minutes to kill the Athlete's Foot micro-organisms.

Get your Absorbine Jr. at any drugstore today . . . $1.25 a bottle.

Examine the skin between your toes tonight. When cracks appear between the toes it means that Athlete's Foot micro-organisms can strike. Yes, it's time for Absorbine Jr.

Swab between toes with cotton soaked in Absorbine Jr. Its "wetting" action removes the dead skin and dissolves the stale perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot micro-organisms thrive.

"Rinse" between the toes with Absorbine Jr. full strength. Its rapidly evaporating ingredients dry the skin between the toes to inhibit the growth of Athlete's Foot micro-organisms.

Look for cracks between the toes tonight

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.
In Canada: Lyman House, Montreal

ABSORBINE JR.

Backstage With Esquire

Continued from page 16

versity of Michigan. There he wrote a prize-winning play, having read no more than three dramas in his lifetime. A New Yorker, he grew up in the desperate days of the thirties. Dockworkers and day laborers are still counted among his friends: even now he will take an odd job on the water front or in a factory for a few days to keep in touch with them. Married and the father of two children, Miller spends his summers in Connecticut where he has remodeled an old house. Besides his Pulitzer-Prize winning *Death of a Salesman*, he has written *All My Sons*, winner of the New York drama critics' award in 1946, and *Focus*, a novel.

Walter Duranty

for the nation's leading magazines. His last story for Esquire appeared in 1943. During his travels, Duranty must have heard a tale that inspired *Gifts of the Greeks*, page 37, for it reads like a skillfully romanticized version of a true story.

Norman Katkov

We first became acquainted with NORMAN KATKOV back in 1945 when we published a Katkov short story. He told us then about his lean years and how things had suddenly taken a turn for the better. Then a contented rewrite man for the New York *World Telegram*, he had been in the Army and had worked for the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*. He wrote short stories on the side, selling his first in 1944. Today, Katkov is still clicking in the writing world. No longer in the newspaper business, he wrote a novel called *Eagle at My Eyes*, which brought him "some financial gain and a bushel basket of mail consigning me to 57 varieties of hell." Another Katkov novel is coming out in October and a third is in the making. *Did I Ever Tell You?* page 86, will give you an idea of his style. And when you consider that his first book was fraught with social significance, this little romance will give you an idea of his range.

Another top-notch foreign correspondent, WALTER DURANTY was born and raised in England, but has spent his life working for American magazines and newspapers. Since the publication of *I Write As I Please* in the twenties, he has been recognized as a leading expert on Russia. But back in 1909, long before his first book on the Soviet Union came out, he sold a short story to *Argosy* Magazine. Off and on since then, he has written fiction pieces

JACK SHER told us not long ago that he once had an interview with James Thurber and asked the cartoonist where he was born. Thurber said, "Shanghai!"

"But I heard it was Columbus."

"True," said Thurber, "but who in hell would want to read that?" So Sher wrote that Thurber was born in Shanghai and received, as a result, much harsh comment from the citizens of Columbus.

"To most people, it would seem," concludes Sher, "the most interesting thing about writers is where they were born." Jack Sher was born in Minneapolis. The rest, he says, is anticlimactic. His novel, *The Cold Companion*, was published last year. *Long, Lonely Evenings* is his first Esquire story.

Charles Yerkow

During the war, CHARLES YERKOW wrote a book called *Modern Judo* that is now in two volumes. It has refused to cease selling along with the cease fire. This is incidental to his tough story of suspense, *Jungle Gold*, on page 24, but it illustrates his mixed interests. He's been a clerk, salesman, mechanic, photographer, science writer, pilot, dabbler in the arts, and free lancer. He has two other books on the fire: one about physical education and another on soft-soldering, just for variety. ##

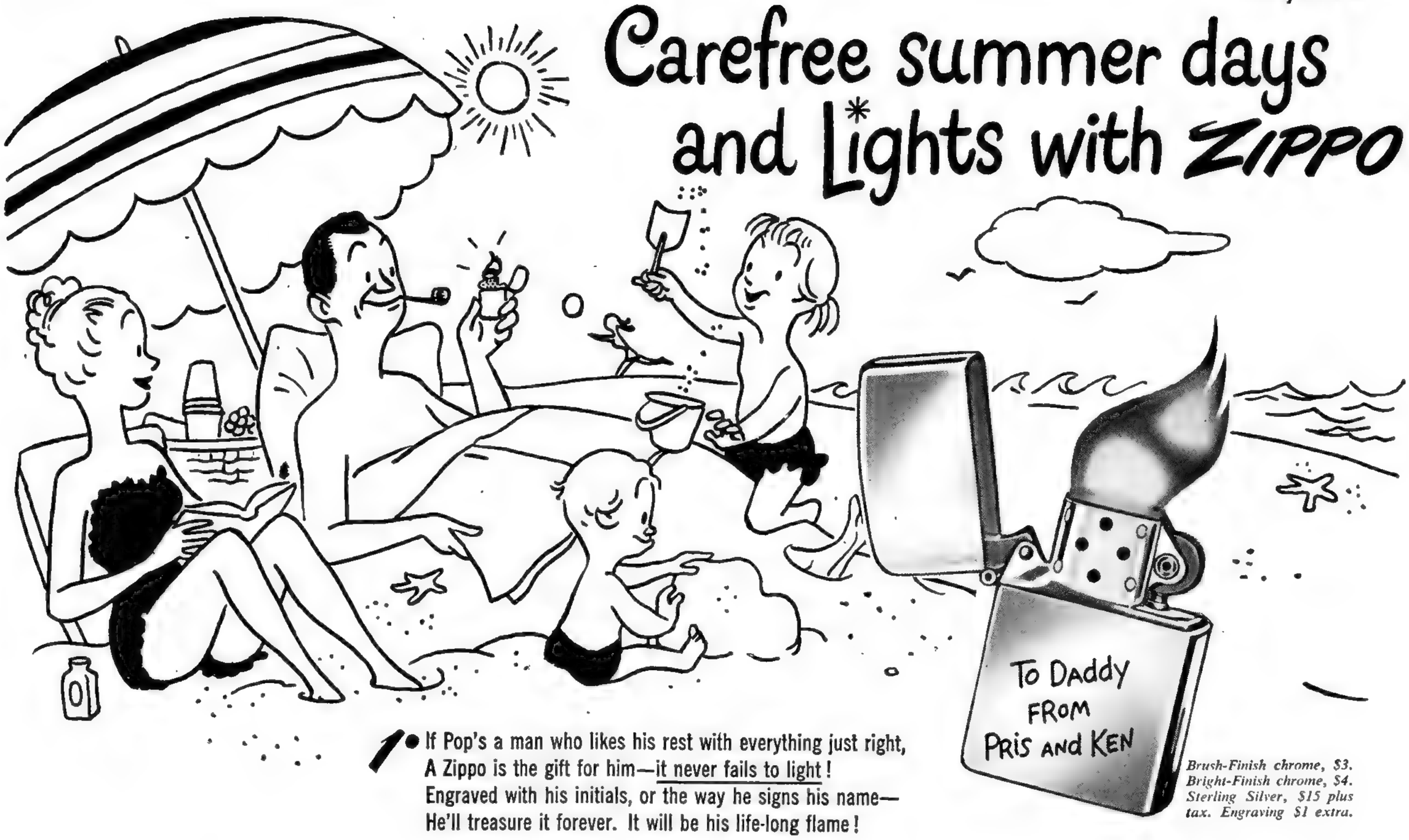
Gordon's
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
94·4 PROOF
GORDON'S
REG U S PAT OFFICE
ESTD
1769
4/5 QUART
94 4 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LIMITED LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
FOR
GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND.
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

there's no gin like Gordon's

BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF (94.4)
DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH GORDON'S GIN

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

Carefree summer days and Lights with ZIPPO

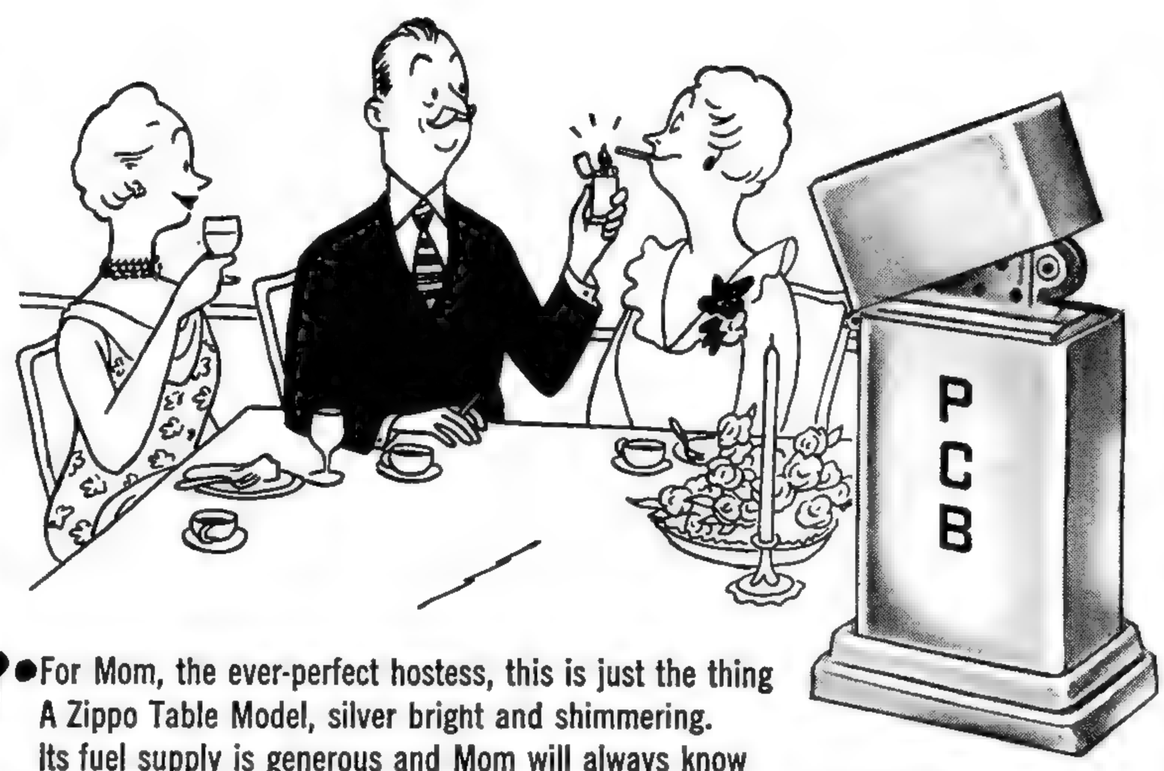


1• If Pop's a man who likes his rest with everything just right,
A Zippo is the gift for him—it never fails to light!
Engraved with his initials, or the way he signs his name—
He'll treasure it forever. It will be his life-long flame!

Brush-Finish chrome, $3. Bright-Finish chrome, $4. Sterling Silver, $15 plus tax. Engraving $1 extra.

Brush-Finish chrome, $3.50. Engraving $1 extra.

2• If Brother Bob's a Nature Boy and likes to hunt and fish,
Give him a 'Tach-A-Loop—the answer to a sportsman's wish.
Attached to chain or strap it's always handy when you please,
And like all Zippo Lighters, it's the winner in a breeze!



3• For Mom, the ever-perfect hostess, this is just the thing
A Zippo Table Model, silver bright and shimmering.
Its fuel supply is generous and Mom will always know
When friends drop in it will not fail to give a friendly glow!

High-Polish chrome, $10. Engraving $1 extra.

Designs available: Pheasant, Mallard, Trout, Geese, Horse, Setter, Sloop, Lily Pond. $7.50. Engraving on other side $1 extra.

4• For any girl like pretty Ann who wants the new and smart,
A Zippo "Town and Country" gift will surely win her heart!
These newest lighters have designs in colors sparkle-bright.
The lucky one you give this gift will love it at first light!

The Lighter That's Guaranteed for Life!

Every Zippo Lighter is *unconditionally guaranteed*—will never cost anyone a penny to repair. Zippo Lighters are priced from $3 to $175*—engraving $1 additional. Ask your dealer, or write, for a FREE BROCHURE telling about Zippo's unique engraving service. Brochure also shows many beautiful Zippo Lighter models, with prices. Zippo Manufacturing Company, Bradford, Pa.

**Plus tax on sterling and solid gold cases only.*

ZIPPO WINDPROOF LIGHTER

Tall, Cool and Handsome! ...3 new ideas for iced drinks!

RUM RECIPES, CALLERS RAVE ABOUT!

As made at the Gotham, N.Y., the Warwick, Philadelphia, and Saranac Inn, N.Y.

Sizzling day. Guests drop in. Tongues hanging out. Sip these frosty coolers. Cheers! Sighs! Compliments! Ask your secret? *Puerto Rican Rum*, you say... rum the way Americans like it. *Not sweet and heavy, but light and dry*, smoother than smooth! No wonder it's America's most popular rum. Try it for new, exciting drinks people will talk about. Yes! For a welcome change serve Puerto Rican Rum! Many excellent brands to choose from!

RUM COLLINS

1½ oz. golden Puerto Rican Rum
Juice of ½ fresh lemon
1 tsp. sugar

Shake with cracked ice, pour in tall glass. Add soda. Garnish with cherry, orange slice. The smoothest Collins yet! Distinctive, smart, satisfying with Puerto Rican Rum!

RUM HIGHBALL

1½ oz. golden Puerto Rican Rum
Add ice, soda, ginger ale or water

Something special... out of the ordinary! A highball with a grand new twist! So light... so dry... so smooth, thanks to the finest drink of them all—Puerto Rican Rum!

RUM MINT JULEP

2 oz. golden Puerto Rican Rum
1 tbsp. sugar
4 or 5 mint leaves

Crush mint and sugar in 2 tbsp. water. Pour into glass with finely cracked ice, stir vigorously and decorate with mint. Here's a welcome change for a grand old favorite.

Look for this name on every bottle **Puerto Rican Rum**

America's Most Popular Rum!

PUERTO RICO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, SAN JUAN, P. R.

Short ones...tall ones...in my day
I've filled up many a cocktail tray!
I know the drinks will come out grand
When you put in a Gilbey's brand!

The world agrees on "Gilbey's please!"

GILBEY'S SPEY-ROYAL BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF . . . 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES DISTILLED BY W. & A. GILBEY LTD.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N Y. Gilbey's Distilled London Dry Gin. 90 Proof 100% grain neutral spirits.

Granting you have to face death some way, a killer loose in the jungle is bad medicine

SITTING that morning in the shade under the improvised tarpaulin tent, Mr. Johnson absently listened to the harsh cry of hornbills and the gentler call of doves in the high fern trees back of the thatch-roofed house. Because he was a patient and unhurrying man, it had not been too difficult for Mr. Johnson to live through a whole year of New Guinea rains and dry seasons, all the while knowing that the pilot of the plane, on their next flight to the coast, would try to kill him. Pilot Norvell was not a fool; Johnson was certain of that. The man's plan was carefully laid, and he was arriving today to fly the gold shipment out.

As field manager for the Koloko Gold Dredging Company, Johnson had expected something of the sort to happen sooner or later. There was always an angle in gold shipments, and he reasoned it would be only a matter of time before someone figured out that one angle.

Reaching down with a forked stick, Johnson patiently flicked off the tiny white leeches crawling up his high-laced boots. Far to the east the mangrove swamps were sending a translucent mist toward the mountains; the sun was already hot and blinding. Down by the river, native Dabo boys were repairing the bucket ladder of the small dredge, while their women scurried around the lonely gardens. Every so often one of them would lift a frizzle-haired head to listen for the low engine murmur that would tell when the big sky bird was coming. From farther down-river came the faint sound of Simmie and Berg working the number-two dredge.

Johnson slumped back in his camp chair and waited for Norvell's arrival. There was a white marker in the clearing to guide the plane in, for from the air the flat jungle roof and the lush grass plains often looked alike. Johnson wondered whether he ought to tell Simmie and Berg his suspicions; but he knew he couldn't prove that Norvell was planning murder. He had no proof whatsoever—he just had his own suspicions . . :

The small cabin plane appeared at two thousand feet and crossed the low, undulating hills. Johnson walked into the clearing, waving his bandanna in a slow, wide arc. The plane banked and circled to the right; then the steady roar sputtered and died to an idling purr as the ship dipped for a landing glide.

Johnson took off his felt hat and wiped sweat off his bony forehead. He was certain Norvell would try to kill him this trip. The pilot would wait until they were flying over a flatland stretch down the Laloni River, and would then pretend a forced landing. He'd pretend to be repairing the engine, and—a bullet or knife would do the rest. But the end result had to appear like an accident or the work of natives, or Norvell would find himself with the District Patrol Officer after him.

The other part of Norvell's plan was the gold. He'd not be able to take the whole shipment—he'd take but part of it. Since the delivery weight slips were pencil written, and since Johnson was the only one who knew the weights shipped, the pilot could easily alter the weight record and hide part of the shipment. It was undoubtedly his angle.

Except that Mr. Johnson was a very patient man . . .

It had taken four months of waiting before Johnson got down to Daru, where he had made a few inquiries about the pilot. Two months later, he had got to Thursday Island, and only a month ago a trader from Moresby had come to Kikori and left more news about Norvell. And so Johnson learned all he wanted to know about the pilot. He knew now that he must watch his step every second of the time—or he'd never reach the coast alive.

The plane rolled to a stop alongside the tent. Norvell cut the switch, then clambered down from the cabin and stood for a moment looking toward the house and the track leading to the (*Continued on page 103*)

ILLUSTRATION BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

"I said, will you be my wife?"

Cornelius Johnson, U.S.A.

There was a moment of glory when Cornelius Johnson jumped into the limelight and the eyes of the world were on him. Yet when he died few knew or cared

An Article by

BUDD SCHULBERG

THE closest I've ever come to athletic fame was to go out for track the same day as Cornelius Johnson. It was at L. A. High. In the locker room I happened to undress next to a tall, skinny, black-skinned boy—about fifteen years old, who was in my journalism class—a funny-looking kid with a boyishly grave face.

"What you going out for, Johnson?" I asked.

"High jump. You?"

"660," I said. "Class B." I noticed his thin legs, his undeveloped chest. "I suppose you're trying for the B's too."

"Guess I'll try for the varsity," he said.

I finished a mile of jog-a-lap-walk-a-lap just as the high-jump tryouts were starting. I think they started at 5′3″. I watched a couple of kids mess it up, several more make it with effort or efficiency, and our star, Hal Baranov, ease himself over with six inches to spare. Then it was Johnson's turn. I will always remember that first jump. He didn't even bother to run toward the bar—just walked up to it and lifted himself over. Those of us who happened to be watching swore he had cleared it by a foot.

The bar was raised to 5′6″ and Johnson cleared that on his first try. At 5′9″, all he needed was an extra step or two and he was over with at least six inches between him and the bar. Quite a few of the trackmen were gathering around now, and everybody was asking everybody else who he was. "Name's Johnson," I said, already beginning to take vicarious bows. "Cornelius Johnson. He's in my journalism class."

At 5′11″, Hal Baranov made a real high-school try. He had been consistent at that height, but this was the opening day of the season and maybe the appearance of an unexpected rival was disconcerting. Anyway, he dove over the bar but brushed it off on his way down when it seemed as if he were clear.

Johnson took three or four slow and easy steps and floated over the bar.

Baranov made 5′11″ on his next try but went out at 6′. Johnson cleared that effortlessly and then went on to take 6′1″ and 6′2″ as if he had been winning meets for years. When the bar was raised to 6′3″, a respectable height for good college jumpers, our coach stepped in. "All right," he said, "that'll be enough for today. Take a light jog around the track, Johnson."

From that moment, Johnson was a big man around L.A. Every Friday all spring he was up there in first place. He and I had adjoining lockers; and, since I was a man of influence on the *Blue and White Daily*, I'd go over some of Corny's copy for him before he turned it in. He was a good deal more eloquent sailing over that bar. He was a high jumper. Essentially a high jumper. Perhaps that was his trouble.

But it didn't seem like trouble then. In his freshman and sophomore years at L.A., he kept on perfecting his technique; and a 6′6⅝″ in his junior year gave him a tie-for-first in the National AAU.

In reflected glory and the heat of summer, I sat in the Los Angeles Olympic Stadium in '32 watching the high-school kid with the big U.S.A. on his chest in there with the world's best. And watching the familiar grace, as, along with three others, he finally cleared the winning height of 6′6″, I kept telling everyone: "Just think, only a year ago, Corny and I went out for track the same day. And we had adjoining lockers!"

After Johnson finished high school, I followed his career in the papers: 6′6″, 6′7″, 6′8″, 6′8⅝″—a new AAU record—and, finally, qualifying for the 1936 Olympic team with 6′9¾″, a new world record.

That 1936 Olympics in Berlin was the one in which our colored boys kicked up the cinders and the sawdust in the faces of the Supermen. Will sports followers ever forget what they did there—Owens with his three great wins, Williams and Metcalfe and Lu Valle and Robinson and Pollard and Edwards and Albritton and my boy, too, with a new Olympic record of 6′8″.

By winning that Olympic championship, Corny put Adolf Hitler on the spot. Hitler, as the Head of the State hosting the Games, was to receive and congratulate each victor. It had been rumored he would not extend this courtesy to Negro athletes. First Negro to win a victory was Corny. All eyes turned to Der Führer's box. As John Kieran described it, "There was a sudden hustle and bustle down there. Herr Hitler was leaving the stadium in haste. The official explanation was that it was very late in the day and it looked like rain. Down on the field, crowned with the Olympic wreath of victory, the black-skinned Corny Johnson saw the hurried departure—and grinned."

That was the peak performance of Corny's career. He kept on jumping for another season or two, but the pattern seemed to be reversing itself now. It was 6′7″, 6′6″, 6′5″—in the National Championships two years after the Olympics, he could place no higher than 6′6″. Then his name dropped out of the papers.

I remember wondering, in '39 and '40, what he could be doing. He couldn't have been much over twenty-five years old. The only thing I was sure of was that he couldn't be earning his living as a journalist.

Then, one morning soon after war's end, I had my answer. It wasn't the headlines he used to get—just a box on the sports page: Cornelius Johnson, former Olympic champion and world-record holder, more recently an able-bodied seaman in the Merchant Marine, had been the victim of a virus infection and had been taken off his ship in San Francisco harbor and rushed to a hospital, where he had died upon arrival.

I thought of the first time I saw him jump; of the marvelous way he used to float over those record-breaking heights; of my pride as we walked down the high-school corridors together; of his kid face down there in the big-time of the '32 Olympics. And I thought that if an artist could only manage us all for a while, Corny would have soared over that final Olympic height and plunged to a glorious death in the sawdust, as thousands cheered, while the band played our national anthem and the Stars and Stripes went up over Hitler's Berlin.

Fates don't write 'em that way often. Just the same, I wish they could have given us a better send-off for Corny than that pointless exit from the merchant ship.

A thing like this can bother you for a long time. ###

"Well—whose yacht are you cruising on this time, Miss Wilde?"

RAW TIGERS

Somebody has to teach them manners when they're just off the boat; and the man to do it isn't even armed

EVERY circus season, millions of fans gasp when Fearless Frank, armed only with a whip, a pistol loaded with blank cartridges, and an ordinary kitchen chair, steps into a cage full of snarling tigers. Twenty minutes later, Fearless Frank struts out of a cage of mannerly animals to the tumultuous applause of an audience with barely enough strength to beat its hands together. That's the grand finale; here's the story of the rehearsals:

The "wild, untamed beasts of the jungle" have actually been trained for several months before Fearless Frank faces them. By that time, they know what circus etiquette demands of them when they're in the spotlight. Let no one think Frank is riding a sinecure, though. His job requires guts and nerves of a higher order than the "Inner Sanctum" type. But the really hard work—and, regardless of the barker's claim, the more dangerous job—has been done far away from the popcorn. It might have been handled up in the North Woods by a trainer who gets no tantara from the trumpets and no spotlight for his puttees. *He* faces Nature when she is really raw.

After a circus buys its wild animals, it ships them out to be partially trained before the highly paid stars run the danger of being a midmatinee snack. One training spot is Benson's Wild Animal Farm near Nashua, New Hampshire. There, each summer and fall, a short, well-muscled trainer who has had plenty of circus experience takes on tigers while they have jungle manners. He teaches them the habits of circus civilization, and does it *without* a pistol, without even that handy kitchen chair. The trainer,

KODACHROMES BY ROBERT ENSWORTH

Trainer Joe Walch faces "Rangoon," a Bengal tiger, at Benson's Wild Animal Farm, near Nashua, New Hampshire. At first, two ropes hold the tiger: one leads to Walch; two attendants hang on to the other outside

After three or four days, the rope restraining Rangoon is removed, and Joe Walch, 5′ 7″ tall and a hundred and sixty-five pounds, is in with Rangoon, 12 feet long and six hundred pounds, with no protection but a whip

With only his stick, which is tipped with a hunk of fresh horsemeat, between him and jungle fury, Walch gets Rangoon to mount the pedestal and sit up. It's a lot easier to train a dog, but, of course, the pay isn't so high

It takes about a year of training in wild animal farms and circus lots before the tiger can be taught to walk the tightropes. But the fact that a tiger obeys doesn't mean he isn't ready to strike if he ever gets the chance

Joe Walch, is armed only with a whip, a stick, and a core of courage that the animals learn to respect.

Most cage accidents occur when tigers are placed in the arena for the first time. The tigers, up until then, have been dangling unhappily under a stout hunk of lumber on the shoulders of native bearers or pacing a cage without human company. The big cat hates his confinement, he hates people—especially the trainer—and he wants to teach them why he was the scourge of the jungle. It's a primitive battle that takes place the first time a tiger is taught his manners, and sometimes the animal never learns them properly. The photographs on these pages show how Joe Walch gets the upper hand and keeps it attached to his lower arm. The first time Walch enters the ring, the tiger is lassoed twice: one rope is the lead rope, held by Walch, who uses it to urge the animals around the cage; the other rope extends out through the bars of the cage and is held by two attendants. The two ropes are used only three or four days; the tiger pulls and tugs on the outside rope in his efforts to reach Walch until he learns that all he gets for his efforts is a stiff neck. When that restraining rope is removed, all Joe Walch has between him and a tiger licking his chops in satisfaction is a limp length of rope, a whip, and a stick tipped with horsemeat. For two weeks, Walch works each tiger with that puny equipment, leading the animal on a leash like a Copa girl with her chihuahua. When the leash is removed, it's just a battle of cunning between Walch and the tiger. In a split second, the danger signals may flash and the tiger lunge.

Daily for two months Walch enters the cage to teach the animals the fundamental tricks that will thrill Oshkosh the next spring. It takes about three months before a cat is fit to be seen in public and at any minute of that time 600 pounds of jungle fury may land snarling on the trainer's back. It's not fun to be ripped open by a swipe of the tiger's paw; most men would want more than a rope and a whip and a hunk of stick between them and the jungle. The hidden hero of this picture spread is the cool photographer who went inside the cage to get his shots. He, too, had no pistol or kitchen chair. He was armed only with his camera and an exposure meter. And the pictures are all in focus. ##

Ma Helps Nature Take Its Course

The best-laid plans of mice, men, and a scheming Ma can go as agley as a disarranged television set, but a handsome and efficient repairman can fix everything

A Story by

MEL MATISON

It is every mother's duty to protect her child, I always say, whether it is to guide her across the street when she is two years old or to guide her in Life when she is twenty-two. So I am only doing what any mother would do when my daughter Rita begins to see less and less of her most serious-minded boy friend, Vincent Mapes.

"Rita, dear," I say to her after a week goes by and there is no sign of Vincent, "if there is something going wrong between you and Vincent, why don't you confide to me? After all, isn't that what a mother is for?"

But in a casual way, Rita merely says, "Oh, don't worry about it, Ma. Vincent is just losing interest, that's all."

Telling me not to worry is like telling a river to stop flowing. A mother is born to worry. And telling me that Vincent is losing interest only hurts all the more. He is a real steady type with a good job, and a girl could do a lot worse than to become Mrs. Vincent Mapes.

A few days later, Rita has a date with Vincent. When the doorbell rings, she is still in her room dressing and Mike, my husband, is in our room having a nap after a hard day's work. So I answer the door and escort Vincent into the parlor and sit down beside him on the sofa.

It is certainly not my intention to pry into his private affairs, but when a nice chap like Vincent Mapes seems to be drifting away from my daughter, what kind of a mother would I be not to try to straighten things out between them? Furthermore, what I say to him is perfectly innocent. "You're quite a stranger these days, Vincent. I suppose you are working hard to get ahead at your job to prepare for your future."

"Sort of," says Vincent. He doesn't look at me, but examines his fingernails, which are trimmed nice and clean as always.

"There is nothing more important than building for the future, Vincent," I say. "That's the way it was with my husband before he asked me to marry him. He worked hard day and night so that he could be in a position to have married responsibilities."

"Mmm," says Vincent.

"But there's no need to overdo it, Vincent. You know the saying about all work and no play. You must have relaxation, too."

"Oh, I get plenty," he says, lighting a cigarette.

"Well," I say, "you don't want to overdo that either, Vincent. Too much going out at night, even if it is with the boys, can rob you of your sleep."

"Oh, I don't go out too much and it isn't with the boys and I don't lose any sleep."

I laugh, although I must say it is not a hearty laugh. "You sound so mysterious, Vincent. What *do* you do with yourself?"

Before he answers, Vincent lets out a puff of smoke slowly. "I stay home and listen to the radio."

"Well," I say, feeling considerable relief, "that is certainly all right. I didn't know you were such a radio fan."

"Music lover," Vincent corrects me.

"Of course," I say, remembering that during the summer Vincent always took Rita to the free concerts at the park. "But don't you find it lonely sitting alone in your rooming house listening to the radio?"

He rubs his cigarette out in the ash tray, although it is only half smoked. "If you really must know, Mrs. Lingle," he says, "my landlady, Mrs. Birch, bought a new console radio with frequency modulation, and I spend most of my evenings in her parlor, where she has been kind enough to invite me, listening to classical programs. We find it a very enjoyable way to spend evenings."

"You and Mrs. Birch?"

Vincent folds his arms across his chest. "No, me and Mrs. Birch's daughter Susan. She is a music lover, too."

I do not like to have mysteries solved this way. I should have known there was another girl. My woman's intuition tells me that Mrs. Birch is a scheming woman who purposely buys this frequency modulation radio to keep Vincent home with her daughter. Susan must be a plain-looking girl, or why else would Mrs. Birch have to buy a frequency modulation set to get Vincent to sit home with her?

A silence develops between Vincent and I. I look over at our own radio. It is a set which Mike, my husband, builds fifteen years ago. Mike is an electrician at the shipyard, in charge of replacing worn-out bulbs. Although this does not take much electrical skill, Mike likes to think of himself as a man of science. It is below his dignity to buy a radio, so he builds one. But he is much better at replacing bulbs than he is at building radios. The only way you can hear our set halfway decent is to hold the ground wire when it is turned on.

The picture of Vincent and Susan and a bright new console flashes in my mind. From the end of the hall in the bedroom I hear Mike breathing in his sleep. Mike, the man of science, the radio builder, who snores while his daughter loses out with Vincent Mapes because of frequency modulation.

And then the idea hits me. I will fight fire with more fire, as the saying goes. "Did you know, Vincent," I say in a casual manner, "that we are planning on getting a new television set?"

"You are?" Vincent's eyes open wide.

Before we have a chance to go on with our chat, Rita comes in, looking wonderful in her black suit which hugs her slim figure tight and contrasts with her wavy blonde hair. "What's this about a television set?" she asks.

"It's a surprise, Rita, dear," I say. "You know I've been wanting one for a long time."

Rita's eyebrows go up in surprise. "How nice, Ma. I'm sure you and Pa will get a lot of pleasure out of it."

"You too, Rita, dear," I say, "and also Vincent. Just think, you and Vincent will be able to see as well as hear concerts and such things without even stirring out of the house."

Rita does not seem to catch on. "Personally," she says, "I would rather stir out of the house." She turns to Vincent. "Where are we going tonight, Vince?"

It seems to me that Rita is playing right into the hands of Mrs. Birch, Susan, and frequency modulation. This is no way to win the attention of a conservative, home-loving type like Vin- (*Continued in center of page 110*)

"John! Do you realize that ours is the only roof on the block that hasn't a television aerial!"

"Hey, Poppa, listen to this—Helen was named the 'other woman' in a divorce suit today"

A LOT OF THINGS:

Notre Dame, Class of Zero

A sportswriter sprays DDT on subway alumni, with a few scattered shots at the Army, seaside athletes, the fight racket, and ladies with rippling muscles

by **JIMMY CANNON**

I WAS once the most obnoxiously passionate rooter in the cheering section of the subway alumni of Notre Dame. This fall Notre Dame is returning to New York and its opponent will be the University of North Carolina. I pass.

I have examined the conduct of myself and the rest of the subway alumni with the shameful ferocity of a reformed Communist scrutinizing the party. I find myself disturbed by the conclusion I have reached. I was a member of the most offensive rabble ever associated with a sporting event in this country, with the possible exception of the six-day bike crowds during Prohibition. They were a rogue's congress and unique was the man among them who did not have a police record or was not present to lift the watch of his neighbor. The subway alumni is not a group of criminals and the majority of them hold down good jobs and their incomes are better than mine. They are middle-aged and live in the finer neighborhoods and their children attend excellent schools and on every day but the Saturday Notre Dame plays in New York their behavior gets a draw. But on that day they are transformed into pests which have no equal in our land and I am thoroughly familiar with the species that supports the Kentucky Derby and the ball-yard throngs of Brooklyn.

It is only natural that I favored Notre Dame and connected myself with their achievement every time they were able to beat Army. It couldn't have been any other way because, for openers, I am a shiftless and untidy man of Irish descent. It is not necessary that these qualities go as an entry in the character of a mick, but it has happened before, especially in my family. Regimentation of any kind terrifies me. I have always had a suspicion of authority of any type when it wears a uniform. It goes back to a slum childhood when the cop on the beat was the enemy of all. We never figured him to be a representative of the municipal government sent to our street to protect us from the forces of evil. He was a spy among us and was always collaring the flower of our block's young manhood for such petty infractions of the law as lush-rolling, wife-slugging, package-grabbing, purse-snatching and assault with a deadly weapon. They lost me early by constantly fanning my rump for loitering in poolrooms while still in short pants. I did not accept this punishment as ethical because I knew they were on the pay roll of the corner speak-easies and were cut in on the crap games running in the vestibules of the side-street tenements. Soldiers wore uniforms and the West Point guys had a connection with the policemen in my mind when the sports sections printed photographs of them marching in formation, the way the cops would leave the princy houses for each shift. The kids from Notre Dame, Irish as I was Irish, according to the inaccurate headline writers on the sports side, were challenging the right of these police-soldiers to swagger and pose the way a rookie cop did when he ambled the beat for the first time.

It was the policeman thing and the Irish thing in my youth and, later, four and a half years as an enlisted man that caused me to turn further away from anyone who deliberately became a second lieutenant. Not even my admiration for Creighton W. Abrams, the great combat commander of the Fourth Armored Division, could tamper with my attitude. I convinced myself that Colonel Abrams' natural decency had managed to survive four years at the Point. It is a prejudice I have since abandoned. I do not like the way the generals function. I still think their system unnecessarily persecuted the enlisted man, especially during the first year of the draft. But, looking back, I found a common soldier got a better break from a West Pointer than he did from reserve officers and those commissioned directly from civilian pursuits or from the training schools. I did not admit this to myself until Army chased Notre Dame and it is an indication of my perpetual adolescence that at the age of forty I connected my Army life with a football game.

I never saw an Army-Notre Dame football game until the sports editor assigned me to it after I was discharged. Before that I worked in sports departments where Damon Runyon and Bill Corum covered the big sports stories. On such Saturdays I was usually covering a minor game in the Ivy League and I annoyed my telegrapher by demanding that he request bulletins from the office on the course of the play between Army and Notre Dame. No matter how exciting was the action I watched, I was concerned more with the score of what had always been New York's big game.

The year Jack Cannon made All-American was my greatest football season and I claimed him as a cousin of mine although we are not in any way related by blood or marriage. As a boy I was a baseball fan and the fight racket has always interested the poor. I neither understood the rules of football nor was familiar with its history and considered it to be a rich man's sport except when Notre Dame played it. The priests of the parish spoke reverently of Notre Dame's squad and they were dear to us all and our ignorance did not mar our love for them.

Later, when I worked off the city desk of metropolitan newspapers, I did a lot of drinking on the night of an Army-Notre Dame game. It was my custom to get drunk every Saturday night in that period of my life. But on the Saturday that Notre Dame played Army I always managed to reach a state of absolute helplessness after going through every stage of intoxication, none of which was appealing. When Notre Dame won we did a lot of singing and much bragging and butted in on strange parties and insisted they drink up to our beautiful university. Refusal of a partnership in our loud and disgraceful happiness usually resulted in a brawl. If we got through the night without boxing someone in a saloon, it was considered effete and traitorous behavior. When Notre Dame lost we appeased our disappointment with nasty excuses and drank the same amount of stomach-turning bootleg gin. We insulted just as many people; started as many fights; expressed sorrow in the same way we related our joy. I never saw a game in those days, but I pretended I had and disputed the truth of people who had been there. In some of the saloons I frequented I have heard Notre Dame players compared to the martyrs of the Irish Rebellion.

Now I dread what will happen in my town on the Saturday night Notre Dame plays North Carolina this fall. My admiration for the faculty and students of Notre Dame is authentic. I spend a week each year on the campus during the football season. I get along fine with Frank Leahy and his assistants. I find their university to be a beautiful place. I privately envy those who take their education there.

The subway alumni travel in packs on the night of a game and their womenfolk run with them. Investigation has proved that the leaders of these roving bands rarely witness the ball game even when they have the tickets bought and paid for months in advance. They start their drinking early on this Saturday and frequently collapse before they pick up the orange juice. All this happens in hotel suites hired for the day because the subway alumnus does not permit others of his species to violate the sanctity of his home. They sleep through the game, their tickets in their vest pockets, and get their knowledge from the radio summaries. Then they turn themselves loose on the defenseless city, usually at dusk, after being transported back into the land of the living with hot towels, massages, fruit salts, cold showers, milk punches and medication. They wander in noisy herds through the Broadway joints and lie about their friendships with (*Continued on page 117*)

Pause for Reflection ⟶

THE question of why a woman spends so much time on her appearance will undoubtedly baffle philosophers for several more ages. She will spend hours selecting a daring dress, but if you look closely at her, you get your face slapped. They say she dresses to please men, but her parade from one asinine fashion to another only infuriates the long-suffering male. What then? Does she dress for her sisters of fashion? Observe how she sneers at her competition and belittles all but her own taste. The answer: we do not know. We only know, as do all men, that we freely forgive this foolishness for the sake of the lass who does it.

KODACHROME BY PAUL HIMMEL

A Regular Death Call

The reasons why a man wants to live, or why he wants to die, are not always clear even to himself, but in this particular case the little old man knew exactly

A Story by

ARTHUR MILLER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Arthur Miller, whose picture appears on the opposite page, has the gauntness of Abraham Lincoln, but there are those who prefer to compare him with Shakespeare. Enough that his Broadway hit, *Death of a Salesman*, is a superb modern tragedy: some critics call it our finest American drama. We of Esquire take pleasure in giving you Mr. Miller's latest story. Like the play, it has a preoccupation with the basic stuff of living and the Miller trade mark—the rhythm and poetry of American speech.

THE counterman was not a conversationalist. Nor was the policeman. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning and the only sound was an occasional push of wind outside. The counterman leaned against the coffee urn which he had just drained and absorbed its faint warmth through his shirt. The policeman ate daintily. The counterman, his arms crossed, stared through the window at the street. He liked one thing about the policeman; the man ate like a man. Some people disgusted him, the way they ate. In general he liked this policeman, although he had little knowledge of him. He was about thirty-three or thereabouts and his skin was very fair, and now the wind had brought a fresh redness to it that set off his fine black hair. The policeman's name was Herbert and he had been to college. That was all the counterman knew. But the counterman was not a conversationalist. He just stared out the window.

"Mr. Abrams," the policeman said.

The counterman turned to him. "Something else?"

"Just had a funny experience."

"That so?" said the counterman.

"Yeah, it was very funny."

The wind pushed the sign outside. Mr. Abrams worried about it for a moment. He noticed now that the policeman had stopped eating with a sizeable piece of chop untouched. And there was something excited in his black eyes, in the constant wetting of his lips with his tongue. The policeman finally put his fork down and leaned his head on his hand, his elbow on the edge of the counter. "A man just died," he said.

"That so?"

There was a mystery in the policeman's gaze as though something had come out of the darkness during the evening's tour and had given him a glimpse of itself, only to rush away. He seemed still to be staring after it—not frightened, but no longer his calm self.

"I found out I knew him," he said after a while.

"Don't say?"

"Yeah. Came as a complete surprise. I was with Dowling in the car, see? And this call came over. Just a regular death call. But it was a rooming house, so we had to go over and investigate."

"Murdered?"

"Lemme tell you what happened. Most peculiar experience. We got the call, and I thought nothing of it, just drove over. It was near the steel mills, on Baxter Street."

"That's a rotten neighborhood."

"Yeah. But I thought nothing of it, see? So we ride, and just as we turn the corner into Baxter I see the ambulance parked in front of this house. And suddenly the whole thing came back to me."

"Don't say?"

"It's so peculiar, because I'd completely forgotten about this little guy. See, about ten years ago—remember when I first started coming in here?"

"It's close to eleven years."

"Anyway, I was still in training, see?"

"Yeah, you were a lot thinner then."

"I was driving that time, and I had the lieutenant in the car, grading me. And suddenly this call came over and we went to this rooming house. Lot of people in the hall, excitement, people running up and down the stairs. And the ambulance was already outside. So we go up to this room, and there's a little guy laying on the bed all covered with blood, and the ambulance surgeon wrapping up his neck."

"Stabbed?"

"No. Turned out the guy'd tried to cut his throat." The policeman laughed. His teeth were perfectly even and white. "The doctor was telling him to cut along the back of the neck next time."

"That so?" the counterman said, shaking his head and smiling.

"Anyway, I went over and got the dope from the doctor, and we put the guy in the car and took him over to the precinct."

"Not the hospital?"

"No, he'd only lost a little blood, wasn't hurt bad. So we bring him into the precinct, and I put him in a cell, and the lieutenant and the desk officer wait for me. I come back,' thinking I didn't make any mistake so far—see, everything I did was being graded—and then the lieutenant asks me how I'm going to dispose of the case, see?"

"That's up to you?"

"Well, yeah, see? I hadn't realized it at the time, but by bringing him into the precinct and booking him, which I had to do to put him in a cell, I'd made it a case, you understand? When I'd had him sign the book I hadn't realized it, see, but I'd gone and booked the guy and now a disposition had to be made."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the lieutenant—he's Captain Foley now. You know the captain."

"Oh, sure. Foley."

"Well, he just stands there without cracking a smile and says, 'What're you going to do with the man?' Well, it was a contingency I'd never heard of, so I stumbled around and finally the lieutenant says, 'Now look. You booked him on attempted suicide, see, and he's booked. I thought you had more sense than to book an attempted suicide, but now you went and did it, so either the guy goes to the asylum or you let him go.' "

"Is that a fact?"

"Yeah, it's the law. So I thought a minute and said I thought we ought to let the guy go. I mean, I was a youngster, y'know, and I . . ."

"Sure. But was he crazy?"

"Wait a minute. The lieutenant doesn't say anything at first, but then he sits me down, see—you know Foley—he sits me down and tells me that if I let him go, see, and he happens to try that stunt again, it's my responsibility."

"Why? If a man wants to do away with himself, how . . . ?"

"Well, it's bad judgment on my part, that's all. And it could hold up promotions if somebody wants to get tough about it. I mean it's just a bad thing, see? It's a definite kind of demerit that can hold up a promotion if that's what somebody wants to use it for. It's just not something you want on your record, because it can bounce back and hit you on the chin, see?"

"So what'd you do?"

"Well, I was in a quandary. And I told as much to the lieutenant. But he says, 'You been to college. Go ahead in and see what you think of the guy.' So I go back and sit down in the cell with him. He was laying there half asleep and he got up and I took a look at him. Very old, y'know? Over seventy. Little Irishman. There he was sitting on the bed with his neck wrapped up, and I told him the story, see?"

"What'd you tell him?"

"Well, I thought I'd use a little psychology. Try to fathom the man. 'Pop,' I said, 'I got a little problem with you. I want you to tell me the truth,' I said. 'I want you to tell me why you did it.' Because I figured if I could find out what made him do it, I'd get an idea whether he'd try it again, see?"

"Very smart."

"But he's not interested. Don't want to talk. So I bull around with him a little, and finally he gets warmed up and tells me. It seems he was alone, see? His kids had all grown up and moved away to all parts of the country. His wife was dead. And he was living on a little pension of some kind, a few dollars a month, and, as he said, it just got to the point, y'know, where he was sick and tired of just looking out the window. I mean it's hard to tell it the way he told it to me; there was a man—no friends, no mail, nothing to do, just the days going by, you understand?"

"Sure. It's a pity to be old."

"I mean he told it so—so convincingly that I myself realized that the guy really had something, y'see? I mean the man simply had no reason to live anymore. I'll never forget; he said, 'Son, I just got nothin' more to wait for.' "

"That's the truth. There's plenty of them."

"Anyway, he had me there. Because what was I gonna (*Continued at the top of page 106*)

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTIN HARRIS

ILLUSTRATION BY CLYDE MOSS

Gifts of the Gracks

A lovely woman may teach a man
a lesson that he will never forget, and so may a dog, if it is loved enough.
The Ambassador was old, but he remembered Monte Carlo,
the gambler, and the borzoi

A Story by **WALTER DURANTY**

It has been said that there is no life so melancholy as that of a former Ambassador. To have played a great role in the world, to have hobnobbed with statesmen and kings and steered your country's vessel through the reefs of hostile diplomacy—and then, at the ripe age of sixty, when a man is just in his prime, to find yourself cast like a worn-out hulk on the shores of Santa Barbara, six thousand miles from Europe, to write memoirs and wait for death . . . But His ex-Excellency, the Right Honorable Joseph Calquhoun, had no mawkish self-pity.

"Without my bulldogs," he told me cheerfully, "I might have found life dull; but breeding them and raising them and showing them . . . Have you seen my cups and ribbons? And you know, of course, that my young dog, Champion Joseph II, won the best-of-the-show at the Kennel Club in Louisville last week. Yes, when I come to think of it, I'm not sorry that I never got married. It's nice to have a family and all that, but wives can be a nuisance, and even handsome sons and pretty daughters sometimes . . . Well, what I mean to say is, I am perfectly happy—a comfortable income, without ostentation, and my dogs."

He patted the monstrous head of Joseph I, Champion of Champions, who was drooling at his knee. The bulldog and his master had the same complacent look—well-fed and unctuous with the savor of past triumphs and present well-being.

I wanted to prick the bubble and drew a bow at venture. "I know your dogs are famous, and of course I'm English myself—the good old British bulldog and the teeth that never let go—but didn't you ever think of a more elegant breed, like red setters or greyhounds? Or is it the force of contrast?"

Despite his seventy years, Mr. Calquhoun, former Ambassador of the United States at Rome and Paris, was slim as a pine tree, with a head as proud and erect as that of the youthful Caesar. Now his eyes were no longer complacent, and his face seemed to harden. "What do you mean?" he cried. Then he relaxed and smiled. "Forgive me, but for a moment . . . It's a very old story, but . . . you touched on something . . . I have always regretted."

He sipped lightly from the julep on the table, and went on:

"Perhaps there is something wrong with people who are too fond of animals. There are lots of them nowadays—men and women with horses and dogs and cats and all sorts of pets. There was someone who said, 'The more I see of men, the fonder I am of dogs.' I suppose it's antisocial and—" He hesitated. "To the best of my knowledge, in all the Bible there is no case of anyone having any sort of pet. Perhaps it's something Freudian. At any rate, you hit something when you spoke of these flat-faced bulldogs." He passed an affectionate hand over the slavering muzzle of Champion Joseph I. "There was one dog," he said, "the loveliest living thing that I have ever seen. She was a pure white borzoi, only ten months old, with a coat like platinum fleece, and legs so slim and translucent that you could almost watch the blood flowing in her veins, and a long, sharp muzzle and a most gentle eye. Princess, her name was, and it suited her, because she was bred of the purest strain of the imperial wolfhounds, and her sire and dam had been rescued somehow from the Revolution. Perhaps a trifle too small for show, but her blood and lines were perfect." His eyes had a dreamy look, like a music lover when some master plays.

"Did you own her?" I asked.

"That is the point," he said. "Yes, for a time, I did." He sighed and blew his nose. "It was shortly after the war—the first war, I mean—when I was a junior secretary in the Paris Embassy and spent a summer at Deauville.

"The season was very gay. Everyone seemed to have money and the nightmare of war was past and the future looked happy and bright. All the social life of Deauville seemed to focus in the evenings in the Private Club of the (*Continued on page 115*)

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen"

COLOR BY LENNART NILSSON

When the temperature back home flirts with the hundred mark, you can still grow icicles on your eyebrows in Spitsbergen, in the Arctic Ocean, a spot where it's always January. And while you're there, you can grab a gun and bag yourself a new rug for the space in front of the fireplace

TRANS-WORLD AIRLINES COLORPHOTO

As you can see from this lion's-eye view of the Colosseum, Ancient Rome's largest amphitheatre, the grandeur that was Rome is still doing business at the old stand. Stoke yourself with *pasta* and *vino* and stride where Caesar strode, Mussolini raved, and the sight-seer is always right

TRANS-WORLD AIRLINES COLORPHOTO

Set atop a hill—two parasángēs away, as Xenophon would have put it —is part of the glory that was Greece, the Parthenon. Socrates was satisfied just to walk around Athens, look, talk and think; unless you're a philosopher, you'll find it more satisfactory to bring your camera along

TRANS-WORLD AIRLINES COLORPHOTO

When bullfights pall, señoritas no longer charm and you're tired of dashing around to view what other tourists have insisted you must see, you can sit on a Madrid park bench, soaking in Spanish sun and beauty like this old gent, and reacting, maybe, like a Cervantes or a Goya

Going Out for a Walk

Walking tones the system, strengthens the muscles, improves the posture, brightens the eye, develops the wind, and is carefully avoided by the wise man

by MAX BEERBOHM

EDITOR'S NOTE: "ONE FOR THE BOOK"
Louis Untermeyer, the noted anthologist, presents to Esquire readers the first in a series of gems in a lifetime of good reading, with Max Beerbohm's brief but amusing *Going Out for a Walk*. By unearthing these choice and almost forgotten morsels of good reading, Mr. Untermeyer is, in effect, editing Esquire's own anthology. Month by month you'll find, as we did, that the Untermeyer introductions are often as beguiling as the works that they introduce.

EVERYONE, I am convinced, is a potential anthologist; everyone has his favorite stories or poems or bits of stray prose which are, obviously, better than anybody else's collection of favorite stories or poems or bits of stray prose. The only difference between most people and myself is that I am not only a potential but a professional compiler. The result is that I read on at least two levels; I read everything (1) for the pleasure of reading and (2) for use. Will this piece which I've just relished be something I will immediately forget, or will it be something I can fit in the work on which I am now engaged? Will it, perhaps, become part of something I am planning for the dim but (I hope) profitable future?

I am never sure. But I am reasonably thrifty. Finders keepers is an old rule, not confined to childhood; the same sense of discovery is something like the excitement of creation. So I read and clip and annotate and file away. "This," I say to myself, as I place the piece in its proper category, "is one for The Book."

One of the first pieces that I want to share with others is a brief but convincing attack on pedestrianism. It is by Max Beerbohm, known to his admirers as the "incomparable Max." I have always been a reluctant walker but I have yielded to friends with their hearty energy and persuasive voices crying "Ho for the open road!" I was never enamored of long brown paths and gypsy trails, but I tried them all until I heard someone say that walking was bad for the system. "Whenever you have the impulse to go for a good, stiff walk, lie down until the impulse passes."

It's good to remember that Beerbohm was on my side, although I wasn't aware of it. He wrote *Going Out for a Walk* in 1918, when Beerbohm was already a classic. Even before he graduated from Oxford, he said he had "written himself out," and when his first book was published he entitled it, with a grand gesture of finality, *The Works of Max Beerbohm*. His next book was called *More*, and this was succeeded by *Yet Again* and *And Even Now*.

The first two books appeared at the turn of the century, and it was said that Beerbohm's "cult and dandyism" ended dandyism forever. He literally wrote (and rode) the 1890's to death—at least he ridiculed them out of existence. Then, when everyone was ready to concede that Beerbohm was a satirist with vitriol (delicately perfumed) in his veins, the artful chronicler of the absurd and trivial suddenly emerged as a magnificent storyteller. His *Seven Men*, published in 1920, ranged from the pathetically macabre *Enoch Soames* to that incredible improvisation, *A. V. Laider*, and the gorgeous burlesque *"Savonarola" Brown*. Nothing more artful than Max Beerbohm, nothing more beautifully contrived than his manner, has graced the writing of our time.

Going Out for a Walk is one of the shortest but one of the suavest examples of his dexterous mind and fastidious style.

—LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IT is a fact that not once in all my life have I gone out for a walk. I have been taken out for walks; but that is another matter. Even while I trotted prattling by my nurse's side I regretted the good old days when I had, and wasn't, a perambulator. When I grew up it seemed to me that the one advantage of living in London was that nobody ever wanted me to come out for a walk. London's very drawbacks—its endless noise and hustle, its smoky air, the squalor ambushed everywhere in it—assured this one immunity. Whenever I was with friends in the country, I knew that at any moment, unless rain were actually falling, some man might suddenly say, "Come out for a walk!" in that sharp imperative tone which he would not dream of using in any other connection. People seem to think there is something inherently noble and virtuous in the desire to go for a walk. Anyone thus desirous feels that he has a right to impose his will on whomever he sees comfortably settled in an armchair, reading. It is easy to say simply "No" to an old friend. In the case of a mere acquaintance one wants some excuse. "I wish I could, but"—nothing ever occurs to me except "I have some letters to write." This formula is unsatisfactory in three ways. (1) It isn't believed. (2) It compels you to rise from your chair, go to the writing table, and sit improvising a letter to somebody until the walkmonger (just not daring to call you liar and hypocrite) shall have lumbered out of the room. (3) It won't operate on Sunday mornings. "There's no post out till this evening" clinches the matter and you may as well go quietly.

Walking for walking's sake may be as highly laudable and exemplary a thing as it is held to be by those who practice it. My objection to it is that it stops the brain. Many a man has professed to me that his brain never works so well as when he is swinging along the high road or over hill and dale. This boast is not confirmed by my memory of anybody who on a Sunday morning has forced me to partake of his adventure. Experience teaches me that whatever a fellow guest may have of power to instruct or to amuse when he is sitting on a chair, or standing on a hearthrug, quickly leaves him when he takes one out for a walk. The ideas that came so thick and fast to him in any room, where are they now? where that encyclopaedic knowledge which he bore so lightly? where the kindling fancy that played like summer lightning over *any* topic that was started? The man's face that was so mobile is set now; gone is the light from his fine eyes. He says that A. (our host) is a thoroughly good fellow. Fifty yards further on, he adds that A. is one of the best fellows he has ever met. We tramp another furlong or so, and he says that Mrs. A. is a charming woman . . . We pass an inn. He reads vapidly aloud to me: "The King's Arms. Licensed to sell Ales and Spirits." I foresee that during the rest of the walk he will read aloud any inscription that occurs . . . Poor man!—mentally a wreck.

Luncheon at the A.s, however, salves him and floats him in full sail. Behold him once more the life and soul of the party. Surely he will never, after the bitter lesson of this morning, go out for another walk. An hour later, I see him striding forth, with a new companion. I watch him out of sight. I know what he is saying. He is saying that I am rather a dull man to go a walk with . . . Then he will devote himself to reading out the inscriptions.

How comes it, this immediate deterioration in those who go walking for walking's sake? Just what happens? I take it that not by his reasoning faculties is a man urged to this enterprise. He is urged, evidently, by something in him that transcends reason; by his soul, I presume. Yes, it must be the soul that raps out the "Quick march!" to the body.—"Halt! Stand at ease!" interposes the brain, and "To what destination," it suavely asks the soul, "and on what errand, are you sending the body?"—"On no errand whatsoever," the soul makes answer, "and to no destination at all. It is just like you to be always on the lookout for some subtle ulterior motive. The body is going out because the mere fact of its doing so is a sure indication of nobility, probity, and rugged grandeur of character." "Very well, Vagula, have your own wayula! But I," says the brain, "flatly refuse to be mixed up in this tomfoolery. I shall go to sleep till it is over." The brain . . . falls into a dreamless slumber from which nothing can rouse it till the body has been safely deposited indoors again.

Even if you go to some definite place, for some definite purpose, the brain would rather you took a vehicle; but it does not make a point of this; it will serve you well enough unless you are going *for a walk*. It won't, while your legs are vying with each other, do any deep thinking for you, nor even any close thinking; but it will do any number of small odd jobs for you willingly—provided that your legs, also, are making themselves useful, not merely bandying you about to gratify the pride of the soul. Such as it is, this essay was composed in the course of a walk, this morning. I am not one of those extremists who must have a vehicle to every destination. I never go out of my way, as it were, to avoid exercise. I take it as it comes, and take it in good part. That valetudinarians are always chattering about it, and indulging in it to excess, is no reason for despising it. I am inclined to think that in moderation it is rather good for one, physically. But, pending a time when no people wish me to go and see them, and I have no wish to go and see anyone, and there is nothing whatever for me to do off my own premises, I never will go out for a walk. ###

Copyright 1948 by Max Beerbohm. From his Volume And Even Now, *published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.*

SCOTTISH TAM

SOME four million males who see Hal Wallis' Paramount production, *Bitter Victory*, will go home growling because the women in their kitchens don't have voices that slink. Source of dissatisfaction: svelte and sultry Lizabeth Scott, a girl with a baby-talk first name and a face and figure definitely adult.

KODACHROME BY L. WILLINGER

Castanets

Gypsy bar plus *flamenco* dancer equal

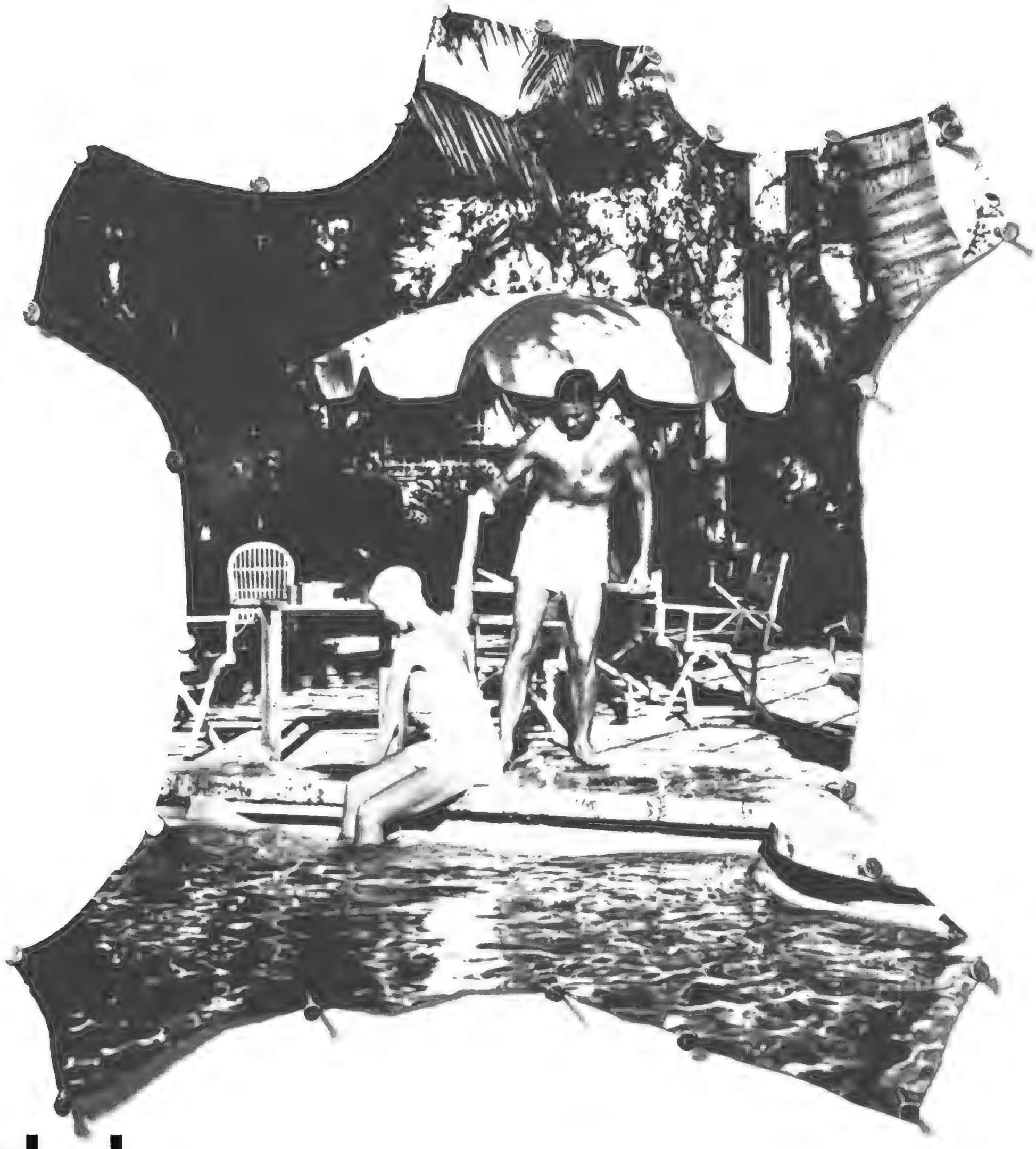
obvious answers even for a Don Quixote

ENLIGHTENING us on two counts, an exciting, twenty-year-old Andalusian gypsy stamps her heels and runs the gamut of emotions that are traditionally displayed in the fiery *flamenco* dance. Accompanied by a guitar, off-beat handclapping, and her own castanets, Manolita wordlessly explains why so many customers keep coming back to this little, out-of-the-way gypsy bar in Old Barcelona. Devoteés find their way through the difficult dark alleys of the renowned Spanish city on the Mediterranean to jam the place any night that she is there, amid the faded bullfight posters and the dusty wine bottles, instinctively dancing the story of a frantic love affair. As in these pictures, with her face contorted and hair flying, her arms, hands, heels, and torso caught up in the same quickening movements, Manolita whirls to a tremendous emotional peak. Then, abruptly, "*bien parado!*" the dance is over, the onlookers catch their breath and relax and we realize why Cervantes said there never was born a Spanish woman but she was made to dance. Or to distract a man from his windmill.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB SMALLMAN FROM PIX

"Fifty thousand dollars and the championship isn't all you lost, sonny boy"

"Lousy capitalistic box!"



hide brown

Tone, tonic, and tune-up all in one—a mahogany tan is the smartest thing under the sun, for these summer months.

Go out in the sun, man. Swab your hide down first with a good lotion unless you want to go the Indian fakirs one better and sleep on a bed of hot coals instead of nails. But go out and sop up your share of those violet rays. They make things grow; they'll make *you* blossom. Your doctor will tell you all about the absolute necessity of getting a certain amount of sun. But other good things come along with it:—stretch out like a black panther in the sun and relax; listen while those telephone bells fade away in your head, your nerve ends stop waving like crazy snakes, and a good, warm peace creeps over your soul. Do a male version of the strip tease (censored finale, of course) if you will, and be confident that you're OK on the etiquette side: Hide Brown is the fashion today, mahogany from stem to stern, a man's outdoor look that calls for a man's strong colors in his summer clothes. Not too long ago, if you tried to crash your beach club or your favorite bar with a few square inches of epidermis showing, you would have run into the apologetic shoulder shrug and the polite heave-ho which is the refined version of the saloon bounce. But it is different today—with HIDE BROWN as your pass to the best spots—you're *tailored* to show, tailored to go. Take it easy on your sunning, at first, of course. Just as you can't go out on week-ends and play golf or tennis to the point of exhaustion, start out easy on your tan, and don't pour it on until your skin gets used to its liberty pass. But find your summer fun under the sun: and build your summer wardrobe over *Hide Brown*.

These new fashions flash you the go-ahead on your take-off.

The more brown hide you show to-day, the better. And to give you jet-powered lift on your take-off, these new sports outfits are cut to get you by anywhere. The gent on the right, for example, strolling through the park one sunny day in Montego Bay, Jamaica, wears a matched shirt-and-short combo that hit all the big resorts during the winter southern season. A cool customer, he wears wooden clogs with heavy webbing across the instep. (Sun glasses, of course.)

More short-'n-shorts. Checks, plaids, and figures, they're the scheme. To the right, the top set sports a shirt with plaid design, and the shorts run the same general pattern vertically. The lower set proves that dark backgrounds look best with HIDE BROWN: the yellow design on blackground makes the most of your tan. Don't miss the rope-soled espadrilles for sure footing, a tip from the South of France resorts.

Wear denim and seersucker.

This attractive couple blends her denim with his combination of seersucker jacket and denim slacks. Note long visored cap, the favorite of seagoing Admirals during the war, and still tops for a sailing guy. Left: two more denim numbers—first, a faded blue job with slide fastener and large pointed pockets. Second, the new Big Red denim for men. Below, two kinds of sandals for getting around in the open air.

Shirts: figures or stripes. With March 15 only a sad memory, big figures are good news for your vacation sports shirts. The photograph at right was taken at Sunset Lodge in Jamaica, and indicates the right tie-up between a splashy sports shirt of this large-figured pattern and the dark-colored slacks. The slacks should harmonize or contrast with the predominant colors of the shirt. At the extreme right is an alternate shirt for this purpose: black with yellow stripes, in lightweight rayon. Wear it with light or dark slacks, picking up either the tone of the blackground or the yellow stripe.

Mesh, out in the open. These two active chaps have plenty of room to move around in, plenty of hide brown. Far left: a red and grey mesh shirt worn at Montego Bay. Middle shot, a close-up of cotton mesh shirt and linen shorts. Close, left: photographed at Bahama Country Club, Nassau, a top competitor wears deep "V" mesh shirt, wide belt and white gabardine shorts.

Undercover man. Hide Brown goes civilized for a spell with a long-sleeved sports shirt. Large figures again of zebras on the loose. At Tower Isle, Jamaica. At the far right is a terry cloth jacket, front and back views, for H. Brown to slip on after his swim or to cover up the hair on his chest during tea time (with a jigger of rum thrown in). Note the very large pockets, and the belt stitched on the back at the waist line to emphasize shoulder breadth.

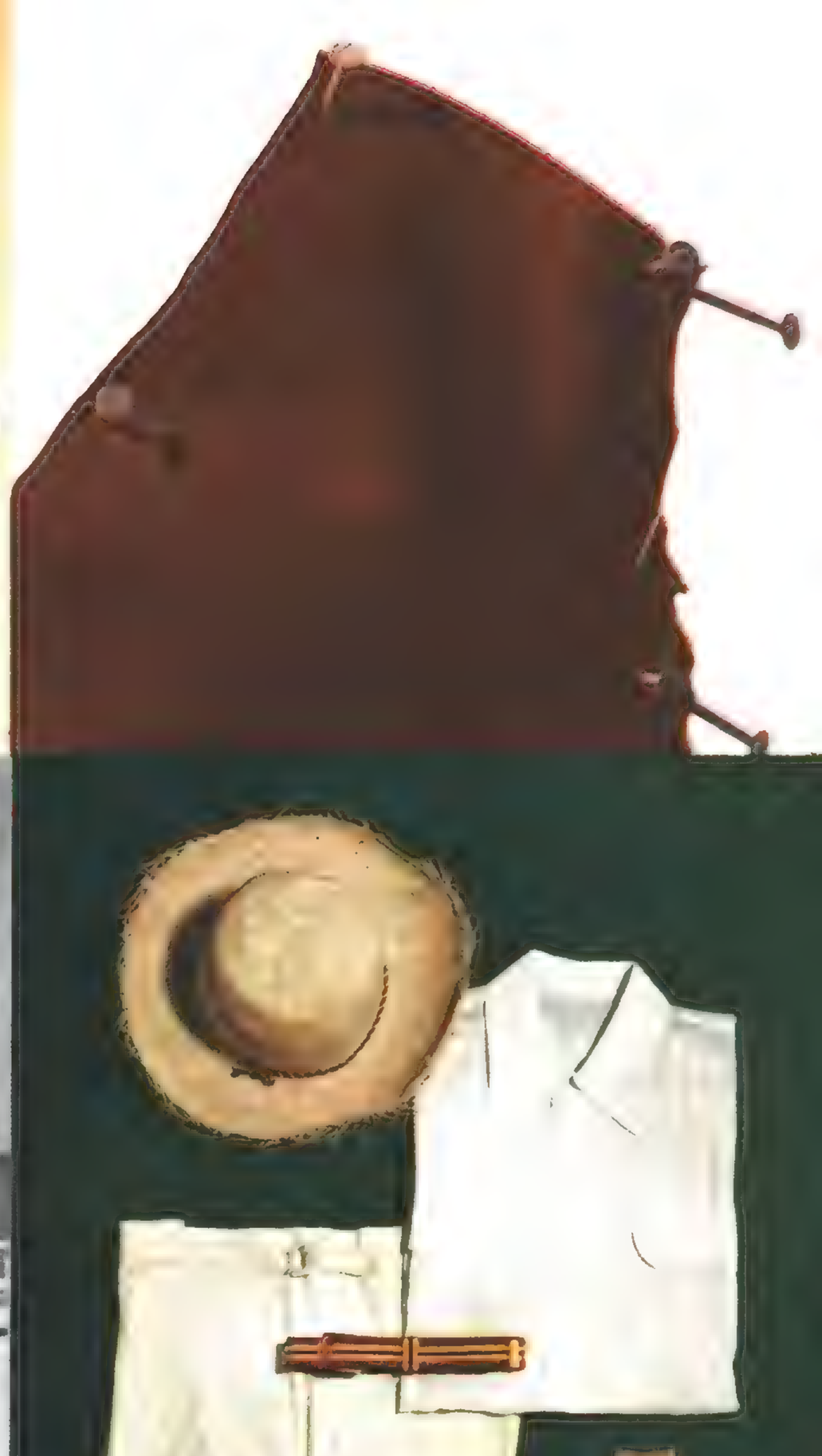
hide brown

Tan your own hide and hang it against a wall of vivid color

At the seaside, in the lake country, or in the mountains you're going to be seeing these sports clothes on gentlemen who started wearing them on the Caribbean circuit in February, at Jamaica, the Bahamas, Cat Cay, and on the deep blue fishing grounds where the giant tuna run. The underlying idea of them all is freedom for your hide, yet clothes that keep you from looking like a fugitive from an underwear sale. Deep color, vivid contrast, bold darks or lights, are the tricks again here for making the best of that healthy tan you've acquired. The shorts up there in the corner are the tip-off: wear them everywhere you can to keep your legs bare and brown, yet you don't have to feel as though you're Tarzan just back from the jungle in a leopard loin cloth. You'll get by even in the shade.

Long shorts: strong shirts. (above):
At the left, clustered under an umbrella and clutching the fruits of the tropics, properly fermented and chilled, is a knowing group at Sunset Lodge, Jamaica. Their shorts show the lengthier style favored by the British even when they were chasing the Nazis out of Egypt: their shirts have a tropic boldness. Above are alternate plaid and figured designs. The gentleman at the right wears shorts of the new length, with high waistband emphasized by two narrow straps and buckles.

Mesh shirts, crew design. (right):
Another British idea, and a good man's style if there ever was one, comes right out of the shells of University oarsmen. Striped mesh shirt, with dark blue trimming, buttons down the throat. The mesh undershirt and shorts follow this trend. A dress up touch with this informality can be supplied by dark blue buckskin moccasins: wear them with yellow socks for contrast.



Shorts story: Dark brown and white cotton Madras shorts (above) are a hide brown favorite at Jamaica. For swimmers who are more serious than out to the float and back, the dark blue hand-knitted wool shorts (above, right) hold fast with the strong cable stitching. The terry cloth beach towel sports regimental stripes.

Planter's ease: This gentleman at Tower Isle, Jamaica, casually wears raglan mesh shirt, white cotton gabardine shorts, with long extension waistband, topped off with the new Jippa Jappa (Yippa Yappa, it goes) hat with unfinished brim. Far right: close-up of the Yippa, sheer cotton shirt, white shorts, ribbon belt, mesh socks, crepe-soled shoes.

Formal, informal. A distinguished outfit by a gentleman at Palm Beach who knows how to apply the formal touches without losing his resort informality. Result: white gabardine jacket, printed linen sport shirt, maroon dotted muffler, alligator belt, burgundy-colored slacks, and wine-colored crocodile moccasins. At extreme right, alternates: printed cotton shirt with white ground, red linen slacks and monk type shoe of white brushed leather.

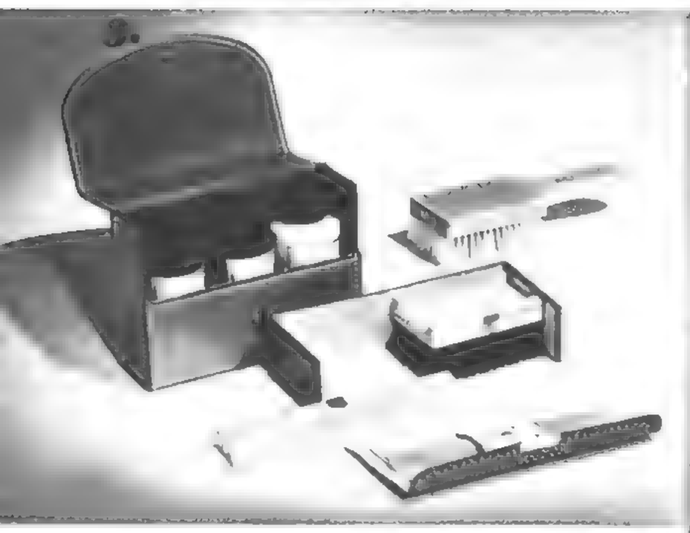
gets around...

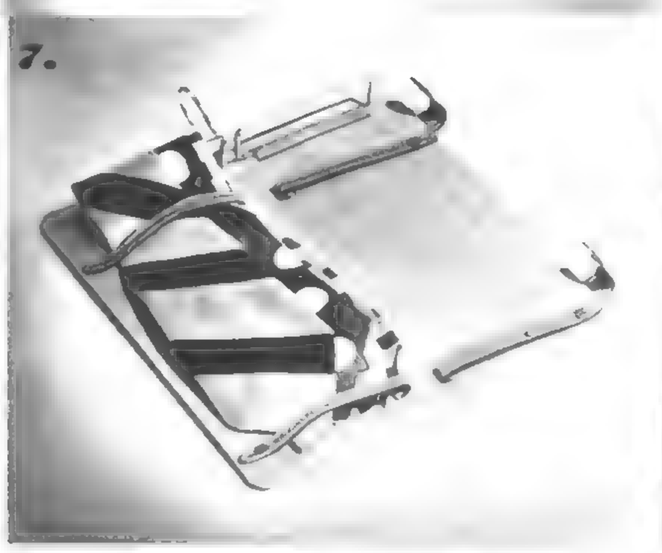
To make your quest for Hide Brown a pleasant trip, get going with the new ideas that make life easier and more comfortable, and stamp you as a man of individual ideas and taste. Travel is fun you know, and you can start relaxing the minute you leave home if you've got the right ticket on what to take along. Herewith, a satchelful of the latest and best, ready to go to work for you from "All Aboard" on.

1. To carry those surplus "musts," a colorful cotton carry-all in authentic Tartan cotton, trimmed with leather.

2. Fitted toiletry case in rich brown leather with slide fastener closure contains the essential toiletry articles including brushes and containers for lotions.

3. The Toiletry Threesome are in a saddle stitched leather case. A set of hair brushes and a narrow clothes brush and comb fit compactly into a grain leather case.





4. Pigskin back clothes brush with strapped leather shoe horn; saddle stitched pigskin jewelry case with suede lining.

5. Fitted manicure set with slide fastener closure. The flat large envelope style pigskin toiletry case is a boon to travelers.

6. Rust colored "scuffs" of brushed leather are easily packed in matching leather case.

7. Pigskin tie case holds your prizes on a rack at the top and prevents them from becoming wrinkled en route.

8. An unfitted leather toiletry case with water-proof lining and a terry cloth toiletry case with huge pockets that may also be used as an apron.

9. Sturdy leather case with Tartan fabric top holds a bottle of spirits, held tightly in place with a strap that may be locked.

10. New type of camera which enables traveler to get a complete picture —just one minute-and-a-half after it is taken. Leather case for protection.

En route. One of the delights of getting under way on your vacation is the confident feeling that every minute from the word go is going to be a memorable de luxe performance. Illustrating this maxim with the serenity of a well-seasoned traveler is Esquire's own Fashion Editor, O. E. Schoeffler, whose jaunts to the fashion corners of the world call for a finished and carefully selected travel wardrobe. Mr. Schoeffler is shown in a compartment of the crack 20th Century Limited typing a memo to himself, and quietly relaxing in a bold plaid cotton robe over Cat Cay pajamas of yellow crinkle crepe.

Mission completed. Mr. Schoeffler browses in the new Cat Cay pajamas he brought back from that famous tropic isle, (to say nothing of a stuffed tuna too big to get into his office). The Cat Cay pajamas sport a blue ground with contrasting yellow trim; the trousers reverse the color contrast. The silk foulard robe has a bold printed pattern, folds well for travel, and yet springs back to cast off wrinkles after only a short hang. Blue mule-type slippers are still a gentleman's favorite for sinking back and taking it easy.

hide brown well done....

There was a time when the man who wore a watch on his wrist and smoked cigarettes was in for raised eyebrows and some mild slander. But the citizenry changed its tune after the first World War when Johnny came marching home preferring the convenient wrist watch to the pocket replica of Big Ben and continuing the cigarette habit he had picked up while sweating it out in the trenches. The relationship of wrist watches and cigarettes to pocket turnips and Havana fillers is about equal to that of men's perfumes and the historic, all-purpose Bay Rum. Prejudice against burly males wearing perfume has been discarded as a product of mis-association. Our forefathers frowned on a man using a deodorant because they associated the fragrant smell with the oppressive aristocrats they had just fled. Actually, they were throwing the bath salts out with the bath. Result: for two centuries you had to be pretty daring even to apply a little Bay Rum to your sideburns. But in the thirties, the taboo was lifted when a surprised populace learned that, among others, fight trainers were using sweet-scented mixtures for rub downs. Perfume manufacturers came up then with some masculine colognes and deodorants that would do the job of protecting a man from *l'odeur a la sweatsuit* and still didn't remind the girl friend of her own boudoir. The rest is history.

When in the process of tanning your hide this summer, you'll find that the preparations you use to keep yourself fresh, clean and well-groomed are effective, safe, and strictly for men. Take a look at the attractively-packaged aids to good grooming shown above. They are tops for keeping oil in the scalp after a day in the sun, or for giving comfortable shaves to a weather-beaten face, or for knocking out perspiration odors. Be thankful: twenty years ago you would have had to suffer in silence—not to mention the agony of the little woman at your side.

Also, it is just plain common sense to take along Polaroid sunglasses and some suntan oil when you go to the beach or out in the backyard to soak up the sunbeams. Some of these summer afternoons the sun is hot enough to do a lot of damage to the unprepared and a little oil will protect your skin. Keep in mind, friend, the color you want is *brown*.

CREDITS FOR ILLUSTRATIONS: **Page 1**—Photos—Freelance Photographer Guild, Ewing Galloway, N. Y. **Pages 2-3**—Esquire Studios, **Pages 4-5**—Esquire Studios, Richard A. Little, **Page 6**—Esquire Studios, Union Pacific Railroad Co., **Page 7**—Manuel de Agustin, Pullman Co., Esquire Studios. **Page 8**—Manuel de Agustin, Drawing, Martin Burniston.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

"Gee, the Dodgers by eight runs!"

Valentina Cortesa,
Italy to Hollywood

THE RIFLE FROLIC

Berks County, Pennsylvania, 1775

There were no million dollar gates nor overflow crowds, but the enthusiasm of the spectators at a 1775 rifle frolic was equal to anything in modern times. Success with a long rifle was even more important to the fans in those days than the latter day ability to pitch a no-hit game and the man who could drill a target at three hundred yards was accorded adulation comparable to that of a world's champion. Skillful, calm backwoodsmen, who had to shoot straight to stay alive, always welcomed the opportunity to convene at a frontier town and compete for the prize of a new rifle made by the most expert gunsmiths in the land: the Pennsylvania Dutch. It was great sport for the assembled townspeople and sharpshooters like Lewis Wetzel, Dan Morgan, and even the famous Daniel Boone would come to pit their marksmanship against all-comers. In the painting above, some of the hundreds of frontiersmen gathered for a rifle frolic in Berks County, Pennsylvania, are shown preparing for another round in the contest. Trained by Indian fighting, sharpened by shooting matches, these are the same staunch riflemen whose tactics later baffled and defeated the British in the Revolution. If there was ever a symbol which embodied the unique characteristics that may be called American, it is the long rifle and the rough, great men who carried it.

Using poor powder, uneven pellets, and a long, muzzle-loading rifle, the American backwoodsman always had an uncanny ability to put a 0.45 calibre shot in the center of a target or a redskin. In 1775, he extended his range to redcoats and proved that he was able to shoot faster, longer, and straighter than any man in the world.

PRINT LOANED THROUGH COURTESY OF T. G. SAMWORTH, PUBLISHERS

Taming the Handgun

The handgun is a leaping, perverse weapon, but you can break it to your hand—and wtihin a few months' time—if you will follow these few rules closely

An Article by

CHARLES B. ROTH

ONE of our greatest delusions here in America, where the thing has come to be a sort of tradition, is that a man can hit what he shoots at with a pistol or revolver up to a hundred yards—yes, up to five hundred, if need be.

Last Sunday on my ranch, to show you what I mean, I was entertaining a coterie of men with a bit of homespun target shooting with a light rifle. One man, after missing the target, said, "I never could shoot a rifle. But, boy, can I shoot a pistol! If I had my pistol here, I'd be able to show you some real shooting."

I gave him a pistol. At five yards he not only missed the target, but also the tree to which it was affixed. It was a strange gun to him, so I urged him to try the shot again. And again he missed. That's typical handgun shooting. Oh, I know about the experts from the FBI, the Border Patrol, and the big-city police departments who can punch holes in paper with superb regularity. But they are picked men from the services. They shoot at least three times a week. And each represents an investment to someone of at least 50,000 rounds of ammunition—the price of becoming an adept pistoleer under usual methods.

The fact is that the safest place in the world for you to be is in front of a pistol that someone who isn't an expert is shooting at you. You are virtually as safe there as you would be at home in your bed. Even cops and FBI men shoot at a lot more crooks in a year than they hit. Try keeping an account, from your daily paper, of the crooks who are fired at and get away.

In my time, I have known maybe half a dozen *real* pistoleers. What they could do with a handgun would make you ashamed of the best you can do with a rifle. One old chap, for example, could keep his shots inside a four-inch bull's-eye at a hundred yards. And then there was old Chauncey Thomas, a man who made a career of the hardest-to-shoot, most temperamental, most authoritative of all six-shooters—the .45 Single-Action Colt. Old Thomas, even when he was shaky in the hands from a form of palsy that dogged his latter years, could crack bottles at fifty yards and hit tin cans at a hundred.

Why was it that these men, and others like them, could do that with a handgun, while the average man, when he shoots one, merely puts on a rehearsal for the Fourth of July—all noise and smoke and no hits? It's because they learned right in the first place! A while ago, I spoke of the price of becoming an adept pistoleer *under usual methods.* Unfortunately, those "usual" methods are apt to be the wrong ones.

A number of years ago, after struggling with a pistol and not being able to make its lethal holes where I wanted them, I mentioned my difficulty to a grizzled old chap who has been reared on the Western frontier, where men carried six-guns as a matter of course and used them effectively, if not quite so often as lurid frontier fiction would have you believe. After watching me shoot, he cocked a watery eye in my direction and said, "If you'll forget every damned thing you think you know about how to shoot a pistol and do exactly what I tell you to do, I'll have you hitting a four-inch bull's-eye every time you shoot at it. And in three months, too. But you'll have to do just what I say, and do it just how I say it, and with no back talk or any personal experimentation."

I have never been sorry that I took that old boy's advice. What he promised me came to pass, and I quickly became an adroit practical handgun user. Although, as everyone knows, in order to be a good pistoleer you have to practice constantly—yes, daily—I can go for a year at a time without touching a pistol, then pick one up and do better than passable shooting. The reason I can do this is because I finally learned in the right way.

The first thing you have to do if you want to learn how to use the handgun properly is to forget such folderol as targets, edgewise stances, holding the sight dead on the bull, and everything else connected with a pistol or a revolver. You have to start from scratch, as I did.

Starting from scratch means providing yourself with a shooting board. Go to the nearest lumber yard and buy a piece of wallboard or some similar material fifteen inches wide and about five and a half feet long. Divide the board lengthwise into three equal five-inch vertical strips. Paint the outer strips black and the center strip white. That shooting board will be your constant companion for a few months. Set it up in your back yard or even in your living room about fifteen yards away. With your empty pistol or revolver, align the sights on the center white strip at the bottom, and, raising the muzzle of the gun slowly, try to keep the front sight permanently on the center strip. When you come to the top of the board, lower the gun and do the same thing all over again.

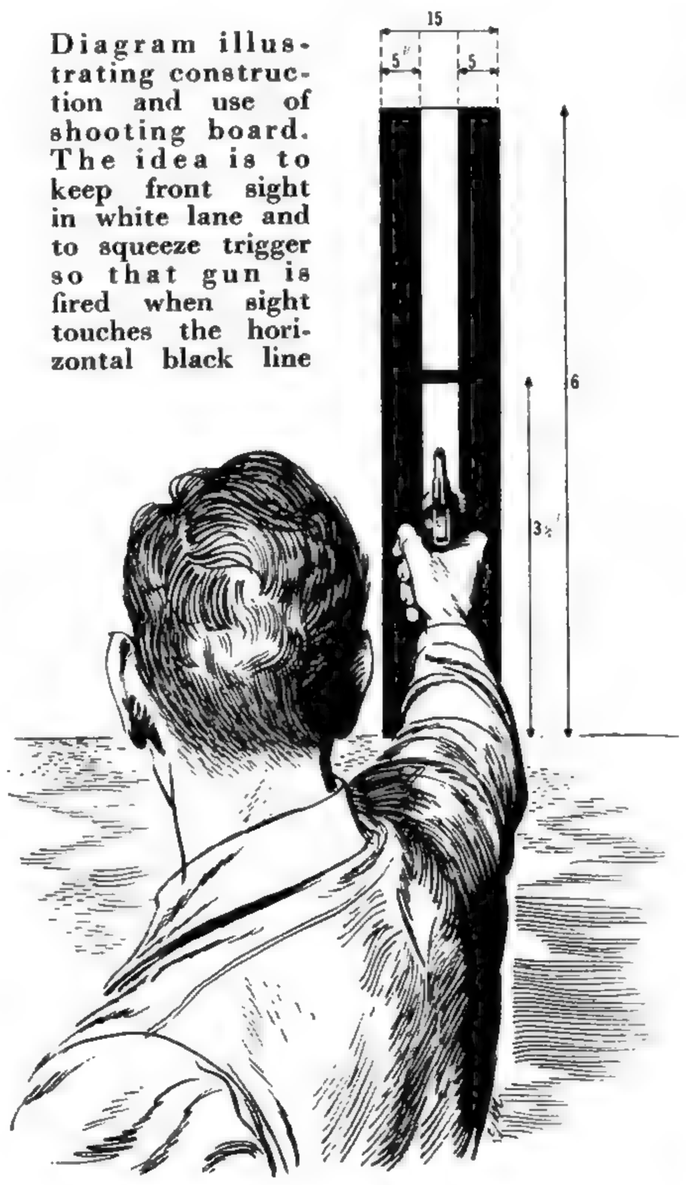


Diagram illustrating construction and use of shooting board. The idea is to keep front sight in white lane and to squeeze trigger so that gun is fired when sight touches the horizontal black line

Sounds powerful easy to do this, I know, but just try keeping a front sight lined up the whole length of your shooting board and you'll realize how much it can wobble. At first, that is. Presently your reflexes and muscle control will be adjusted to new demands and you will find you can keep the sight on the board with almost no deviation. Then you will have learned the first lesson in good pistolship—the upraise motion, which is essential to good shooting.

At last you are ready for some trigger work. You obviously—for you value your gun—wouldn't think of pulling the trigger on an empty chamber, so you will get a fired cartridge with the cap left in and put it in the barrel if you're using an automatic, or you'll put one such fired shell in each of the cylinder chambers if you're using a revolver.

Now, following the same upraise idea, start at the bottom of the target, raise the front sight slowly, and start squeezing your trigger. Increase the pressure until the hammer falls. Don't worry about the exact instant when that occurs; pay attention only to keeping the front sight in the center of the white strip. Keep practicing in this way until you can keep the sight on the white line and squeeze the trigger without throwing the sight off. You don't know it yet, but that dry practice of yours will have built something into your reflexes and timing that will make you an outstanding pistoleer. And now that you've accomplished the preliminary work, you're ready for the next and most interesting step.

Better remove your shooting board from the back yard or the living room now, because you are going to load your gun and really start shooting. Get yourself a good background, consisting of a claybank or something equally resistant to lead, set up your shooting board, move back fifteen yards, and, following the same routine of raising the arm and squeezing the trigger, shoot at the white streak.

At first your shots will be strung along the streak for a distance of twelve to twenty inches—a ragged up and down pattern that indicates you haven't mastered uniformity of trigger pull. That will come. If all your shots are inside the white streak, you're all right. If some are in the black streaks on either side, it's a sign you need more practice (*Continued at the top of page 110*)

CARMEN

EVERY girl, whether or not she knows a habañera from a gavotte, has a brooding Carmen in her eyes, and a pair of lips with a gypsy quirk to them sometime. It's the nice problem of a male to face this classic threat. In your attempt, courage, toreador, and *olé*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR JACOB

ATTU

YOU ARE DEAD

BOOK-LENGTH MYSTERY NOVEL

by **HENRY KANE**

Esquire's mystery master breaks loose with his best story to date. You'll be baffled, amused, and breathless as you follow this fast hunt of Peter Chambers for a killer. And wait till you meet Ivy

ILLUSTRATION BY H. E. BISCHOFF

BUSINESS was lousy.

And it was raining.

There you have a combination that produces the macabre activity of a one-man parade. It produces a spasmodic, lonely, sequestered pacing.

I marched the office carpet and I pondered grimly about why the yammerings of international animosity should affect the private richard, poor richard. Inflation, deflation, spiral-up, spiral-down—but, love me!—everybody needs a cop. Sooner or later.

But when?

I peered down through the window: wet, blank, upturned umbrellas.

I looked up: sullen sky.

I tossed a mental coin as to whether it would be a couple of swifties at Trennem's Dark Morning Tavern or a double feature. Both won.

I buckled on an old trench coat and I slammed on a hat. To Miss Miranda Foxworth, estimable if unattractive, in the outer office, I said, "Knit, or something. Read a book. If anybody wants me, God forbid, I'm over by Trennem's."

I had hardly grooved my elbows to the bar when a thin lanky party came in wrapped like an anonymous parcel in a slicker raincoat. I had just finished listening to Mr. Trennem orate about how business was lousy, and, after a deep and punitive sip of my double and water, I was about to tell *him* about how business was lousy, when we both turned our attention to the face of the new and anxious arrival.

He looked around. "Mr. Chambers?" he inquired, "I was told I'd find him here."

Mr. Trennem looked at me and I looked at Mr. Trennem. "Excuse me," I said.

I didn't pounce on him. I sidled around him, blocking the exit. I tried to link an arm in his, but I couldn't find it amongst the many folds of the raincoat, so I put an arm around his shoulder. "I'm Chambers," I explained. I worked him gently along the linoleum to where the booths were. "Sit down," I said. "What'll you have?"

"A spritzer, please."

"Spritzer?"

"Spritzer. Port spritzer."

"A spritzer," I said to Mr. Trennem, "for the gentleman. A port spritzer."

"Spritzer," Mr. Trennem echoed, puckering his eyes.

The amenities performed, I settled back and looked at him. He had a round brown face and straight blond hair and quick brown eyes that stared inside of wide-rimmed sporty specs. He had large white teeth that protruded like the bosom of a diva. He had fine white hands with spatulate graceful fingers that probably continued their zazu-flutter over the coverlet when he was fast asleep.

He rubbed his fingers. "You're Chambers?"

"Peter Chambers."

"I've heard about you."

"Thank you."

"You're in line for some money."

"That's good by me."

"I want you on a job with me. Money. How does it sound?"

"It sounds swell. So far. What kind of a job?"

Mr. Trennem brought the drinks. The

young man reached for the spritzer like it was a short brandy and he was at the end of a long night.

"Look," I said. "Don't you drink?"

"Of course I drink."

"Then drink. You're not the spritzer type."

He sniffed the spritzer and he put it down. "I don't want to get woozy . . . I have things to do . . ."

"One jolt won't make you woozy. You can use it. How do you like it, Scotch or rye?"

"Rye. One double rye, water on a side. Thanks." He shot his teeth at me, smiling. His eyes crinkled behind the glasses. He had a tight smooth young face. He looked like a nice kid, maybe twenty-seven.

"I was over at your office," he said. "I told the woman I wanted to see you, I was in a hurry. She said I'd find you here. I made up my mind about you, Mr. Chambers, just a couple of hours ago. I got a little scared."

"Look, kid, simmer down, take it easy." Mr. Trennem brought the rye. The kid bounced it down and drank the water.

"Just a minute," he said. "How do I know . . . I mean . . . you're Chambers?"

I produced a card. I produced the potsy. I produced the wallet.

"You know how it is," he said.

"Sure. What's this all about?"

"I saw a man get killed."

I PUSHED my glass aside. "You mean an accident, one of those traffic things? Or a murder, one of those things?"

"I saw a man get stabbed in the throat. He's dead. That's murder. Isn't it?"

"Sometimes."

He looked at his empty little glass with a sweeping downward bashful glance, like he wanted another drink. I reached a hand across and I tapped him.

"The cops know about this?"

"What?"

"This killing."

"Yes."

"They know who did it?"

"No."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"They know about you?"

"Well . . . not exactly."

I rubbed a hand across my mouth. "Look, kid, let's get out of here. I think we'd better get back to the office."

I paid Trennem and we went to the office. Miranda winked at me. I closed the door and I sat him down and I gave him a cigarette.

"You kill this guy?"

"What's the matter with you?"

"Listen. It's a funny business I'm in. Most of the time, at the beginning, it's always somebody else's deal, I mean, it's like the sweet young thing seeking succor in the drugstore, it's always for somebody else, her friend, her sister, you know what I mean?"

"I think so."

"You kill this guy?"

"No."

"All right. What's your name?"

"Teshle. Mervin Teshle."

That rang a bell. A little bell.

"What do you do?"

"Oh. I'm a gent's-room attendant."

"Come again?"

He smiled. "Gent's-room attendant."

"I don't get it."

"Well . . ."

"Just a minute." I went to the desk and I sat down and I put my feet up. "Teshle, Mervin Teshle. Listen, you're the guy that was banging hell out of a piano down in the Village, a couple years ago. Matty Pineapple's joint."

"That's right. That's me."

"Why, man, you're an artist. You're wonderful. The whole damn town was talking about you. What cooks? Gent's-room attendant?" I held my hand up. "Hold it. First I'll take the pitch on that other thing, the knife in the throat thing."

"I quit downtown because I wasn't making money. I was looking for backing. I was hoping about a club of my own, me and another guy, a friend of mine, Johnny Gamo. A drummer. The best damn drummer in the world. He's my roommate."

The kid was more nervous than a prospective daddy walking a hospital corridor, warned about twins. He wanted to talk.

"You mean," I said, "the guy that works in Dizzy Canyon's band?"

"That's Johnny Gamo."

"That guy's good. Too."

"Good? He's colossal. We cooked up an idea, me and Johnny. Drum and piano. That's all. Just drum and piano. A black velvet background and a white spot and Johnny and me, drum and piano. A lot of classical stuff."

"What's the backing? A couple of guys like you don't need backing. A couple of guys like you, with the reputations you've got, it's easy to find a spot."

"There's a lot of angles. Between us, we have something, believe me. We have something wonderful. But you just don't go—like that. You've got to hook up with a band. That way, okay. Otherwise . . . well, we even had a couple of auditions, but you know producers . . . producers are leery . . . it's either big, or it stinks. Johnny and me, we're in the middle. They could tie us up with a band, sure, but Johnny's *got* a band. Johnny's tied up with Dizzy for seven years."

"Dizzy hear this combination?"

"He thinks it's wonderful. Oh, I can take a job with Dizzy, sign a contract, and bang, we're locked in again. I'm not looking for that. Neither is Johnny. That's years wasted. We've got something."

I pushed around for a cigarette. "All right, what do you want?"

"Dizzy's not a bad guy. He holds Johnny to his contract, I don't blame him. But he'd give him a release—just for the two of us—a combo. Dizzy wouldn't stand in his way. But it's a crazy idea, and it's new—and the music world, that's nuts. So we were thinking . . . if somebody that owns a club had enough confidence in us for a long pull . . . or even better, if we could work up some backing and open our own joint . . ."

"Yeah," I said, "sure. What the hell has all of that got to do with . . . ?"

He went back to his chair and he folded like a flower in a book of memories. He was a right nice kid. But so far I wasn't making any money.

"I ran out of dough," he said.

"Naturally."

"My sister works over at the Club Casca. A veil dance."

He looked up at me, fight in his eyes.

I looked back at him, bland, I hope.

"A veil dance," he said. "All right, she's stacked. She's terrific. But she's good. She's not one of those coochie tomatoes. It's a living."

"So?" I said. "So . . . ?"

"Gent's-room attendant. She recommended me. There's dough in it, a temporary setup."

"Who got killed, and what have you got to do with it?"

"I'm gent's-room attendant. That gent's room, by the way, it's like a palace. Okay, it's last week, Tuesday night, about show time. I had one chap down there, a skinny little sweat-faced goon, combing his hair. Nobody else, it's show time. I went up for a snifter, upstairs. As I came back down, I heard an argument. The skinny chap, and another guy, a fat big guy, slick. All of a sudden the skinny chap says, 'I've been thinking about this for a long time' and he digs out a jackknife, and they scuffle around, and before you know it, the skinny chap has it in his throat, blood busting out all over. He slides down, gurgling. The big guy starts leaving. He sees me standing there, bug-eyed, by the bend in the stairs. He says, 'Who the hell are you?' and I say, 'I'm the attendant in this can,' and he says, 'You know me?' and I say, 'Yes, sir,' and he says 'Keep your nose clean, kid,' and up the stairs he goes."

"Did you know him?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"I'm not talking about that until you and I have made our arrangements. And even then, I'm not. You'll just go with me."

"Where?"

"I'll come to that. Anyway, I knew who the big man was, a high shot, a racket boy. I went back upstairs, and I reported it. I said I'd found him there when I came down after I had my snifter. The guy was dead. Cops came, and a lot of questions were asked. Period."

"Who was the guy with the knife in him?"

"Eddie Arrow. You ever hear of Eddie Arrow?"

"Certainly." Eddie Arrow was an old-timer who, at one time, had been vice boss of all of Harlem. That had been a long time ago. They had moved him out. The last I'd heard of Eddie Arrow, he lived in Brooklyn, and he was making book in a little district of his own down around Fourteenth Street.

I got out from behind the desk. "Kid," I said, "from the hints you throw, about the people mixed up in this mess, that was very good advice you received about keeping your nose clean."

"I didn't take it."

"Okay, sonny. You state your case and if I'm interested, you're a client. If not, what the hell, we had a conversation on a rainy day. So state your case."

He grinned, and his face came young again. "Maybe I'm a little scared. I'm told I'm messing around outside of my league. I don't agree."

I went to the window and I looked out on the rain. "I'm still listening."

He talked easier and quicker with my back to him. "That night, all night, I couldn't sleep. I had an idea cooking, and it kept growing, and in the morning, it was set. I called him up, the big guy, the racket guy. I told him who I was and I told him I wanted to see him. *I* told *him*. I held him up for dough."

"Did you get it?"

"I'm going to. Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

I turned away from the rain. "What have I got to do with this?"

"Look, Mr. Chambers—it's part of my deal with the guy—I don't mention his name, and I haven't. To anybody. My sister knows what I've been up to, and another person, a friend of hers, Kenton Korts. She doesn't like it. She doesn't like it at all. This Kenton guy is a guy that's been around. He's afraid of nothing. She convinced me to talk to him about it, and have him with me when I'm supposed to be paid off. Sort of bodyguard. I told him what the deal was all about, without mentioning names. But today, *he* got cold feet. He called me up, and he pulled out. I could just as well get along without him, but my sister keeps talking and talking. It was her idea that I come and see you. She's scared of this deal."

"What's her name?"

"Ivy. Why?"

"Ivy's a smart girl. Go on back to Ivy, kid, and tell her I'm not buying. And if you'd take my advice—"

"There's a good fee in it, Mr. Chambers. All I want you to do is to come with me. There's a lot of money involved . . ."

"LOOK, kid, I love a buck as much as the next guy, and right now business stinks, but good. But I don't mix in blackmail. Never did, and I'm not starting now. I don't go for it, understand? I don't want to preach—you're a nice boy with a career in front of you—but if you keep on playing this kind of ball, you're going to wind up with the back end of the bat."

He stood up and he closed his slicker. He set his hat on straight.

"No soap?"

"No."

"I'll save my money."

"It's *your* money."

"Good-by, sir."

"One other piece of advice. Don't let your sister talk you into shopping around for other private eyes. A guy with ethics—won't take it. And the other kind, they'll take *you*, because, kid, you're setting *yourself* up for a blackmail deal. You know what I mean? You

yourself are pulling one on the law by holding out information, plus you're committing another crime against the State entitled extortion. And if a wrongo puts his hooks into that . . . you'll get just what you're doing to fatso. You see the way it is with extortion?"

"Nobody's talking me out of it." He flashed a transient smile. "What do I owe you, your time . . . ?"

"Go home, sonny. Go sign up with Dizzy's band . . ."

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Thanks for listening. You're a nice guy . . ."

The door slammed and I was back where I started, watching rain whisk against the windows. A little later Miranda came through, waddling like a landlocked duck.

"Customer," she said, loquacious.

"Well, what do you know? Send him in."

"It's a her."

"Send her in. By all means."

Miranda sucked in her lips and wrinkled her eyes and shook her head slowly as though she regarded an invitation to a customer as a blandishment for sin. My Miranda.

"Stop standing there," I said. "What's the matter with you?"

Sadly she said, "This one's gorgeous. Here we go again."

"Send in the customer."

I had hardly run a ruminative finger across my mustache before Miranda was back with her, chaperonelike. I took one look and politely I said, "That will do, Miranda."

"Yes, sir," she said, like a gate snapping shut. Reluctantly, she went.

My lady was all brunette, tall, in a green transparent raincoat with a hood on top. She had that book-on-the-head kind of walk, but it wasn't studied: you had an impression of restraint, a kind of frigid pent-up poise. But the mouth wasn't frigid. The mouth was wide, full, curved, red and generous, and when you got past that mouth you were met, head on, by soft brown questioning eyes that made you want to protect her from the thoughts generated in contemplation of the mouth. That kind of girl. She was young with a smooth olive skin, no rouge, an oval face and a small tense nose. Maybe it was the nose or maybe the tight hauteur of her carriage or maybe the wide-open eyes sparring against the ripe wisdom of her mouth, or maybe it was a combination of all of that: she looked like an unoccurred explosion.

That suited me.

I gestured for the raincoat. She wore a navy tailored suit over a starched white dickey. Discreet, but her figure came through like beer out of a wet bag. High. Long legs and full thighs and round high hips. A narrow waist and a full bosom and wide shoulders.

"Won't you sit down?" I said.

She sat in a low leather chair and she crossed her knees.

I looked. Then I looked at raindrops on the window.

She jabbed first. "You're younger than I'd expected."

"Perennial," I said. I wasn't too sure of that but I dropped it in, waiting for ripples.

"Perennial," she said. "I think that means continuing to live from year to year." She smiled, real seductive.

"Your name wouldn't be Ivy Teshle?"

One eyebrow moved. "There's hardly any resemblance. Or is there?"

"Hardly, really. But he was here only about a half-hour ago, and he mentioned a sister, and there *is* a resemblance in the smile."

"What do you think, Mr. Chambers?"

"About what?"

"About this business of my brother's."

"I think he's off his trolley."

A furrow showed between her eyes. "You think it's dangerous?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to help?"

"No."

She stood up. She drew a deep breath, which further ruffled the slumped detective behind the desk. "I don't know what I'm going to do," she said. "I'm terribly worried."

"Look," I said. "Today's Tuesday. According to him, it happened last Tuesday, a week ago. According to him, he got in touch with this hot boy the next day. Now, if there were going to be trouble, it should have happened already. So, following that line, maybe there won't be any trouble, maybe hot boy is going to pay up and shut up. Maybe your brother has really made himself a deal. It happens. Maybe hot boy is one of those little-timers that got caught in an accident, and he pays off Mervin because he's scared, he can't use any more trouble."

"The deal is for one hundred thousand dollars."

I crawled out from behind the desk and I went beside her by the window. We both looked at rain.

"You're tall," she said, her shoulder very near to mine. "Very tall."

"Same size as before."

"I mean, one doesn't realize quite how tall you are until one stands near you."

I took her arm and I turned her around.

I SPREAD my hands behind her shoulders and I moved her face back and I kissed her. I kissed her long and hard and good, like she'd been requesting. Her lips were moist and cool and unresisting, but her eyes were open, watching me, part challenge, but mostly contempt. If I showed what I felt, she saw a lot of contempt, too. But I didn't stop the kissing, and then her eyes came down, half-narrow shining, and I began to hear her breathe, and her hands clawed up under my arms. I felt her fingernails in my neck, and her body ridged back and her mouth opened . . .

That's when I broke it up.

I hinged up on a corner of the desk. I took out a handkerchief and I wiped my lips.

"All right," I said. "What gives?"

"I don't know what you mean."

Lipstick was a splotched design around her mouth. It didn't make her less attractive. It gave her an unruly look. An unruly look belonged with her.

She went back to the deep chair and she sat there, knees tight. I would have liked to have gone and taken her out of the chair and brought her back close to me. I sat on my corner of the desk, one leg up, one leg down, thinking about that, and enjoying it. Then I said, "Well . . ."

"I liked you. I . . . couldn't help myself."

"Sure."

"That's the way I am."

"Nobody's that easy. Sister, you've been on the make from the minute you came in here. What's it all about?"

"Nothing. I don't know what you—"

"Listen, you want to talk, or would you rather I throw you the hell out of here?"

I didn't mean it.

But it produced.

One side of her bottom lip crept up between her teeth, and then she let go. She sat there crying, open-mouthed and shuddering. She cried like it was laughter. I got off the desk and I took her out of the chair and I held her. She blubbered quietly. She put tears on my cheek and tremors up my back. Then she was kissing my neck, near the ear. So I broke it up. Again.

"I *do* like you," she said.

"We'll come to that."

She went back to the chair and used her handkerchief. "I came with him. I stayed across the street, in the cafeteria. Then he came down and told me you wouldn't handle it. He told me exactly what you said. That was nice. You were wonderful, honest. You were so right. I love my brother. There's only the two of us, no family. I'm worried sick. He can't get over this crazy idea. I wanted somebody to protect him. First there was Kenton. He begged off, and you wouldn't take it . . . "

"Well . . . despite my advice . . . since you're so set on it, and worried . . . there *are* other private detectives."

"No. What you told him was right, exactly right. An honest man wouldn't handle it, and a dishonest man, that would only make it worse. He said he'd do it alone, he's convinced there's nothing to worry about, that right now it's a cold business deal, nothing else. I told him to go on home. That I'd come see you, talk to you."

"How'd you make out?"

She smiled, one-sided, and she went back to the handkerchief.

"I didn't do so good."

"How do you usually make out?"

"I don't have to try. Like I did with you."

"You can say that again."

"No. I mean, I work for a living. Most men, I just don't like them. You know how it is, show business, everybody's making a pass."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-four."

"So you figured you'd pull a little of the vaunted sex appeal on papa?"

"I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Chambers, you're a stranger to me, I mean . . . no . . . well . . . with me, first it's been college boys, and then it's been show people, and I've always been able to handle them." She put her handkerchief away. She closed her pocketbook. "Yes. I tried." She smiled the small one-sided smile. "It wasn't too difficult, though . . . trying."

"You still trying?"

"Yes."

She came out of the chair. She didn't say a word. Her eyes were on mine, smiling by the edges, no contempt now. She backed me against the desk and kept moving. I kept my arms at my sides. If I lifted them I wasn't going to stop. Rain blasted against the windows. She brought her hands to my face and put her mouth to mine. I held the edge of the desk in back of me. She moved her head, the side of her cheek against mine. "I think I'm crazy," she said. I brought up my arms and took her hair in my hands.

Miranda buzzed the intercom. "Good night, boss. I'm going home."

"Good night, Miranda."

I clicked off the jigger. "Look," I said, "where is he, that musician brother of yours?"

"Home, he told me."

"Call him, will you? I'm not going to mix in this, but if he'd like some more expert advice, free of charge, maybe I can tell him. Call him, and anything I'm doing, I'm doing for you, because you talked me into it."

She put her fingernail in and twisted the dial. Nothing happened.

I said: "Anyplace else he could be?"

"I'll try his girl friend's place."

She tried his girl friend's place, and she got him. She told him. He told her. She hung up. "Seems he wants a bodyguard, not advice, and he only wants the bodyguard to placate me. Will you do it, Pete, please?"

"I'll do nothing, the little wise-pot. Who's this girl friend?"

"Rhonda Carson. A blonde. She has a small part in *The Passionate Omnibus*."

The Passionate Omnibus was a farce that had been clicking for months. I had seen it but I didn't remember the blonde.

"I don't remember a blonde," I said.

"In the first act? The maid?"

"Oh, yes, the maid. Oh, that blonde. Oh, my, yes. *That* blonde."

The rain had stopped and the haze of the dirty dusk piled up over the New York skyline. "It's going to be a nice night," I said. "You doing anything special?"

"Nothing until my first show. That's nine-thirty."

"Will you have dinner with me?"

"I'd love it."

We had cocktails at Trennem's Dark Morning Tavern, then we had cocktails at Phil's Sad Forties, then we had cocktails at Danny's Giveaway, then we had cocktails at Eleanor's Green Angel, then we had dinner, swimmingly, at Max Post's Black Angus. With cocktails.

"You're a guy," Ivy said. "Quite a guy."

"You're a girl."

"I've got to go to work. You going to watch?"

"Certainly. Maybe I'll have a chance to talk with your brother. Downstairs."

"He's not there any more. He gave it up

when the proposition started warming up."

I paid my bill and we walked across the town toward the Casca.

"Listen," I said, "this girl friend of his. Maybe she knows something about the thing. Maybe I ought to have a chat with her."

"Oh, no, you don't."

"But don't you want me to—"

"No. She doesn't know a thing. I know about it, and Kenton Korts, and there isn't another soul that knows anything about it."

"What about Johnny Gamo?"

"Not he, either."

"But—"

"He doesn't know a thing, Johnny. And what Kenton and I know is practically nothing, too, as it happens. A bare outline. A very bare outline. Mervin is a funny boy, with a deep sense of honor. After he was in touch with this man, and after they discussed it—nothing. He wouldn't talk, except to say that he had tried blackmail, and that it had developed into a real business deal, and that as long as it was going to work out, he wasn't going to say a thing. To anyone. That's what he told me, and that's what he told Kenton after I'd convinced him that he needed someone. Nothing, except that the proposition involved a hundred thousand dollars and that it was going to work, and that after it was over, he might tell us some of it, but never the man's name, and that the man he was dealing with wasn't a bad fellow at all, at all."

The Club Casca was a stylish mantrap with a canopy and a full-length picture of Ivy Teshle diaphanous in a swirl of veils, barefooted with polished toenails.

Inside, a fixed-smile maitre d' in an elegant shirt-front widened the smile for Miss Ivy Teshle and the sucker she was toting. He showed us down to a front table. "You're early, Miss Teshle. Anything?"

"A Scotch mist," she said.

I said, "Scotch and water."

She drank Scotch mist and I drank Scotch and water and she said, "A strip act, where's it getting me?"

"Veil dance," I said.

"Strip act. And where's it getting me?"

"Depends. Where do you want to go?"

"I want to go on the stage."

"What's with the stage?"

"You wouldn't believe it, but this strip-act number, sitting here beside you, did Nora one summer in stock, and last summer I was the smart young dame in *Man and Superman* up in Westport. Right now, I do occasional Sunday plays with an experimental group in the Village, the Kenton Korts Players, and they've turned out some very successful show people. That's how I got to know Mr. Korts, he's helped me a lot. He made a pass, of course, and it didn't work, and then we got acquainted."

"Kenton Korts. It sounds like where you play tennis. What's he got to do with it?"

"Korts. K-o-r-t-s. He runs it, oh, for the last ten years. Directs and things, it's a hobby with him."

"Expensive hobby. A rich one, huh?"

"No. Daytimes he's general manager of a flea circus."

"A *flea* circus."

"General manager and bouncer of a flea circus, and he hates it, but you've got to eat, they tell me. He's a colorful man, and he's been around. Which is why I wanted him to go along with Mervin; he's that type that has no fear of anything."

"Sure. That's why he changed his mind."

"I don't know. Maybe I'm all wrong. Maybe I've been nagging Mervin just because I don't understand too much of it. Maybe there's nothing to worry about."

"Nothing like a lot of cocktails topped by a Scotch mist to break up a worry jag. Is there?"

"Maybe."

"We were talking about you. If you want to be an actress, why aren't you an actress?"

"I get two hundred dollars a week for this specialty."

"Now I'll ask it—where's it getting you?"

"Well, through the Kenton Korts Players, and through my summer stock, if I can get a decent part offered me on Broadway, swell. But I'm not going to start being a spook in casting offices, not while I can manage my veils. That two hundred per isn't as much as it sounds, what with agent's fees and hairdos and beauty parlors and clothes . . ."

"What clothes?" I said.

The smiling maitre d' came back. "Time, Miss Teshle."

"Thanks." She drained Scotch mist down to scraped ice. She stood up. "Don't go 'way, now."

"Don't worry."

I drank my Scotch and water, reflectively, as I watched a couple of Chinese acrobats replete with muscles. Then I listened to a thin blonde in glittering rhinestones torch under an amber spot.

The pièce de résistance was the strip act.

STRIP act, in my town, is a loose term, varying in form and essence from the public desquamation of a lady initially clothed for a comfortable trek through a wintry waste, to a grinning bump girl who elbows free of her cape at the first racket of the drums, grinds out a salacious shake, and rushes back to the puritanical embrace of the cape, simpering bows to the applause, haughtily wrapped to the neck. Strip act, in my town, is any coochie wriggle with exposure, and strip acts in my town are as ubiquitous as bobby pins in a bachelor apartment, mostly lousy. Now there was Ivy Teshle.

She was good. She did a savage, imaginative, scowling dance, under a mauve light, moving fiercely beneath pink veils that flashed red under the spot. Her lower lip pouted wet and her eyes were fixed in glazed intensity as she whirled to a quickened rhythm that came from the bandstand in a tumbling new music as though the frenetic movements of her body were the wavings of an inspired baton. The veils fled and returned: she was a naked demon, a chaste statue, a pleading harlot, an evil virgin: she was defilement and restraint: lust, modesty, purity, mockery: a shy voluptuary. She was alone and wild in boiling veils, writhing . . .

I applauded like a chump.

The lights came on and I was still clicking the little hammer against the table, and I wasn't the only one. I went back to Scotch and water. There was a stone of respect in me.

Then she was there in a new dress. I stood up and moved her chair back. "Wonderful," I said.

"Thanks. What happened to my drink?"

"You drank it." I waved to the waiter.

"Same as he's drinking," she said.

"Me too," I said, "and the bill."

We took in a double feature, between shows, holding hands. I saw the one o'clock show from the bar. We sat on a bench in Central Park for an hour, and then I saw the two-thirty show from the bar. Then I took her home to her one room and kitchenette on East Eighty-first Street, with modern paintings on the walls and a wide colorful daybed and a colorful bar embellished with good Scotch. I left at half past six in the morning.

I went home and set the alarm clock.

It rang at eight o'clock and I awoke numb as a hammer-hit finger. I found a phone book and I called him.

"Hello, Mervin?"

"Who is this?"

"Chambers. You've hired a detective."

"What's that?"

"I saw your sister last night."

"What happened to ethics?"

"You know how it is."

"Well, look, Chambers, I've changed my mind. I think it would be embarrassing to the man if I brought you. If he's on the level, which I think he is, it just wouldn't be right, would it? I've discussed it thoroughly since I saw you, that aspect of it."

"With whom did you discuss it?"

"That's none of your . . . look, I don't want to sound like a wise guy. Maybe yesterday we'd have had a deal, Ivy talking and talking. But I'm over it. I know I have nothing to worry about. Listen, if he was going to do anything, he'd have done it, my God, he's had plenty of opportunity. No, it's worked out as a business deal. Thanks for calling."

"Right."

"I'll be seeing you."

But it didn't turn out that way.

I saw him, but he didn't see me.

I saw him, grotesque over the arm of a couch, with his mouth open and blood on his teeth and his hands spread wide and blue and lifeless.

I had called Miranda at home and reported sick and I'd gone back to bed and it had seemed a moment before the clang of the telephone galloped through my dreams. One eye went for the clock as I reached: it was ten minutes to eleven.

"Yeah?" I said.

"Pete. Pete, it's Ivy. Pete, you've got to get over here right away, quickly, oh, Pete."

"What's the matter?"

"It's Mervin—"

"Where are you?"

"Over at his place . . . please . . . hurry . . ."

"I'll be right there."

I slung on some clothes and I gargled my throat and I went. From the sound of her voice, I couldn't go fast enough.

It was one of those massive apartment houses remodeled from an old hotel on Broadway in the Nineties. There were four wings and long halls and push-button elevators registering fourteen floors. I had to check with the bells downstairs to get the apartment number. It was 5G on the fifth floor facing the street.

A strange guy opened the door for me. Ivy was sitting in a hard armchair by the window.

"I'm Johnny Gamo," the strange guy said.

Mervin Teshle was face up over the arm of the couch. He had a hole in his neck and blood on his jacket and blood on one sleeve.

"He's dead," Gamo said.

Ivy stared at nothing, round-eyed.

There were double pillows backed in a corner of the couch. One of them had a hole. I picked it up. The hole went through. There was a hole in the pillow behind it, more shallow. I dug with my finger and brought out a bullet. I put it back and fixed the pillows.

"That's a twenty-two," I said, "no more than a twenty-two."

Nobody answered me.

There was an open suitcase near the couch.

"How about this thing?" I said.

Gamo said, "It's his."

"Open like that?"

"We didn't touch it. We didn't touch anything."

"This is for cops. Is there anything I ought to know here, before we get cops?"

"Who're you?" Gamo said.

I turned to Ivy. "Doesn't this guy know you called me?"

"Yes," she said.

"Well . . ."

"He knows you're a friend of mine. He knows you're a private detective." She was crying, stiff-faced and noiseless.

"All right. Who found him?"

"I did," Gamo said.

"How come?"

"I was downtown. Rehearsal. I'm with Dizzy Canyon. We been rehearsing now for weeks, mornings. I got a call to come on back home, matter of life and death, important."

"Who called?"

"I don't know."

I picked up my eyebrows at him.

"I really don't know," he said. "A man."

"When?"

"Oh . . . about half past ten. He said Mervin was in trouble and he said to get over home, fast. I called Mervin, there was no answer, so I told Diz it was an emergency, I'd be right back, and I grabbed a cab. I knocked on his door, no answer. So I went around to my place to see—"

"Wait a minute. What do you mean 'your place'? Aren't you, weren't you, roommates?"

"Yes, in a way."

"Hurry up," I said.

"It's two rooms, two small separate apartments, with a connecting door. I have a key to my place and he had a key to his place, interchangeable, really, but the connecting

door was almost always open. Sometimes it was closed. Each of us had a little slide bolt on his side, I mean for privacy when we wanted it, I mean, you know . . ."

"Sure."

"His door was locked on his side this morning. Mine was open, I mean my bolt was open. I tried the door when I left; his side was bolted. I knocked, he didn't answer. I figured he was sleeping, or he wasn't home, and I went to work. When I got here, after this phone call, I went into my place, figuring he wasn't home and that the phone call was a gag, and right away I saw the connecting door wide open. I looked in and I saw him. I was going to call the police, when someone knocked. It was Ivy. She didn't let me call. She called. You."

He was thin and very pale. He wore a loose blue suit with wide lapels and an over-long jacket and peg-bottom pants. He had on a maroon sports shirt with handstitching on the collar, open at the throat. His forehead was high and white with black peculiar eyebrows, straight across his face, horizontal. His eyes were black, in deep caverns, filmy like he slept with a bottle under his bed. Either that, or the reefers were beginning to show. He had a big nose and a lantern face and good teeth and he was handsome in a loose-jointed, nervous way.

"Anything else?" I said.

He tightened his mouth. "No."

I'm in the business. He was lying.

"What about the blackmail?"

"What blackmail?"

"Mervin's new venture."

"I don't know what you're talking about, sir."

"Name's Chambers."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Chambers. What blackmail?"

I went over to Ivy. I said, "All right, let's get out of here."

Ivy said, "But—"

"You'll call the cops," I said to Gamo, "just like you were going to. You'll leave her out of it. Both of us. You'll leave both of us out of it. That okay?"

"It's all right, I suppose, if you say so." He looked at Ivy.

"Please . . ." Ivy said.

"It's all right. Neither of you were here."

"Where's the rehearsal?" I said.

"Fifty-second, near Sixth."

"Do it this way. You got the call, you figured it for a rib, but you got permission from Dizzy to come up here anyway. You didn't take a cab. You took the subway. That'll make up for any difference in time. That all right?"

"Yes."

"Nothing you want to tell me?"

"I *have* told you."

"All right, Ivy, let's get out of here. So long, Gamo."

THERE was a cabstand right in front of the building. Five cabs. I went across the street with her to the uptown side and I flagged a cruiser. I had him turn and take us down to Columbus Circle. We walked the rest of the way to my place. I got her a double dose of pheno and a glass of water. "Here," I said, "take it."

She sat on the couch, took the pills and drank the water. She had enough sedative in her to still a shrewish wife. I kissed her forehead and turned the radio knob till I found an untalkative disc jockey. I turned it down low, and went for a blanket. I covered her and kissed her again and sat beside her until she was asleep. I turned off the radio, showered, shaved, ate breakfast. Then I came back to the living room and sat in a barrel chair and watched her sleep.

She woke me at six o'clock.

"Look," I said, "you'd better eat something."

I made her a couple of sandwiches and I poured a glass of milk. I sat near her while she ate. She drank the milk and ate half of one sandwich. I warmed over coffee, and I left her with coffee and a cigarette. "I'll be right back," I said.

I brought back four newspapers, and they all had it. No headlines. A page-four story about a fellow shot in his apartment, one man held for questioning, a drummer by the name of John Gamo.

"How are you?" I asked her.

"I'm all right."

"You're going to have a rough time." I made two stiff Scotches with water. She drank hers fast. I started to make her another. She said: "I don't want any more. I'm going home."

"They'll probably be waiting for you."

"Who?"

"The police. You're going to have to identify him. You're the nearest, you're the only relative. Where were you?"

"What do you mean?"

"They'll ask that. They'll ask a lot. Now, let's see. You went out of your apartment about . . . when did you?"

"About a quarter to eleven. I went directly across to Mervin."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute. You left your apartment about a quarter to eleven. You went downtown. You had a bite downtown. You did window shopping. Then you went to the movies, a double feature, the one we saw last night at the Mayfair. You did more window shopping, had supper, walked up Fifth Avenue, and then you came home. That all right? Can you remember that?"

"Of course."

"You'll tell the truth about anything else they ask. Only leave me out. I may as well work around the fringes, without their knowing I know you at all, so far. And you haven't seen the papers, you don't know anything about it. Can you handle it?"

"Yes."

"Okay?"

"No, it isn't okay, I don't feel well, I'm frightened . . . "

"You're going to have to take it, kid. It's a mess, it's a lousy mess. I know how it is, but that's it, that's the way the hell it is, and we can't change it any more. You've just got to take it, and I know what I'm saying is a lot of noise because no matter what anybody says, he's dead, and that's it, but you've just got to—"

"Hold me, please hold me, please . . ."

I held her.

That killed another half-hour.

I took a cab with her and while we rode she told me about it. She'd overslept and when she'd called him, the moment she woke up, there hadn't been any answer. She had dressed and called again and there had been no answer. She had taken a cab and gone there. She had knocked on the door and Gamo had answered . . .

I dropped her off at Seventy-ninth. "You walk from here. I'll be in touch with you. Will you work tonight?"

"Yes."

I stayed in the cab until I got to the flea circus. It was spacious inside with slot machines for music, roly-poly games, shooting galleries, punching bags, manual hockey games, manual football games, electric hand-squeezes, peekaboo for pictures with a crank-handle, booths for taking pictures of yourself, booths for singing to yourself and coming out with a record—everything with a slot to take your coin from a nickel up. In back, for an extra quarter, an old man offered you the trained fleas.

I asked for the boss, and I drew a youth with a grey mohair jacket and pimples.

"You Kenton Korts?"

"No."

"May I see him?"

"What about?" He pursed a wise mouth. He cocked his head and he bent one knee and he slid his hands up to his hips.

"Don't get snotty, kid. I'd like to see Korts."

"You're the one that's snotty, mister."

I reached out a hand for Mohair-jacket and I shoved fingers down his collar and brought him near to me, red-faced and choking. I began something like, "You little son of a bitch . . . " and then someone tapped my shoulder.

I let go and I turned, but I didn't have time to see.

A short poke to my stomach brought a noise out of me like someone else's gasp. The big fist that came after was telegraphed like a movie mogul's marriage proposal, but the first jolt had made me too tired to duck. I leaned into a driving clot of tightened knuckles that sat me down, mumbling. I sat, preoccupied, listened to the disjointed mumbling taper to lucid profanity. I turned it off and I looked up.

Mohair-jacket had spread his pimples in a proud smile.

Beside him, wearing a questioning face, a tall man looked at me and then back to him, a tall man with a square dark jaw and wire-curly hair close-cut and grey over the ears, a big man with a good figure and wide shoulders and short arms.

I stayed on my subject. "Kenton Korts?"

"I'm Kenton Korts."

He put a hand down and helped me up. I smiled at him. He smiled at me. "I'm sorry," he said. He had a brown young face and a short nose and his ears were flat to his head. Smile lines, like elongated dimples, ran down his cheeks to the jaw: a square, strong face, broad and straight from temple to neck, and a turned-up chin with an arc on top and a cleft inside.

"Sorry," he said.

"Skip it."

"No . . . this neighborhood . . . drunks, punks . . ."

"I was asking for you."

He took my arm. "Anything special?"

"Very special. Mervin sent me."

"Mervin?"

"Mervin Teshle."

"That's special enough for me. Friend of Mervin's, I'm glad to know you. Come on upstairs. Do you know Miss Teshle, a very lovely young lady . . ."

UPSTAIRS was a skimpy office with three oak chairs and a desk and a phone and four walls with autographed pictures of toothsome actresses. I walked around looking at pictures of big shots and little shots, the big shots at eye level, the little shots higher up and more dusty. I recognized one of the dusty little shots high in a corner; only the loving inscription, to my husband, six years back, said Elsie Day, not Rhonda Carson. I shrugged it off, and I sat down. He pushed into a creaking swivel chair behind the desk.

"As long as you're a friend of the Teshles, it's easier to explain the—uh—unorthodox introduction. What's your name?"

"Peter Chambers."

"Marmerstine owns this joint, that is, one of his corporations. There's me, and the kid, assistant manager, we run the joint. This place needs two people actually in charge like it needs a large hole in the middle of the floor. It runs itself. A wrap-up, a sinecure. But the kid never answers when somebody asks for me—because, well, I'm practically never here. It could be a snooper, one of those once-in-a-while corporation people. I pay him an extra two bucks a day out of my own pocket for that service. He covers me. You play horses?"

"I take them or leave them."

"I can't leave them. I love them. Today, for instance, I was out at the track. Now, what's the kid going to say if somebody asks for me, especially a stranger? The boss just got back from Belmont? That he's next door, looking over tomorrow's entries, with coffee and a French doughnut?" He pulled out three yellow tickets. "Not bad."

"What?"

"Winners. I caught the fourth, sixth *and* eighth. And all good prices. I don't cash them the same day."

"I don't get it."

He smiled, creasing the elongated dimples. "I know me—I could just as lief throw it back into the machines. I play out my original roll, that's all. I cash them tomorrow, and that's the investment for the day. It's a rigamarole, but it serves as sort of a check, it's become part of my way of playing, and it costs me less that way. Smoke?" He opened

a drawer and brought out a box of cigars.

"No, thanks. I don't smoke cigars."

He bit off a nub and lit the cigar. He sat back with a creak, and laid a foot up on the desk. "Okay, Mr. Chambers, what can I do for you?"

"See the papers?"

"What's that?"

"Papers."

"What papers? I don't get this. I thought Mervin sent you—"

"The late afternoon papers."

"Sure I saw the late afternoon papers. Now what am I supposed to say?"

"See the item about Mervin?"

His foot came off the desk. "Mervin? No. What item?"

"He's dead."

"*Who?*"

"Mervin Teshle."

The cigar came out of his mouth, held away in two fingers. "You kidding?"

"No."

He leaned his elbows on the desk. His left thumb and middle finger started at the outside of his eyebrows and rubbed in to the nose and stayed there pinched on the bridge. He talked like that, at the heel of his hand. "I work on him . . . the damn fool kid, I tried to talk him out of it, I pulled out of it myself, it didn't smell good . . ." He flattened the hand on the desk. "What have *you* got to do with this?"

"I'm a private detective. He tried to retain me yesterday, to take over for you, when you decided to—er—withdraw—"

"Do you blame me?"

"Not in the least. The point is, I'm on my way downtown to Police Headquarters to tell them what he told me. I thought I'd stop here first. By any chance, did he mention the name of that racket guy?"

"No, he didn't. Part of his deal with him, if he told you."

"He told me." I straightened out of the chair. "I thought . . . by some freak chance, we could clean this thing up."

"I understand. No, I asked him, all right, but he wouldn't say. Wait a minute, though, there's his sister, she's the only other one who knew about it. Maybe he mentioned the man's name to her. It could—"

"That's been checked. He didn't."

He put his cigar back into his mouth. "It's a hell of a note," he said. He pushed his chair back and went behind me to a closet for his hat and topcoat. "I'll go with you."

"That's fine."

"What the hell. Your story would bring me in anyway, and then they'd be here for corroboration. This way, we save them a trip, and maybe with the two of us telling our story—his story—in the presence of each other, maybe some little extra points will pop out that they can use."

"Swell," I said. "You're all right. Did you know him well?"

"I hardly knew him at all. I know his sister, though, a terrific girl, oh, a terrific . . ."

Broadway wore all its lights. Korts put two fingers in his mouth and shrilled down a cab. "Police Headquarters," he said. He slammed the door, and we rolled. He pulled down one folding seat and he put his feet up. "One hell of a note," he said.

I offered him a cigarette and he shook his head. I lit up and threw the match out of the rolled-down window. "You're an interesting chap. From what I hear."

"Why? Because I'm a horse player that saves his tickets, if any, for cashing the next day?"

"Horse players, that's one thing. Kenton Korts Players, that's another."

"Oh." He laughed.

"Why the flea circus?"

"Got to earn a livelihood. I can't fool around any more, I'm too old for that. I'm fifty years old, young fella."

"You certainly don't look it."

"Thanks. And I've put in plenty in those fifty years. I was a boxing champ in Australia; that's where I was born, Australia. I was an actor, too. As a fighter, I was good, very good. As an actor, I stank, strictly. You know, mediocre. That's the worst thing in the world to be—a mediocre actor. Mediocre anything else, what the hell, you're not displaying it, but as an actor, that's your business, displaying it. I was crazy about acting, though, but that's beggar's work, mediocre actor."

"What about the Kenton Korts Players?"

"I love the stage. Simple? I love it. I started a lot of big stars down there, oh, a lot of them. I do have that, all right, that's probably the only thing I do have in theatre, an eye for talent. Yes, but what the hell, you come up around my years, brother, you start thinking about security. I'm going to close down that Kenton Korts Players business, yes, sir. Put it down to an exuberance of youth. But it's been fun, there's no denying that. I'm heading back for Australia one of these days, and live it out there. It's a swell country, don't let anybody ever tell you different . . ."

"Police Headquarters," the cabbie said, "gentlemen."

We got out and Korts held my arm. "This one's on me."

We walked up the stone steps of Headquarters and we took the elevator to the office of Detective-lieutenant Louis Parker, good friend, good guy, good cop.

Parker wasn't in.

"Must it be this Parker?" Korts said.

"He's the nicest guy in the Department. He's done me a lot of favors. We're giving him a straightaway tip. If he can get the credit for it, I'd like that. You know how it is."

"Right."

"You know Mervin's girl friend. Rhonda Carson?"

"Who?"

"This Rhonda Carson."

"Never heard of her. Look, if we're going to wait around for this indeterminate lieutenant of yours, suppose I call my flea-trap and tell them where I am, just in case. Come on."

"I'll wait."

He went looking for a phone booth, and then Parker came.

"Well," he said, "the superduper supersleuth."

"Well," I said, "the rotund lieutenant."

"Rotund. I like that. What is it?"

"Look it up, Lieutenant. You're the bug on words."

"I don't have the time. All sorts of people killing people this day. No time, you hear? So, what chestnuts out of what fire do you want me to pull for you, and how would you like to come over to the house tomorrow, which is my day off, and have a bite with me and the Missus, and tell me about it then, not that I want to be impolite."

Ah, the dear lieutenant.

"Mervin Teshle," I said.

"Invitation withdrawn."

"No more than proper."

He closed down his eyes. "Do *you* have something for *me*? Or vice versa?"

"Well . . ."

"I don't know anything about it. He's Rufus Harrington's."

"Eddie Arrow?"

"That's me." He put his arm through mine. "Come on in."

"I've got a friend."

He was coming down the corridor and we waited for him.

"Lieutenant Parker, Kenton Korts."

Parker unloosened my arm and they shook hands. We followed him into his office. Parker was short, thick and strong, and he walked on easy effortless athletic legs without too much swinging of the arms. He sat down behind his desk, ran his hand through his black, tight-cut hair and leaned over the square box on the desk and clicked it. "Lieutenant Harrington here?"

"Yes, sir," the box snapped.

He creased his forehead at me.

"Yes," I said.

"Send him in, please."

"Eddie Arrow," I said, "was killed last Tuesday in the men's room of the Club Casca, stabbed in the throat with his own knife. No witnesses."

"It sums it up succinctly, and good riddance. Now if you could unsmudge the fingerprints on the said knife, or could perhaps produce a witness lurking in one of the booths of the said men's room, you could turn the tables on Lieutenant Parker, for a change, and do *him* a good turn."

"Gratitude," I complained. "Anybody happen to remember that Teshle was the attendant in the said gent's room at the time?"

"Only everybody in the entire Department." Parker extended a stubby finger. "This what you're disturbing the peace about? You come to enlighten us that he was the tip-gobbler down there?"

The knock on the door was Rufus Harrington.

"Come in," Parker said to Harrington who was in. He introduced us all around. "Chambers here is one of those private-eye pains." Then he said, like a gurgle in the throat: "One of the better type, Harrington, that is, when he's sober, and there's no women around."

Harrington picked his lips up and showed his store teeth and looked impatient. He was flint-faced, bald and lank. He had a long red neck with white wrinkles. Give him a starched apron and set him down behind a country-store counter and he'd give you back wry philosophy with cracker-barrel overtones, that's how he looked, big hands coming out of too-short sleeves.

He sat opposite me, knees up. "What's the play?" he said.

"Mervin Teshle," Parker said.

"Who?"

"Him." Parker pointed at me.

"What have you got, young man?" He had straight grey eyes under the many wrinkles of bulgy eyelids. When he talked, he squinted, and the folds of the eyelids came down obscuring the eyes. You looked at a pale shine and it was disconcerting.

"Mervin Teshle was in my office yesterday. He wanted to retain me on a matter which, I believe, has a direct bearing on his death. I don't know who your man is, but I think I can narrow it down for you considerably."

"Sure." He smiled. When he smiled it was worse. His teeth were harsh-blue false, food-flecked with unfelt particles in the crevices. He wasn't encouraging, but the hell with him.

I told him the story right from Trennem's Dark Morning Tavern. No Ivy.

Then Kenton Korts told him the same story.

"Thanks," Harrington said. "That's right nice of you gentlemen. It narrows the play on this thing. That never hurts. Jibes with another story."

"How's that?" I said.

"Young lady. Ivy Teshle. Sister of the deceased. I've got a man out now looking you up, Mr. Korts. You," he pointed at me, "you're gravy."

Parker said: "He never sort of hinted about the big shot? Did he?"

"Not to me," I said.

Korts said, "Me neither."

"What happens with Gamo?" I said.

Harrington's smile dropped dead. "How do you know that?"

"It's in the papers."

"That's right," he said. "Gamo's sprung, that's what happened to Gamo. Oh, no lawyer. When a guy's got nothing to worry about, he don't need no lawyer. We talked to him, we got his deposition, we took him over to the D.A., the D.A. talked to him, he got his deposition, period. This Ivy lass took our minds off Gamo, and you guys clinch it. We're not looking for a skinny drummer, we're looking for a fat racket guy. Okay, boys . . . thanks."

"'Bye," Parker said.

"Buy you a drink," Korts said in the darkness of Centre Street.

"Deal," I said, "if you let me buy one back for you."

We walked through a warm night, uptown. We talked about Australia and Israel and

England and Russia and soon enough we were up by Fourteenth Street.

"Luchow's?" Korts said.

I said, "Brother-r-r-r."

We had a few glad ones at the bar, and then we settled down to mock turtle soup in front of sumptuous liver under luscious onions on a clean white tablecloth with three strings giving out with Old World from a balcony. Plus beer. From Bavaria.

Korts looked at his watch. "I could go more, but I've really got to get up there. I'm a businessman." He brought up the napkin and wiped his mouth. "Delicious." Then he snapped his fingers. "Auditors. How do you like that? We have auditors coming in tomorrow noon, just thought of it. How do you like that? It kills the track for tomorrow. I'll be giving business to a bookmaker. Bookmakers. I hate bookmakers, they take the romance out of horses. Belmont, you will simply have to wait. Me and my tickets." He got up smiling.

I dropped him off at Times Square and I continued up to Fifty-second where the cool dimness of the Club Casca was more sedative in effect than an aspirin over a goof-ball beside a Scotch and soda across from a lamb of a dream-eyed blonde . . .

And there *was* a lamb of a blonde, not dream-eyed, on a stool beside Ivy, knees up against the leather of the Casca's small bar.

A half-and-half blonde, half promise, half ice water, a lovely upswept clean-lined blonde with a round white face and impeccable nostrils. A blonde with a mouth as sweet as a kiss and a high unwrinkled forehead and glaze-blue eyes with more appraisal than a pawnbroker's. A faraway blonde with know-how: you'd have to jump through a lot of hoops if you liked her. She wore a blue dress that gave off slim white shoulders, no jewelry, and she wore a perfume that gathered you in and drew you close. I remembered it, but I couldn't place it.

"Hi," I said. I moved up on a stool.

"Hello," Ivy said.

The blonde looked less quizzical.

"Miss Carson," Ivy said, "Rhonda Carson. Mr. Chambers."

"Well . . ." I said.

"How do you do?" She had a fine deep voice. The words came out round, trained, gleaming and solid, like seals in a tank act.

Her pony glass was three-quarters down.

Ivy's was empty.

"Something?" I said.

Ivy said, "Yes. Brandy."

"Brandies," I said to the barkeep, "for the ladies. Scotch and water for me."

"Thank you," said Rhonda Carson.

Ivy looked tired. There was a small pinched line at each end of her mouth and there was black beneath her eyes and her voice was tired, too, with the edge rubbed off.

The maitre d' with the hinged lips came up and smiled and touched his wrist watch.

"I know," Ivy said. She drank her brandy, set the glass down and came off her stool. "See you," she said.

Rhonda's chin touched her shoulder, watching Ivy go; then she sighed and turned back to me. "That poor kid. We finally talked them out of the two-thirty show, I did, I should say, not she. You know," she made a small fist and waved it, "the old rah-rah spirit. Trouper stuff. But the kid is dead on her feet. I'm waiting around to take her right home after this performance. Frightful, that business."

The rumba band was playing.

"Did you know him?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Mervin."

"Yes, he'd been around to see me on some business yesterday. That's how I met Ivy. Didn't she mention it?"

"No. Are you in show business?"

"I'm a private detective."

She sipped on the pony glass, eyebrows perched, investigating the private investigator. "You know, you're the first private detective I've ever met. You read about them, but you simply never meet them. Must be fascinating work."

"Oh, but fascinating."

"It needs real intelligence, I bet, and intuitiveness."

I wasn't sure whether she wasn't taking it out on me: all the crew-clipped, one-punch boys in the movies. "Intuitive," I said. "For instance, just looking at your lovely shoulders, I can tell that you're an actress, that you're that good you ought to have the lead in *The Passionate Omnibus*, but instead you play the maid that shows up in the first act and then disappears for the rest of the evening."

"So?" she said, but it brought the pony glass bang down on the bar. Then she smiled. "I think I deserved that."

"Well . . . nobody likes cracks."

"I'll dance with you, if you like . . ."

"I'd love."

We did our rumba, very proper. She was a nice blonde with a trim shape and the boys at the down-front tables approved. We came back to the bar better friends.

"Did he ever talk to you," I said, "about the fellow that was killed down there in the men's room last week?"

"No. I knew about it, but we never talked about it. I mean, other than it happened."

"Ever mention a fat racket guy?"

"No . . . why . . ."

"I don't know. I'm just throwing leading questions around. It might have something to do with that . . . that . . . "

"It's horrible . . . God . . . of all people . . ."

"Let's skip it, huh?"

I waved to the bartender and he fixed new drinks. The lights went down and the show went on. We sat near each other on our separate stools. "That's a wonderful perfume you use," I said. "I never smelled anything quite like it."

"I'd get my money back if you did. I have it especially made for me; one ounce practically costs me a month's pay, but I love it. We're all entitled to *one* weakness, I suppose."

We watched the acrobats and we listened to the torch singer and we heard the comedian and then we watched the sullen brandied Ivy do her number and ignore the applause. We finished our drinks, and then we took her home.

"Would you like us to come up?" Rhonda asked.

"No, thanks. Thanks for everything, both of you."

"Night."

Rhonda said, "That's a lousy business, that kid, all alone."

"Where do you live?"

"Thirty-fourth, off Fifth."

She held my arm and we strolled toward Fifth. "You seem to know many things, Mr. Private Detective. You must know then that he and I were . . . pretty close."

"Yes."

"You can imagine how I feel."

"I'm sorry. Look, you wouldn't like to go somewhere and drink it off?"

"Thank you, no. I'd like to go home."

She lived in a three-story relic on Thirty-fourth near Fifth Avenue, a stubborn residential squatter in a district pre-empted by industry, a scrubbed white house, one in from the corner. The corner was a square, domed, dignified bank, and on the other side of Rhonda's scrubbed white three-story, there was another bank building, red brick and fairly new, less dignified but quite as portentous.

"Rich," I said. "You don't have to worry about blaring radios at night, do you?"

"No." She smiled. "I'm on the first floor. It's a walk-up, and it's always a little scary. Will you walk up with me, please?"

I took her up and I waited while she opened the door and clicked on a light. "I'd ask you in," she said, "but tonight, I feel . . . you know . . ."

"Sure. Of course. Good night."

Downstairs, I scrubbed my chin. Thirty-fourth and Fifth at half past two is as desolate as a quarantined hamlet at half past dawn between whistle stops. It had been a hell of a day. I wasn't sleepy. I had an itch for something. I don't know. Music. Action.

I walked across to Herald Square. I woke a cabbie.

"The Skyline."

"Yes, sir."

I smoked while he drove. The West Side Highway had a cool breeze blowing across from the river. I let the window down and I looked out on the black glass of the water. I thought about a perfume that I couldn't recollect. I'd never been out with her, not Rhonda Carson, I'd have remembered that. You forget a lot of them. Not Rhonda Carson. I thought about it and then I dumped it, but it bothered me. It's like a phrase of music that brings a memory. When you miss the memory, it makes you fidgety, you hate the music, you're sorry the whole thing came up, it gets you empty inside, it's like when you're hungry . . .

The bridge loomed up at our left, strung lights like a lavaliere. The cab ducked through the stone embankments, wind swishing, and then we were up by the toll windows. He paid, and he took me across the long quiet smooth bridge.

"Here y'are," he said. "Have fun, bud."

The hat check girl was outside the check room, with very good reason.

She had high golden heels and long black nylon legs and no skirt. She wore gold shorts and a gold bra and a gold hat and a wonderful smile. I gave her my things. She handed them to a man inside the check room. "Oh, that Bill Drillow," I said, "he doesn't miss a trick."

She smiled wider, a young and happy smile. She clicked one high heel and made a little bow. "Thanks. You're not so bad yourself. No party?"

She had something. Mostly, at Bill Drillow's Skyline, it was a party, a group, coming over from the Big Town.

"Me, alone," I said.

"Me too."

"Can we manage it?"

"Sure, long legs, I'm through in about fifteen minutes. I'll let you buy me a drink. Bar?"

"Bar," I said. "Where else?"

One room in was the bar. Lush. A thick black carpet. Black cocktail tables with golden chairs. A black bar with a golden canopy. With tassels. It fronted onto the Skyline Room: you could see the famous room and its rolled-back ceiling and the stars in the heavens. All the walls were glass. You could see the river and the lights of the moving boats and the greatest sight in the world, the New York skyline across the Hudson.

The bar was crowded. The Skyline Room was crowded.

Looking in, you saw the people, most of them in evening wear, bunched close to Dizzy Canyon's outfit on the bandstand. They didn't dance much, they held on and they swayed near the bandstand, while the great Canyon gave them his rhythms. The dancers were farther back, with plenty of room, the boys and the girls, but the grey heads, held up by the young and lovely lassies, they were up front by the bandstand, as had grown to be the custom with Dizzy Canyon, soaking up the music, swaying. There was noise and there was clatter. The joint was jumping.

I saw Gamo at the drums.

"Yes, sir?" the bartender said.

"Scotch and water. Double."

"Yes, sir."

I knew I wanted to talk with him. I didn't know exactly why. I knew that back there, at the apartment, back there with the boy curled over the arm of the couch and Ivy silent and rigid in the chair by the window, back there, this guy had turtled his head in. You didn't have to be a genius to know that, or a Sherlock Holmes. When you're in the business long enough, you know, you get an impression. It might be vastly unimportant, it might be a guy anxious about the fact that he was wearing yesterday's socks, but you know, and why the hell it's your business, and why you don't leave it to an authoritative back-to-back combination like Harrington and Parker—that you'll never know.

You aren't sleepy, maybe you're a little drunk, maybe your ulcer-vibrations are disturbed—but here you are at the long bar of the Skyline waiting to talk to Johnny Gamo, looking around the Scotch and water at the many noisy people laughing at nothing through flushed faces.

I headed for the men's room. I didn't make it. I saw a little gentleman, and I pushed through the crowd, watching. I saw him go into the big room and sit by himself at a small table and smile up at the waiter.

His name was P. Solly Kolos, known as Coke to the cognoscenti, and there was no reason in the world why P. Solly shouldn't be at a solitary table at Bill Drillow's Skyline enjoying the show and waiting, perhaps, for a chorine double his length and much more shapely. Coke was a little man with a wizened face and smooth black hair worn sidewise in the Will Rogers manner. He had a sweet little smile that puckered his mouth and creased up his eyes to holes with wrinkles. He looked like an overage jockey who had never thrown a race being foolish with his money in the autumn of his life. P. Solly Kolos, known as Coke to the boys, would cut your throat for a dime, except that throat-cutting and dimes were part of his past because Coke was a smartie. He had leeched on, early, to Leon Mouni, and he had grown up with Mouni, and right now he was Leon Mouni's right hand, with fingers. Leon Mouni, grown up now to many enterprises, was still thought of, erroneously, as a racketeer, and Leon Mouni was fat. Thus the convolutions of the workings of the mind of the private eye, but sometimes you're lucky.

I watched him. He sat at his table, thumping a toe to the music. I stopped watching him. I went back to the bar, to a new site. I said, "Scotch and water," to the bartender.

Then I heard the rumba music, and I could see the musicians changing up with the rumba band, with no break in the melody. I waited for Gamo, because when musicians finish a trick and have another trick in half an hour, they filter to the bar, unless there is a juke-trap near by where the gin is cheaper. There was nothing near to the Skyline. I waited for Gamo.

Coke wasn't at his table.

Coke was right there with us at the bar.

Then my company came.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi, yourself."

"What'll it be?"

"Rum and cola."

She wedged in close. "You're nice, you know. I don't remember you around here."

She had her legs hidden under a long red evening gown, but that's all. She was tall with a soft young figure and white round arms and more bosom than was good for a detective with one eye out for Gamo and the other eye on Coke. This Coke idea would probably add up to more zeros than a flock of Japanese ancients—but what did I have to lose, for free, on a case that nobody had hired me on?

"What are *you* doing," I said, "as a check girl? You belong in that line of Adorabelles that Drillow advertises in all the papers."

"Not me." She drank rum and cola.

"Why not? You've got what it takes. Plus."

"My way, I drink with whom I want to drink, and I go with whom I want to go."

"Meaning what, lassie?"

"My name's Bobo. Bobo O'Sullivan."

"Pete Chambers."

"You're nice."

"We were talking about line girls."

"See where you checked your hat and coat?"

"Uh huh."

"I own that concession."

"Well . . ."

"I own three more here along the shore."

"You must be a pretty good business girl."

"Not bad. My daddy helps."

"Daddy, huh?"

"Yes, daddy, huh. He's chief of police in this town."

"I get it."

"I like you. You're from New York?"

"Yep."

"Will you take me home?"

"I thought you live here? Isn't your father chief of police—"

"I live in New York. I have a little place on Park Avenue and Fifty-third that'll knock your eye out."

"Well . . ."

"Wait till you're asked, feller."

Gamo was talking to a redhead. He had an arm over her shoulder and they looked at each other like there was a fence around them shutting off Drillow's bar and the Skyline Room and the Hudson River and all of New York. And New Jersey.

Coke was back at his table thumping his toe, now, to the rumba.

So I was Bobo's with no distractions.

"Let's take a table," she said.

I gave the waiter a ten-dollar bill. "I have a few drinks unpaid at the bar. Tell him it's the Scotch and water boy, and the rum and cola. Settle that for me, please. Then give us two of the same here."

Dizzy played and we danced and then the rumba band played and we danced again and then, suddenly, I said, "Oh, excuse me," and I took her back to the table. I went out to the bar for Gamo, but he wasn't talking to the redhead now, Coke had him off at a side, and Coke was doing most of the talking, smiling all the time with the corners of his lips moving up and down and his eyes wrinkling. I went back to Bobo.

I watched Coke pay and leave, and when Dizzy played *Good Night, Ladies*, my check was all paid and I had Bobo's arm. I got my things at the check room, and she took a long black cape, and we went out to where the cars were and the cabs. There were no clouds in the Jersey sky.

"I'd like to say good night to a friend of mine," I told her. "Johnny Gamo. All right?"

"Johnny," she said. "That's Sarrette's boy friend. They go home in a bunch." She pulled my arm. "Over here."

She took me to a group, hatless, most of them, carrying instruments like lunch bundles, talking under the stars. One car came up and took some of them away.

"Gamo?" I asked a fluff-haired young man.

"Any minute."

Johnny pushed through with the redhead. He didn't recognize me among the shuffling musicians and the talking girls and the strayed drunks and the constant crisscross of people calling to people in the dusk of the dimmed-down lights of the Skyline.

"Okay," he said. "What's holding us up?"

"A guy been asking for you."

"What guy?"

"Guy right here. I don't know. Somewhere."

"Me," I said.

He came toward me, squinted. "Say . . . I'm sorry. How are you? Didn't recognize you. What are you doing out here?"

"I dropped over for the music, and some fresh air."

"Have fun?"

"Yes, thanks."

"Anything special?"

"No, Johnny, I don't want to keep you from your friends . . . only . . ."

He grabbed my jacket at the elbow and he tightened up my sleeve like a tourniquet. "Look . . . if it's about . . . that . . . look, any time, guy, any time at all, the hell with my friends. It's murdering me. I've been piling it in all day, all night . . . look . . ."

"No. I did want to talk with you, but it'll keep, nothing important. There's one little thing, though, I mean if it's all right, if it isn't personal. There was a little guy with you at the bar, a little guy—"

"You know him?"

"No—"

"Neither do I."

"He was doing a lot of talking, for a guy you don't know."

"And I don't know what the hell he was talking about. Either."

"Try to remember, Johnny."

"Well . . . oh, yes . . . that little monkey. What do you mean, try to remember?" He was truculent, suddenly, the sour smell of too much whiskey on his mouth. "What the hell's the matter with you? You think I'm looped?"

"No, John."

"I don't know what he was talking about, how do you like that? He was singing some lyrics about keeping my mouth buttoned, patting me fatherly all the time. I told him I didn't know what the hell he was talking about, and he said, yeah, he knew I didn't know what the hell he was talking about, and to keep my lip buttoned just the same, unless I'd like to wind up with my head in my hands one of these days. I couldn't get rid of him . . . a drunk with hand trouble . . . Why? What about him?"

"Nothing, John."

"Give you a lift to town?"

"Thanks, Johnny, no. I'm with someone."

I delivered him, and I went looking for my girl friend. I found her, looking for me.

"Boy," she said, "the traffic gets real heavy out here. I almost gave you up."

"I was right there talking to Gamo."

She came to me and put her hands on my arms. "Stay put now. And I'm staying with you." Holding on, she turned her head. Then she called: "Frankie, oh Frankie . . ."

The uniformed car-man said, "Excuse me, excuse me," shoving through. "Now, Miss Bobo, thaas the way to hold a man, Miss Bobo, yeah, man, thaas the way. You ain't ever goin' to lose a man like that, Miss Bobo, oh yeah you ain't. You ready, Miss Bobo?"

"Ready, willing and able. So get moving, Frankie. I'm hanging onto this guy just like this till you get back."

"Yeah," he said and merged with blackness.

I made it more comfortable for her. I slid my hands under her elbows and around her waist and that way, a close-knit couple, nobody was letting anybody get away from anyone.

Headlights pinned us, moving slowly. A horn honked tenderly.

"What's this?" I said.

"Car. My car. Would you like to drive?"

Resignedly I said, "No. You've been in the driver's seat all night, sister. Why change it?"

She went in one door and I went in the other. "Thanks, Frank," she said. She pushed the starter and she kept blowing the horn at the people until we were out on the roadway. "Okay, high-shoulders," she said. "Snuggle over . . ."

She drove like she was being chased, which was all right by me. The bridge was a loop of whirring lights. The highway was a raceway, cool by the river. The windows were open and the breeze whistled in and her hair stood back from her head, streaming dark hair, and curly, sweet-smelling thick dark hair. Her eyes were narrow to the road and she was smiling with her nostrils open and she sat on the edge of the seat holding the wheel like it was alive. We turned off at a downtown viaduct and she slowed down on the quiet city streets.

"Like it?" She sat back, easing the wheel.

"What?"

"The ride. In nothing flat. It's a beautiful night. You weren't nervous?"

"I didn't have the time. You're all right, Bobo, you've got vitality."

"Have I? Is that a compliment or a complaint? Well, we'll see."

We rolled up in front of a skysticker at Park and Fifty-third. A doorman tipped his hat and took the car. We disturbed the elevator man, legs crossed in a deep easy chair. He took us up.

"Eighteen," he said.

We got out. She tinkled for keys in the cavern of a slung-over-the-shoulder handbag. She found the key, and she clicked the lights on a massive living room with one wall all windows from floor to ceiling, a beautiful blue-and-yellow room with teakwood furniture, a quiet-lit Chinese room.

She took my things and laid away her cape and led me three steps down into the soft-carpeted gleaming room.

"Nice," I said.

"Like?"

"I love. It's beautiful."

"James James did it for me."

"James James, no wonder. It must have cost you an arm and a leg . . . I mean . . . "

"Cost me nothing. He did it for me because he likes me. He ran up against Jersey justice once . . . on account of a little blonde package. I helped. My daddy is . . ."

"I know. Chief of police."

"What'll you have, high-shoulders?"

"A phone, first. And a phone book."

She tightened her mouth and wrinkled her eyes. "You wouldn't have a wife, now . . ."

"No wife. Business."

She looked at her watch. "*Business!* It's twenty minutes to five o'clock in the morning. How silly can a guy get?"

A carved-legged tall table in a corner split open for a phone and books. I looked up Leon Mouni, respectable this era with his name in the directory, telephone number and all. I dialed and it rang. It kept ringing.

"I'll change," Bobo said.

It kept ringing. I waited in the highly polished drawing room. Finally a voice with an English lilt. "Hello?"

"Mr. Mouni, please."

"I'm sorry, sir. Mr. Mouni is not in town. A message?"

"Yes. Tell him Peter Chambers. Tell him I have the Mervin Teshle story. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay, thanks. Tell him, if he happens to come back from out of town, to be in touch with me, it's very important. I'm in the book."

I hung up and I walked around inspecting the appointments of James James' appreciation of getting out of a jam in Jersey. James James had done himself proud. Then Bobo came back in black pajamas deep-open in front and I cancelled James James' appointments and considered my own.

"I'll mix you a drink," she said.

Warily I said, "What kind of drink?"

"Rum and cola."

"Please. Rum and cola. That's kid stuff."

"Try it," she said . . .

Once more I got home with the chirp of the birdies and I had to slat the blinds to turn off the sun to give me night for sleep.

"Rum," I mumbled, "and cola." I bedded down in a heap, hat and all, on the sofa, snoring before I was asleep—and then the phone was ringing.

I studied my wavering watch. It was twelve o'clock. And the phone kept ringing.

It was the doorbell.

I braced my knees and stood up. "All right, all right," I said. I opened the door.

I got shoved back into my living room, host to a party of three, two of them like twins, and one a fat man. He wasn't really fat. He was big, with bulk. A big man in banker's grey, and twins in double-breasted blue suits, with silk sport shirts, no ties. The twins weren't twins; their faces were different, but the lines on the faces were similar lines, and the slump of the features was similarly casual, and their eyes were the same eyes, blank without interest, and their clothes were the same, fashionably loose over the white silk sport shirts. They went, competent Janizaries, to opposite sides of the room, light-footed and heavy-shouldered, not smiling, but seeming to smile as though each were enjoying the same hard-bitten secret joke.

Leon Mouni spread his legs in the middle of the room. He flapped a ragged rectangle of folded newspaper beneath one arm and he laid his hands together behind him. His chin sank down as he bobbed his head, appraising me dejectedly. "You're slipping," he said. "You look like a bum. You ought to get hold of yourself. That heavy drinking is catching up with you."

"Please. You're not going to look too good yourself, one of these days. You're going to look worse than me, only with you it's going to be permanent."

"That's over my head."

"I'll bring it down. First you're going to get all messed up by policemen, a lot of policemen. Then you're going to wear a state-issue uniform, not too natty. That is, if you get a lawyer that can dicker you into a uniform, instead of a coffin."

"Coffin, is it?"

"Coffin. After an execution duly legal. For a smart guy, Leon, you're turning out to be quite the sucker. Quite."

Gloomily he said, "Quite. There I agree. And what a sucker." He unhooked his hands and he flicked fat fingers like he was sprinkling water over a cactus in a flower pot. "Out, you guys, out, out. Wait downstairs."

The twins converged on the door and closed it behind them, while I reached for my elusive hat, scrambling the effort like a man without fingers picking up a dime. I speared it and I set it on a lamp. I took off my jacket and hung it around a chair. I pulled down my tie and I opened the collar of my creased shirt. I dug for cigarettes. I lit up and I sat down.

LEON spaced his words. "That stupid . . . little . . . son of a bitch."

No matter what he said, his tone was always even and he spoke slowly. He had a deep effortless voice that came up full-toned like noise from a well shaft, rich and resonant, sucked up without quiver, without movement of body, then chewed out in distinct syllables through a soft, protruding mouth. His face was pink and tired and unexpressive. His mouth was small. His silver hair was side-parted and closely trimmed. He wore a beautifully tailored grey flannel suit and a black knit tie. He brought no hat or stick or topcoat: he had probably left all of that in the car downstairs. He had brought only the newspaper which, now, he struck against an open palm. "That son of a bitch is going to lose a few teeth."

"That all?"

"What else?"

"He can accumulate bullets, you know . . ."

"Kid, you're old-fashioned. I can have a man take a licking, purely out of venom. Better, I can make the town too hot for him, I can fix it so he can't work, I can take away his living—but Leon Mouni isn't killing people. No, sir. I'm a businessman, I'm a legitimate businessman. I have irons in many fires, from Florida to L.A. I don't mess in killings." He smiled. "Not unless it is business, not unless somebody gets so obnoxious, he insists on it."

"Like Teshle?"

"Teshle wasn't obnoxious."

"What was he?"

"We're not talking about Teshle. Yet."

"About the other guy, you're way off the beam."

"Please. That's the only way *you* could have been tipped."

"I'll tell you something that'll make you laugh. He couldn't tip me if he wanted to, because he doesn't know a thing about it, about you and Teshle. He doesn't know a thing about it."

"I don't believe that."

"He's a drummer drumming his drums, period. You know who tipped me?"

"Who?"

"You."

"Very comical, but you're not going to cover for him. He's looking for it, so he'll get it, the miserable little . . ."

"I didn't get it from him, Leon. I got it from P. Solly Kolos."

"Oh, brother . . . All right, so now you've told me something that's made me laugh. I laugh. Ha, ha. Now let's drop it, because you insist on covering that damn fool. All right, why did you call me?"

"No, we don't drop it. I'm going to straighten you out."

"Sure."

"That Teshle kid . . . that was good goods."

"I never said he wasn't."

"He was blackmailing a guy, okay—but he didn't peep, not a word. Not to Gamo. To nobody. Can you understand that?"

"Wait a minute. Then how would you—?"

"To nobody. Not a word. That's the kid you saw fit to push around like one of those imbecile gun-boys of yours . . . a good, decent kid, who suddenly talked himself into a blackmail idea. Leon, between you and me, it's rotten; I can vomit looking at you. Now I'll tell you something else. I'm going to see to it that you're indicted for that murder . . . that's all I can do. Maybe your sharp shyster, whoever you get, maybe he can scrape it off you, that's not my business, but I'll see to it that the coppers get the whole dirty story, and the D.A., because that was rotten, rotten . . ."

"Shut up." He came close to me, pink face red, percaline sheen of thin sweat on his face. He pushed the newspaper at me, poking my shoulder. "Number one," he said. "Read it, go on, read it. Here." He unfolded it, slapping the smooth sheet. "Here."

"I know all about it."

"Read it, you . . ."

I took it and I sat down again spreading my knees and leaning on them. He went to the window, looking out, stroking his jowls.

"You're not giving me the business," he said, "about that Gamo?"

"No."

"I'm glad of that. How do you like it? I'm *glad* of that." He came back, bending over me. "Right here," he said. He pointed his finger. "Read it . . . out loud."

" '. . . four bullets,' " I read, " 'were imbedded in the body, another went wild and was found in a pillow on the ornate daybed. All were of twenty-two caliber. No weapon as yet has been discovered, but the police are reasonably certain . . .' "

He pulled the paper out of my hand and threw it behind him.

"Well, detective . . . ?"

"Well, what?"

"Nothing read funny?"

"You mean if it were a professional job, *all* the bullets would . . . now, look . . ."

"Boy, you're slowing down. Listen. Since when . . . ? Did you ever hear . . . ? Since when does a torpedo, a gun-guy, a pro . . . since when does he use a pea-shooter, a twenty-two? I'm asking."

"Well . . ."

"Go on. *You* tell me."

It was tiny, but it was there. It was nothing that would present a defense before a jury, tried and true. It wouldn't mean a thing to the gentlemen and the ladies who are your peers in the listening box with the rail. That would be lawyer talk, angle talk, go ahead and try and prove that . . . but to the private eye in the crumpled clothing . . .

"You see what I mean?" Leon said.

"It's flimsy, it—"

"It's nothing. It's just number one. It's just that I want to make a point. You and I are going to sit around with this, and you . . . you," sadly, "you're probably going to make a buck."

BUCK. It was about time. I put an ankle on a thigh and clasped my hands around my knee and leaned my chin on it, looking up.

"First," Leon said, "where'd you get me?"

I told him. I told him all about what had happened. I told him about how the kid had never mentioned his name to anyone. I told him about how the kid had referred to a fat racketeer. I told him about going across to see Gamo and about P. Solly Kolos. I told him about how it had added easy after that, only I hadn't been too sure, so I had made the phone call and left my message.

"Now," I said, "*you* tell *me*."

"How do you like that? I wouldn't believe the kid didn't mention it to Gamo, I was sure at least he mentioned it. When I found out the kid was dead, I worried about Gamo. I didn't want to get mixed up in it. I sent Coke to talk with Gamo, partly to sound him out, partly to shut him up . . . "

"Never mind the soliloquy. Tell me."

The red had backed off his face, but not all the way to pink; it was orange, sort of,

like the flesh of a canteloupe. He brought out a cigar, put a light to it, and blew smoke.

"Eddie Arrow," he said, "a wrong guy. He had a big piece of territory up there in Harlem. He was stealing from me, and from the customers, he was even stealing part of the ice. I put him out of business. I ran him out of town."

"I heard of that."

"But he came back."

"You mean you let him?"

"I let him. Somebody, a cute little tramp he was keeping, a tomato that never worked a day since she got off the farm to take over the city—she put on a crying act for me, how Eddie was starving in Detroit, he was sick, he was broke . . . I fell for it. So he got back in business, independent."

"What does that mean?"

"Independent. By himself. He was not part of my people. I didn't want any part of him. He lived in Brooklyn, and it was part of the deal that he stay in Brooklyn. He worked a small area downtown, and he wasn't supposed to ever come up above Fourteenth Street. *I* didn't make that proviso. Fact is, I fronted for him. There were a few people that he'd welshed on, *they* didn't want him back in town at all, if they'd have caught up with him, he'd have wound up in a cement bag. *They* were the ones insisted he stay away from the town, to stay down there below Fourteenth. Well, Eddie thought it was me, playing spite, and who the hell cared what the hell Eddie thought."

He stopped and wiped his face with the handkerchief again.

I said, "I remember it, now that you're talking about it. But the whole town thought it was you, sort of punishing him, giving him a boundary, keeping him away from the lights."

"He didn't keep it."

"What?"

"The probation. He jumped it. He jumped it plenty."

"Eddie?" I said. "Not Eddie. Eddie'd be afraid to . . . unless he knew you'd let up on it."

"Oh, not right away. He was a good boy for a while. Then bit by bit, after a couple of years, he'd come up, hit the spots, make like a real operator. He stayed out of my way. I heard about it, but you know how it is . . . it wasn't important any more. He made his book down there, a little book, storekeepers, salesmen, office boys . . . and he played tough guy on his old reputation with the corner hard kids. He didn't do any business uptown, and after a while, well, it faded out as far as I was concerned. Eddie Arrow was a very little apple. He slipped out of my mind. Then—"

The phone rang.

"Hello?" I said. "Hello?"

"Pete?" It was Ivy.

"How are you?"

"I'm all right, Pete. I thought you were going to call me?"

"Certainly I was. Look, let's have dinner, early dinner. How about three o'clock? That all right?"

"Yes."

"Fine. I'll pick you up then."

I put the phone back.

"All right," he said. "The first time I saw him in all these years was this night at the Casca. He must have been saving up a lot of hate. I didn't know he was in the joint; whether he knew I was there or not, I never had time to find out. I went down to the men's room and there he was, mad drunk. I disregarded him, but he started talking and cursing and then he came at me with that jump-knife he always carried. That's about it."

I STOOD up and started taking my clothes off. "You talk, Leon. Then you'll excuse me while I take a shower. After all, you really got me out of bed."

"Yeah, bed," he said, one eyebrow up. "All right. I could have gone to the cops with it . . . I should have. There wasn't any rap in it for me . . . I have the dough and I have the lawyers, and it was simply an unfortunate matter of self-defense. I didn't. I didn't because I don't like to mix with cops . . . not because of cops as cops, but because of the newspapers and the possible publicity, and a guy like me, the less publicity the better; you know how I am about publicity. The kid was on the steps, this Teshle, and the story he gave you was straight goods."

"Shower now," I said.

I left him with his cigar. I took a sliding shower from very hot to very cold. I rubbed down with a big towel. I gargled and I washed my teeth. I shaved. I combed my hair and I trimmed my mustache and I felt like a million dollars in shiny silver wheels. I put on a cool heavy-silk bathrobe and I went out to my prospective client.

"Come on in here," I said. "Let's go in the kitchen."

"Sure."

"Coffee?"

"Yes, if you please." He took up a lot of room in the breakfast nook. "You look much better," he said. "You look human."

"Thanks." I put water in the kettle to boil for coffee. I brought out Swedish farmer cheese and rye bread and butter. "Snack," I said. "Talk, Leon . . ."

"Then the kid called me."

"Blackmail."

"That's hot, huh? Can you imagine me paying blackmail?"

"But you made a deal."

"Sure I made a deal."

"That's not blackmail. Because it's Leon Mouni—it's not blackmail. So what is it?"

"Brother, anybody that pays blackmail is a double-breasted sucker. In spades. You know, I'm surprised at you."

"Why? Because I call blackmail blackmail—because you were sucker enough to get involved?"

"No. Because you ought to know me better. Blackmail, theory or practice—it never ends. Blackmail is not one deal and then you slam the door. Blackmail you pay until you are dead. Understand? Until you are dead. Is that good business? I'm Leon Mouni, and business is my joy and my hobby. Does it figure?"

"No. But figure or no—you promised the boy a hundred thousand dollars."

He came off the chair and he turned me away from the kitchen range and he put his hands on my shoulders. His eyes were very sad, but his mouth was rueful in a short smile that laughed at himself. "It's worse than that. *I gave him a hundred thousand dollars.* You hear that? At this point, precisely, that's what I'm out. One hundred thousand dollars. Me. Leon Mouni. Good, huh?"

MY mouth opened. His closed tight. We stared at each other like that for a moment. Then he dropped his hands and he shrugged and went back to his chair.

He sighed and laid one chin on his hand. "When he came to see me with this proposition, I had already made up my mind to go to law, because I didn't want this little whippersnapper tickling around with me. I invited him up because he needed a lecture and maybe a good smack on the snout. Instead, he turns out to be a lovely boy, a clean sort of kid, a kid that in ordinary circumstances wouldn't dream of fouling himself up with dirty business. So we got to talking, and pretty soon I got the drift. He wanted it for backing . . . like he told you . . . for a club with him and Gamo as the hot attraction. I was interested."

"Did you know about him? His talent?" I brought the coffee and I sat down.

"A little. But I inquired a lot. I inquired about Gamo. I had the boy, Mervin, audition for Rory Cohen. I had Rory listen to Gamo. I got reports. Rory figured they'd be a sensational team. I sent an agent, George Janice, to find out if Dizzy Canyon would give Gamo a release to work alone with Teshle. Always, with my name left out. And it all sized fine."

"Why?"

"Business. I've been playing around with an idea to open a club of my own, I've been lonesome for it since I sold my Glory Be. Open a club of my own, that would cost me a hundred G's anyway, so the kid was talking wild figures, a hundred G's, but it suited me fine. For that I'd buy myself a night club, and two wonderful partners, regular kids and honest, plus they'd also be the stellar attraction, and if it worked, they'd really be something. *I* was getting a bargain, and they were getting their break, fine all around. If that talent idea washed out, I'd still have two young honest partners, who'd break their necks for the business, which would be swell, because I don't have the time, I have a lot of interests. And all of it tied up with a two-thirds cut for me, and a one-third cut for them. See?"

"Yes," I said, "I see."

"But the kid was dealing with Leon Mouni; he had heard about Mouni, Mouni the operator, Mouni the racket guy . . . that stuff. The kid was leery and the kid was scared, plus his conscience was kicking at him, and he was afraid of the deal. He comes to a guy with a blackmail idea, and it works out to a business deal, with me very enthusiastic. He talks figures like a hundred thousand dollars, which is way over his head, an asking price—and I agree. He doesn't trust it. He's afraid of it. He keeps looking for the kicker, the angle. He likes the proposition but he wants to see the color of the dough."

Mouni spread cheese on bread and ate it. He drank coffee. "Halfway he *did* believe me."

"What does that mean?"

He looked at his empty cup. I refilled it. He put new fire to his cigar. "We talked about the deal. We made plans. We talked of sites, I had one all picked out, where the old Club Tate had folded, Fifty-fourth and Madison. The kid liked that. In that mood he was all right. We'd talk about it and he'd get all fired up. He'd apologize for the way the thing started. He told me he hadn't mentioned me to anyone, he said that even Gamo didn't know about it, didn't know a thing about it."

"You didn't believe that, did you?"

"I thought he was conning me. I was sure he had at least discussed it with Gamo. He said he didn't want Gamo to know about the trick he was going to pull on me at the start, the blackmail, that he was ashamed of it. He said he wasn't going to tell Gamo until the deal was all closed, and then he'd spring it on him, that he'd found the backer they both wanted so badly. He made me promise I'd never mention to Gamo the dirty pool that had begun our acquaintance. Like that he was all right. Like that, he trusted me."

"And like what," I asked, "didn't he?"

"In another mood. He'd think about it and he'd try to figure out where I was putting it over on him, how I was going to pull one. He wanted the money. He wanted to see the money. He wanted to take it away with him, deposit it, know he had it. I humored him, what did I have to lose?"

"A hundred thousand bucks."

"I wanted the kid to believe in me."

"But a hundred thousand bucks."

"Listen. I had the papers all prepared for a partnership, he and I; Gamo would come into the deal later, according to him, when the kid knew it was all kosher. It was set for yesterday. I did it Teshle's way, the romantic way. We had a date at my lawyer's for eleven o'clock, papers all drawn, everything. In the morning at nine, he was to come over, and take the dough in cash. He was to bank it. Then we'd close the deal at the lawyer's and arrange for the transfer of those funds to the partnership. Once the dough was in the bank, I didn't have to worry. The papers would provide that that dough in his bank was partnership funds and I'd be protected with all the whereases and legal stuff."

"Yes, but before it was in the bank?"

"I really didn't have much to worry

about, either way."

"Why?"

"He came over in the morning with a little suitcase. I had the dough for him; his eyes almost popped out looking at all that green stuff. All right, he wanted it romantic, dramatic . . . why not? I wanted the kid to believe in me, I didn't want him pulling out of the deal because I wouldn't humor a whim. And I really figured I had nothing to lose. I had impressed on him that if he had any idea of putting one over on me, he'd never live to enjoy any of that dough, and I know that he realized that. Anyway, he was all het up. He said he wanted to go back to his apartment first, before going to the bank. That he had a date there, it was very important, that from there he'd go directly to the bank. That was okay with me, too. He wasn't going to put anything over on me, money's no good when you're dead."

"But why?"

"What do you mean . . . why?"

"Why did he want to go back to his apartment?"

"He said he had a date. I figured it was a date with Gamo, they live up there together, that he wanted to show the dough to Gamo, show him the actual stuff. The kid was all excited. Maybe he wanted to sit there alone and stare at it, let it seep in. Kids are unpredictable, but it really didn't make any difference to me. I knew that he knew that I'd kill him if he stole it, and what the hell did he want to steal it for, it was going into just what he was dreaming about. I figured that it was Gamo, that he wanted to show him the dough, talk about it. I found out later, it wasn't Gamo."

"How?"

"I'll come to that."

"Yes, but—"

"Shut up, will you? Listen. With all that money, I gave him a car with a couple of my boys. That was all right with him. He said they couldn't come up, he wanted privacy. That was all right with me. So home he goes with a chauffeur and two of my boys in back with him; and I'm right after them with another car and three more boys. They drove him over to his place, and he went up. I trusted him, but I wasn't taking any chances. There's a servant's alley around the corner. I parked his chauffeur and those boys right there at the servant's exit. Me and my boys waited across the street opposite the entrance."

"Opposite?"

"I wanted a full view, just in case. You can't park square against the entrance, that stays empty, and then there's a five-cab feed line. We parked opposite. We could see clearly. That's how I found he wasn't going up to show it to Gamo."

I started putting dishes into the sink.

"Christ," he said. "Why don't you sit still and listen to me?"

I pointed at my watch. "I've got a date, Leon."

"Date, date. My God."

"You know how it is, Leon."

"How is this?" He dipped in for a thin pin-seal wallet and he dipped into that. He pondered for a slow moment, but I knew Leon Mouni; Leon Mouni was not a piker. He came up with three bills and he waved them like an old man waves a cane at a taxicab, slowly and up and down, so that the enticing multiplicity of circles in each corner wouldn't blur.

"Will you sit?" he said.

"I'll sit."

He put the money on the table, brightening the breakfast nook.

"That's for a retainer."

I said: "Thanks."

If it was a bribe, it wouldn't work, and he knew it, or he should have known it. Either way, he was out three thousand dollars. And I was in. It had finally developed money. It had also developed a dead boy slung over the arm of a fancy couch and a lovely girl who wriggled unclothed in public veils and a blonde with cool voice and warm shoulders and a genius of a drunken drummer with a pale face and a muscled manager of a flea circus who loved horses and thespians and an inhospitable assistant-manager with pimples and Parker and the false-toothed Harrington and P. Solly Kolos known as Coke and a check-room beauty with a forward disposition who had parleyed a parent to a James James apartment and a graduate racketeer grown to respectability who might be hiring a private richard to develop immunity from a jail cell . . . but for me, finally, it was three thousand dollars cash in the breakfast nook.

"Here's the pay-off," Leon said. "Nobody came for that date."

"Now how would you know that?"

"Listen. It's a funny thing. We got there at nine forty-five. It's a big apartment house, you know. But it happens, I suppose."

"*What* happens?"

"*Nobody walked in there. Nobody.* Do you understand that? We parked across the street at nine forty-five. Mervin walked into that house. Then, after him, *nobody*. Oh, people came out. But nobody went in. Nobody."

"HOLD it," I said. "What do you mean, nobody?"

"Nobody. Blank. For almost an hour and a half. We sat there, and nobody walked into that building. I was giving him until eleven o'clock, and then I was going up after him. I knew that he hadn't come out, so I figured he was sitting there waiting for his date, or counting his money . . . and then Gamo showed up. The first one in, Gamo. But Gamo couldn't have pulled it, I don't think he could have, because maybe two minutes later, the sister comes. You know the sister, or don't you? A terrific piece, works at the Casca, but you can't get close to that one for love or dough. I ought to know. I tried."

"Let's leave the lechery out. I mean, temporarily."

"Nobody. First Gamo, then two minutes later, the sister, then maybe ten minutes later . . . *you*. Then maybe fifteen minutes later the place gets lousy with cops, and we find out that Teshle is dead. That's when we blow, the bunch of us."

I sat back and I fingered the thousand-dollar bills. I pushed them aside, my side. "Did you see who came out?"

"People. Many people. We weren't interested in people coming out, except Teshle."

"Yeah," I said, "yeah." I stood an elbow on the table and I put my pinky in my mouth and I ate a fingernail.

"Upstairs," he said, "there was a hundred thousand bucks. I know that it was up there. But I don't know how it got out, or *if* it got out. All I know is that his bag was open—"

"You weren't up there too, were you?"

"Look, sleuth. I've got connections. I know just what the coppers know. And I know that they don't know one blessed thing about that hundred thousand cash bucks, just like I know that there are no fingerprints on that jump-knife of Arrow's. They don't know a thing about that money. Somebody pulled a very rapid operation. Gamo? How, with the sister right on his neck? A combination? The sister and Gamo? That's always possible, they had ten minutes before you came, but where'd they stack it?"

"She didn't stack anything."

"I know, I know, I saw you two get out together. That left him up there alone. And it took another ten minutes till the cops came, which gives him another ten minutes alone. But he never came out, till the coppers took him out. Oh, I've had both apartments looked over, *very* thoroughly. The money's not up there. Where is it? That's what I'm paying you for."

"For what, exactly?"

"For my hundred G's, mostly. Somebody knocked that kid off, and I'm sure they knocked him off for that money. But who? And how? You see what I mean?"

"I see what you mean. I've got to get dressed now."

He followed me to the bedroom. "That's your job. That's why the three G's retainer. To tell me who, and how—and if you can get it back to me, there's more, of course."

"How much more?" I said.

"That's your business."

"Contingency?"

"It's still your business. You get that back for me, you're a magician, not a shamus."

"Twenty per cent?"

"With pleasure."

"It shouldn't be too tough." I clicked the links on the cuffs of a button-down shirt. "Once I get it straight that you didn't have anything to do with his death."

"Why you little . . . you don't think I'm using you . . . why . . ."

"Who was the lawyer, Leon?" I had my pants on and my shoes and the mirror threw back a neat Pete in a clean white shirt.

"What lawyer?"

"The guy that had the deal arranged. The papers with the whereases."

"Sonny Evans."

"That's good enough for me." Sonny Evans was too expensive for anybody to buy. Sonny Evans wouldn't sit on the jagged end of a phony deal. Not Sonny. Sonny made his legitimate and he made enough to keep him legitimate. "Suppose we call him."

"He's not in today."

"Why?"

"How do I know why? He's no boy. He's entitled to take a day off, isn't he?"

"Everybody is. Would you know where he potters in his garden on said day off?"

"Larchmont."

I checked with Information and I called Sonny in Larchmont. "Hello, Sonny. Pete Chambers."

"All the way to Larchmont? What's the charge—rape?"

"I'm sorry I broke up your day of rest. How's the garden?"

"What garden?"

"A lawyer with a million taking a day off in Larchmont . . . There's got to be a garden."

"No garden, my dear fellow. A garden is for an old man." Sonny was sixty-five.

"Sorry," I said.

"No garden, but a lovely cocktail party. You ought to be here. You'd fit. We're having a cocktail party that started last night and hasn't stopped yet. We have the whole cast of *Say It With Melody*, which closed last night, and transferred up here. You know how many show girls in it, for which a client of mine was angel?"

"I give up."

"Forty."

"Forty?"

"Forty show girls, and you talk to me about gardens."

"Serves me right," I said. "I don't remember an invitation."

"No men under forty-five, no ladies over twenty-five. You go potter in *your* garden, Chambers."

"Sonny, I have a client of yours here. Leon Mouni."

"The hell with Leon Mouni. He stood me up yesterday. And he's going to get a bill for that that'll have him reaching into his overstuffed pin-seal job right to the elbow . . ."

"Sonny," I said, "I'm supposed to apologize to you for that. Leon couldn't make it. The other half to the contract was . . . murdered."

"Dear Leon . . ." Sonny said, "and his charming parties of the second part."

"Look, Sonny, straighten me out on that deal. That would-be deal."

"Uh-uh. Attorney and client. Absolute privilege."

"Just a minute." I put Leon on.

"Tell him," Leon said. "I'm out a lot of dough."

I took back the receiver. "No more privilege. Now tell me."

He told me. I thanked him. I released him to forty show girls from *Say It With Melody* and I sighed. "Okay," I said to Leon Mouni, "you've hired yourself a richard, and you're overpaying."

"That's all right with me. Why?"

"Because this one is a wrap-up . . . with you out of it. And right now you're out of it.

Somebody's got your dough, and it can't be too far away, most of this deal is a closed corporation."

"Any way you like," he said. "You know where to find me."

He went out slamming the door, disgruntled, probably, about overpaying, although he could afford it by his own admissions. I had a nip of Scotch and I went to Ivy.

I was a half-hour early. She said, "Oh, I wasn't expecting you yet." She wore a hilly purple lounging gown, which would have been most appropriate, except for the odor.

"Something smells," I said.

"I don't notice it."

Here, in her apartment, I smelled it again.

"Somebody been here?"

"Rhonda, about an hour ago . . ."

That was it . . . unless I was crazy.

"Don't you remember this odor . . . back there in Mervin's place yesterday morning . . . don't you?"

"No. I don't."

"Can't you remember? Try."

Vaguely she said, "No, I don't remember anything, except, except . . . oh, please . . ."

"Sure," I said, "sure. I'm nuts."

I waited while she dressed and we went to dinner. I should have been hungry, but I wasn't. I speared a shrimp on a small fork and I munched, but I didn't enjoy it. Rhonda Carson. Waltz music from *Muzak* came from the walls. Rhonda Carson. The shrimp went away and the lasagna came steaming with sauce and I flicked at it with a bigger fork.

Rhonda Carson. I had it, but how was I going to put it over?

"Pete . . . please . . . will you stay with me today . . . please . . . they're skipping the late show for me again. I do the nine-thirty and the one o'clock. Would you. . . ?"

"Sure, Ivy, of course."

The waiter came with brandy.

"I've been living on the stuff," Ivy said.

I took her home. She lived on some more of the stuff. We talked about nothing. I kissed her, desultorily, but my mind wasn't on it. She did declamations for me, between brandies, recitations, short shots from plays she had been in. She did imitations, and she did them wonderfully. "Anybody special you'd like?" she said.

"Rhonda Carson."

She did Rhonda Carson perfectly. She broke it off in the middle. "Wait a minute," she said. "What goes with Rhonda Carson? Why, you . . ."

I shut it off with my mouth. On hers. Then: "Look, Ivy, I've got some business to attend to, a little business. I'll pick you up here at about nine and take you over to the Casca, and I'll stay right with you after that. 'Kay?"

"Must you?"

"I really do."

"I'll be right here. If you can come back sooner, you know where I am, I don't like being alone, Pete . . ." She clicked the bottle on the small glass like the chattering of teeth.

"You know," I said, "you ought to go easy . . ." How do you like that? From me? "I mean, well, you've got to work tonight."

"Leamme alone, please, leamme alone . . ."

I kissed her and I went out. I walked around the block three times. I went into a little bar and had a tall drink and looked at the flickering television. I kicked it around, but it didn't do any good. I had it, I knew I had it, but how was I going to put it over? Somehow she had found out about that pile of dough. She hadn't known before. The kid, the Mervin kid, wasn't lying, and he said she didn't know. He hadn't told her, that is, he hadn't told her up to the time he talked to me. But he had seen her Tuesday night. So, somehow, he told her then. But why then, if not before? And he must have told her a good deal about all of it, and she would have had to persuade him to bring it all back. To where? To her place? That would have given it away, of course. To his place, she'd meet him there. But she didn't meet him there because Leon Mouni was across the street in a shiny long limousine and Leon Mouni had said . . .

I snapped my fingers.

I went, like the small boy with the apple, directly to teacher. I went down to Thirty-fourth Street, between two banks, it was number sixteen, and I walked up the walk-up and squeezed her bell. I waited and I squeezed again.

"Who is it?"

"Pete Chambers."

"In a second."

The second was three minutes. She opened the door in a cute white terry robe, her hair down. She looked younger. Her face was smooth and rosy. "Come in." She clopped on wooden mules. "I was in the shower."

"Hello," I said. "I was thinking- -"

"I'll go put my hair up. I'll be right back."

She came back with her hair pinned up and a touch of lipstick on her mouth. She sat on a couch and dropped off her mules and crossed her legs. She was very prim with the terry robe. Her naked feet were small and shapely with a high instep.

"Miss Carson," I said, "in a way, I might save you a little trouble. You're a friend of Ivy's, and of course, you and Mervin . . . but cops are funny."

"Mm," she said.

"In a way, I've sort of been dabbling around with it, that Mervin matter." I showed her teeth, deprecating a smile. "And, well, I like you . . ."

"Mm," she said.

"Look, there's information that you saw him that morning."

"Is there?"

"There's information that ties you right up close to him that morning. He had a date. With you. At his apartment." I stood up and started walking. I brought her a cigarette. She shook it off. I lit one for myself and looked for an ash tray. A slim-legged table near a stuffed chair offered up an ash tray that was shaped like a boat. I put the stub of the match in the ash tray and I saw the keys, three keys on a bar holder, alongside the ash tray, with round knobs on each end to keep them from falling off. I picked up the keys and walked with them. "There's information that ties you up close to him, puts you on the scene, as it were. He had money that morning, a lot of money."

"Money?"

"A hundred thousand dollars. That's money."

"What are you talking about?"

I PUT the keys in my pocket. "That's it. That's what I'm talking about. You had a date with him that morning. Then he's found dead. I'm telling you . . . well, you're a nice girl, and I suppose—"

"How do you know this?"

"Well, cops -

"Did they tell you how *they* know?"

"No, of course not, it just happens that I heard . . ."

"*Did they tell you that I told them?*"

"*What?*" Oh, that Harrington, that false-toothed scrape-necked Harrington. He had about as much use for a co-operative private eye as a streetwalker has for a Charley horse. Communicative, that Harrington.

"Did they tell you that I told them? You don't think that after I heard about it, I wouldn't tell them anything I knew."

"Would you tell me?"

"Yes." She pushed off the couch. "I'll take that cigarette now, please." She took it and I lit it for her. "Yes, I'll tell you because I appreciate your coming here to tell me." She looked at me like she didn't mean it, moving her lips and tightening a corner of her mouth. "Private detectives . . ."

"Lady," I said, "don't start ribbing . . ."

She walked, talked. She wasn't too careful now with the terry robe. She had a smooth thigh with muscles. Muscles on a lady are like no muscles on a man. I tampered with my cigarette. "I had an appointment with him that morning. I came there, he was waiting, and we talked."

"About what?"

"That's none of your business."

"Anything else you'd like to tell me?"

She stopped in front of me, looking up, smoke frivoling at my face. Distinctly she said, "And who in hell are you?"

"I mean . . ."

"I don't care what you mean, Mr. Chambers. To me you're a nosy little man. Well, not little. To me, you're a tall slim man with a mustache who makes narrow with the eyes at the ladies and thinks he kills them. Well, you don't kill me. I don't particularly like you. I think you're a cheap man in a cheap business. Ivy likes you. Well, that's Ivy's hard luck and your very good luck, but you probably don't appreciate her. To you, it's probably another pushover. I'm not interested."

I got my hat. "Nothing else?"

"Thanks for coming to try to warn me, although I don't think that's why you came. One favor, though. Please don't come here again without calling first. I like my men looking less like a juvenile second-lead. Check?"

"Check, my love."

"Nuts."

So now I walked the city blocks again trying to tie it. She was a liar. She couldn't have *come* for a date. We had dear Leon parked out by the house like a sedentary sentinel in front of a stockade. He said nobody . . . but nobody. Unless *he* was the liar. Why should he be? He checked with Sonny Evans . . .

I went up to the house in the Nineties. I went through the long hall and into the push-button elevator and out at five. I stood in front of his door and looked at it. A closed door is like a bitter woman, blank and inscrutable. I heard a sound behind it. I heard a lot of sounds. I worked the keys, quietly. I worked each key. It had been my idea that one key was for her downstairs door and one for her upstairs door and one for this door. None of them fitted.

I knocked on the door.

The sounds stopped.

I knocked again. Nothing.

I went to the next door and knocked. Gamo opened it.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Chambers."

"Hello, Johnny."

I looked at the helpless keys in my hand and put them away. I went past Gamo and pushed his bolt and opened the door into Mervin's room. A bureau had a ragged stairway of open drawers. A stand-up secretary had both glass doors open and the little drawers were drawn. The pillows were off the couch. I looked around at Gamo behind me. "What were you looking for?"

"I wasn't looking for anything."

I put an arm over his shoulder and took him back to his room. "Look, my boy, why don't you break down for papa?"

"Why don't you curl up and die? Who the hell do you think you are, anyway?"

Twice: within an hour. Maybe they had something. Who the hell *did* I think I was anyway?

"All right," I said, "you won't be nice. I can't tell the cops that I thought you were lying to me right there when we talked in his room and he was there dead. But I certainly *can* tell them that you were in there today turning it upside down for something."

"Can you tell them that you told me not to mention that you were there? That you cooked one up for me to tell them? That I left Ivy out of it because you told me to? Can you?" He crossed his arms on his chest and stuck his face out at me. "Can you?"

"I might. If I have to."

He walked away from me and sat down. He slid his fingers through his hair. "What the hell have you got to do with this?"

"Two things. I'm trying to do whatever I can, because of Ivy."

"You think you're any better than the cops?"

"No. But working from the outside, sometimes you get a different slant, and I'm in the business. I've got a certain amount of experience, I'm trained in this work. I've got another reason. I've been hired by a guy to run down a hundred thousand cash bucks.

Ever hear of a hundred thousand cash bucks?"

I watched him. He crossed his legs. That's all.

"What's a hundred thousand dollars got to do with this?"

"He had a hundred thousand dollars next door in his room. Yesterday."

"That's nonsense."

"It's a fact."

He covered his lips with an open hand, frowning over it. He stood up. "You all right?"

"I'm fine."

"Where the hell would Mervin Teshle lay his hands on a hundred thousand bucks? Man, I think you're crazy."

"I was told."

"By whom?"

"By the guy that hired me."

"Then *he's* crazy." He shooed a hand at me. "I don't know. I don't know what the hell this is all about. All I know is that my best friend was murdered . . . I don't understand it." He walked away from me toward the window and stopped. He kept his back to me. "There *is* something I'd like to talk about, but I'll tell you the truth, I'm scared."

"I'm not cops."

"But I really don't know who the hell you are, or what the hell you've got to do with this. I know that Mervin never knew you, and suddenly you turn up like a long lost friend of the family."

"All right," I said. "Here's the pitch." I told him my story from the time Mervin came to my office. I mentioned everybody's name except Leon Mouni. And I left out Rhonda Carson, except that I had met her with Ivy at the Casca.

"You see?" I said.

"My goodness."

"Do you know Rhonda Carson?"

"Of course."

"Do you know her well?"

"She used to be my girl friend. I introduced her to Mervin."

"Were you sore? I mean . . . those two . . ."

He smiled. "No, no. It was one of those things. It was over. I liked it."

"How were they?"

"I don't know what you mean?"

"Close?"

"Like this." He made a fist.

"Listen, did she have a key to his place?"

"Well . . . that's not for me to say . . . I don't think that's . . ."

"Look, do you know?"

"Well . . . yes."

"How would you know?"

"Oh, stop it. Listen, I don't . . ."

I went back into Mervin's room. He went with me. I said, "Maybe we ought to straighten up here. The cops didn't leave a man, no reason to, I suppose, but they could come back, you know." I started shoving drawers in. I put the pillows back on the couch and sat on one, watching him tidy.

"Well? When are you going to tell me?"

"What? Oh." He closed a drawer of the secretary. "Yes, goddam it, I am." He came to the couch and he sat near me. "Look, I'm going to tell you, but this is not for the cops. Is that okay? I'm not looking for trouble. Understand? I want you to help me. I'll pay you . . ."

"What is it, kid?"

"I'm missing a gun."

"What's that?"

"A gun. A twenty-two."

"Oh," I said. "I see." I leaned back.

HE jumped up, mimicking: " 'Oh, I see.' See what? What the hell do you see? I know. I read it too. Five bullets, four in him, one in the pillow. All twenty-two's. So what?"

"So nothing."

"And that door was open, the one between our rooms, open from his side."

"What about that?"

"This about it. When you left with Ivy, before I called the cops, I went back into my room, and I looked in that little table near my couch for my gun. You had mentioned that the bullet looked like a twenty-two. *And* that connecting door was open. So I thought about the gun, just thought about it, I don't know why. It wasn't there. It wasn't in the table."

"I get it."

"I looked elsewhere. I couldn't find it. I was getting panicky, how long could I wait before I called the cops. So I closed the connecting door. From both sides. I told them that that's the way it had been, all the time, that that was the way I had found it."

"Then how were you supposed to have found him? How would you get in?"

"Through the front door. We each had a key to the other's apartment. Fact is, we had the same lock on each door. That's how I know Rhonda had a key."

"I don't—"

"Originally, the key she had . . . I made for her . . . for my place."

"Oh."

He rumpled his hair, scratching. "You see what I mean? About the cops. I don't want trouble. I can't begin to explain a million things to them. Maybe, he *did* get it from my gun. That would be one hell of a pickle."

"Sure," I said.

"I don't get it. I don't understand it at all."

"All right, kid. Let's fix it up in here, anyway."

We pushed in drawers and we set the room in order. We bolted the room from Mervin's side, and went out through Mervin's front door. Gamo brought his key and we locked it. Then we went to Gamo's room, bolted the connecting door from his side, and we sat down and smoked.

"Look," I said. "If you're telling me the truth, without any more holding out, maybe it'll work itself out. If you're lying, that'll work itself out too, only you'll be in one hell of a jam. If it ever shapes that you're in this mess, I'll blab my head off."

"Why, you—"

"Don't get sore, because if you're out of it, I certainly won't bring you in. But this is one crazy deal. Everybody knows everybody, it's a closed corporation, but everybody claims to know nothing about it at all. Did he ever mention that racket guy to you? A hint?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing about the hundred thousand?"

"No."

"Is there anything at all you can tell me that might help? You know the story now. In the light of what I've told you, is there anything that fits? One thing? Anything?"

"No, there's nothing."

"Thanks, then. I'll be seeing you." By the door I said: "If that twenty-two turns up, let me know, or vice versa."

"Right, and look, I'm perfectly willing to pay you for your services, I mean . . . what the hell . . ."

"Forget it."

I was in the hallway, when he called, "Hey, wait a minute." I came back, fidgeting. "There is something," he said. "It's probably silly, it's probably got nothing to do with this, but . . . come here. I'll show you."

He took me through a small arch where an alcove was the kitchenette. He pointed to a hook in the wall alongside the low refrigerator.

"You know what that is?"

"A hook."

"No, I mean this." The cord handles of a paper shopping bag hung on the hook. He took the bag off. "This."

"What about it?"

"His wasn't there."

"What? What the hell are you talking about?"

"You know we have identical kitchenettes."

"Certainly. What about it?"

"He had one of these hanging in his, too. All the time."

"A shopping bag?"

"Yes."

"So?"

"We always had one hanging there, always."

"Maybe his broke, maybe—"

"Now look, don't get impatient. You asked me if there was anything I could think of that might help. I thought of this. I don't know if it can help. I'm not a private eye. I'm a drummer, by trade."

"Take it easy. Excuse me."

"I know that his shopping bag wasn't there, and I know that it always was."

I pushed my hat forward and I rubbed sweat off the back of my neck. "All right, Johnny, stay in low gear, no sense getting aggravated. Okay, no shopping bag. By the way, who knew you had a gun? I mean . . ."

"I don't know. Everybody, I suppose. There was no secret."

"So long, Johnny, see you."

In the elevator going down I was a smart young lady with a rapidly beating heart and a dry mouth, and a hundred thousand dollars in a shopping bag. What do I do? I'm in the long hallway downstairs leading out to the street. What do I do? I just killed a guy upstairs. What's my move?

I came out into the street.

A SMALL man in a leather windbreaker leaned off his yellow cab and lifted his hand in a limp salute. "Taxi?"

"No . . . yes!"

"Yes, sir, mister."

He opened the door for me and shut it behind me. He went around the front and got in. He threw his flag down. "Yes, sir. Where to?"

"No place. I'd like to talk with you."

"Long as the flag is down, mister, you can talk your head off, it's all right with me."

"Look," I said. "I'm trying to trace a young lady that came out of the same building I did. Yesterday morning. Some time between . . . I'd say, nine forty-five and a quarter to eleven, some time around that."

"Cop?"

"Private."

"Oh. Well, that wouldn't be so easy, mister, not easy at all."

"How many cabs there?"

"Five."

"You know them all?"

"Yes, sir. We hack out of the same garage."

"All right. I wouldn't expect any of you to remember the young lady. Even if I described her."

"That's correct, mister. We pick up a million of them."

"It's my hunch, though, that she went directly home. I know her address."

"That's different. That helps."

"I know. What do you people do with your manifest sheets?"

"Manifest?" he said. "Sheets?"

"You know, those reports you make out during each ride?"

"Oh, the trip cards. We turn them in to the garage."

"They kept there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fine. This is what I'd like you to do for me. I'd like the names of the five cabbies, and I'd like to look over those trip cards. Now, will you take me to the garage, please?"

He didn't move. He had his arm slung across the partition dividing passenger from driver, and he rested his chin on it, smiling. "It's a lot of red tape, mister, oh, a lot of red tape. Practically, you'll need a search warrant, with the day man we got in charge . . . oooh, that's one bastard."

"Any suggestions?"

"Bewks. You know—the old dinero."

"Oh, bewks. Of course. How much?"

He rolled up a reflective eye. "Twenty'll do it. Ten for him, the day man, ten for me, and I throw in what's on the meter. We got a deal, mister?"

"Yes. But I'd like to check those cards myself."

"I'll manage that."

I brought out my wallet. "Here's ten. That's for the day man. Your ten comes when I see the cards."

"Fair enough."

The garage was on Tenth Avenue in the Forties. It was a scarred brick building, ramshackle as an outworn outhouse. He

stopped across the street. "I'll keep the flag down," he said. "That okays you sitting inside." He smiled, climbing out. "That's one time I'd rather have it up. It's costing *me* money. Sit tight, mister."

I sat back on the worn leather and I fumbled for a cigarette and I felt her keys. A smart little girl. Smart enough to get rid of the key to his apartment, smart enough to wisen the cops to the fact that she saw him that morning . . . but a hundred thousand dollars . . . ? Who ever heard of a hundred thousand dollars?

She figured to go home with it. Home base, first stop. From there you can move. From there you can arrange things. You don't figure to traipse the town with a hundred thousand dollars in a shopping bag.

Why the shopping bag? Why not the little suitcase that lay barren and open near the dead boy in the house in the Nineties on the fifth floor facing the street? Fifth floor facing the street! Sure the suitcase was open and the shopping bag was filled.

You're in the apartment, and you're waiting for him. He's coming with a hundred thousand dollars, and you're the kind that'll even kill a guy, when there's enough in it.

You're smart and you've been through a lot of mills, so you're waiting up there, wearing gloves, not smoking, not touching things, leaving everything alone, waiting, standing near the window, watching for him. And then you get an idea, a cataclysmic idea, which makes you even smarter. You remember a twenty-two, you probably brought your own little shooting-piece in your pocketbook, but you remember a twenty-two and how good that might be for a decoy if things get rough, so you amble across and slide the bolt and there it is in the first place you look in the table near the couch, and you smile and you pull at your gloves and you go back and turn on the radio to ram away any of the noise, and you wait, impatient now. You're there at the window when he comes and your heart pumps in a frenzy like love, and then there's another car, sliding to the curb, and waiting too, and you know, quickly, right there, that you won't go out carrying his handbag.

It figured. It figured beautifully.

I waited now, fidgeting like I was doing a sit-down samba, and then he came out of the black-hole entrance blinking at the daylight but smiling. He tapped the windbreaker over his heart. "Yes, sir," he said. He got in the cab. "Let's breeze, huh, away from here." He drove down Tenth to Thirty-fifth while I wandered around the seat like a voyaging pincushion with needles. He pulled up in front of a neonless bar. "I'll go in here for a beer, huh? That'll be exactly ten simoleons."

I had never been happier to dispense my money.

In exchange I had five trip cards, and solitude.

Trip cards. They are of flexible yellow cardboard a foot long and six inches wide. On top was proclaimed: PEERGOO TAXI ASSOCIATION, INC. Then there were direction legends to be filled in on adjacent lines as per the said directions, legends such as: NAME OF OWNER, DATE, HACK DRIVER'S NAME, HACK BADGE NO., CAB STATE REG. NO., TIME OUT GARAGE, TIME IN GARAGE. On bottom: REPORT ALL ACCIDENTS IMMEDIATELY TO OFFICE. In between all of that, there were thirty-five printed lines, horizontally topped by: TRIP NO., TIME, FROM, TO, TIME, NO. OF PASS., AMOUNT. Under TRIP NO., the numbers 1 to 35, running down the left side of the card, were printed against the beginning of each line—and the rest of the lines were filled in with the pencil notations and remarks of the cabbie.

I ran my fingernail down the cards under TO, and on the third card, eleven down, I found it: *16 W. 34*. The driver's name was Nicholas Korowski. TIME said 9:55. FROM gave the Broadway address. Then TIME said 10:10. NO. OF PASS. said 2. AMOUNT said $1.20.

Two.

Under the number of passengers—*two!* That had me biting my lip like a nervous parent happening on Junior doing hopscotch along the roof edge. I got out of the cab and retrieved my gesticulating cabbie from the earnest liquefication of our ten-spot. "Meter's still ticking," I said.

"Get what you want?"

"Yes, thanks."

"Drop you someplace? It's still for free."

"No, thanks, I'll walk."

At Thirty-fourth and Eighth, I went into a United for a phone, and in the booth I remembered that Parker had said today was his day off. He had invited me to come visit him. I accepted the invitation. I took the Independent to West Fourth. Parker lived on the thirteenth floor of a new-built apartment on Christopher Street. I was taken up and I rang his bell.

Mrs. Parker, Adelaide Parker, round, small, sweet and smiling, said, "Oh, Mr. Chambers, how are you? Please come in."

I waited in the solid living room. Parker came in shirt sleeves and suspenders. "You could have come for dinner," he said, "as long as you came. Best damn lamb roast ever concocted."

Mrs. Parker said, "You know Louis. Drink?"

"Coffee," Parker said. "In my house he'll drink coffee."

Mrs. Parker brought us coffee. Then Mrs. Parker, with the discretion that is the instinct of all women, but which all women, except the wives of detective-lieutenants, choose to suppress—Mrs. Parker went away.

"Something?" Parker said.

"Yes."

"What?"

"I'm seeing you—not Harrington."

"Wonderfully nice of you. Harrington's good fortune."

"You're conversant with the whole thing now? I heard him say that you and he would pool your efforts."

"You talking about that Eddie Arrow, Mervin Teshle affair?"

"Ever hear of Rhonda Carson?"

"But of course."

"But of course, huh? Not Harrington. Harrington didn't peep once."

"Why should he?"

"Why not? I came there to help. We were talking about it."

"Why should Harrington peep to a professional private investigator? Why? Do you perhaps believe that you have become the father confessor for the New York Police Department?"

"I suppose not. Everybody's not Parker."

"If by that you mean that Parker takes you into police confidences, there again, my shamus, you are wet. Parker takes you when he can *take* you."

"You know she was there that morning?"

"Who was where what morning?"

"Rhonda Carson was at Mervin Teshle's place the morning he was murdered. That's why I'm here."

I sat back for effect.

There was no effect.

I knew that he knew.

He didn't seem to care that I knew.

"All right," I said, "she came running to Harrington to tell him that she was there that morning."

Parker said: "You're leading up to something. Where's the punch line?"

"She kept a date with the guy right near the time he was murdered."

"That's no punch line."

"And then she left. Right?"

"Right. Right. She left. So what?"

"*She didn't leave alone.*"

I sat back for effect again.

I got no effect. I got: "Who says she did?"

"What?"

"Leave alone. Who says she did leave alone? She left with Mervin Teshle."

"What the hell are you talking about? He was dead."

"Not yet he wasn't." He was elaborate with his coffee, then he put the cup down. "Listen. She kept a date. Then he took her home. They took a cab in front of his place, he took her home, went upstairs, told her he had some business to attend to, and left immediately. Next we catch up with him in his apartment, dead. The way we have it figured, he went home and he got killed quick and all of that jibes with the M.E.'s report, that's about the time he was killed, a little after a little before, nobody can state an exact time. Now—what's bothering you?"

"Nothing. Not a thing."

Oh, that smart little blonde, every angle covered. She probably knew all about manifest sheets. "Nothing," I said. "I checked the taxi trip cards, you know . . ."

"Thanks for checking," he said. "Now it's double-checked. What is it with you, lately? You think you're smarter than cops? You're not."

"Good-by," I said. "Thanks for the coffee."

Dusk gathered to nighttime over Manhattan as I walked, mumbling, out of Greenwich Village and up toward Chelsea along Seventh Avenue. That was it. I had a lot of nothing. If Leon Mouni was telling the truth, then the smart blonde was lying. If she was lying, I couldn't prove she wasn't. I might have exploded to Parker about Mouni, but if they checked with Mouni and Mouni denied it, which he would, I was a loud foul ball over by the left-field stands. That smart blonde had covered up more angles than a skinny chanteuse in a honky-tonk in a neck-to-toes evening gown, with sleeves.

That is, if Mouni was telling the truth—if Mouni was lying, then everything fit. Then the smart blonde wasn't smart, and there were no angles to cover because she was telling the truth and every checkup proved it. That would present the engaging vignette of Mouni pulling wool over the eyes of a lamb, and I was the lamb. But I had three thousand comfortable dollars that vouched for Mouni because Mouni knew that this lamb wouldn't take a bribe, plus the declarations of the stalwart Sonny Evans, plus a twenty per cent contingent interest in a large sum of money the absence of which had visibly agitated the businessman in Mouni. Those were solid premises, so I was back to the blonde, and she was still smart. I was back to the first chorus: I had it, but I couldn't prove it. I was back to the second chorus: a closed corporation, everybody knows everybody, it ought to be easy, but nobody knows from nothing.

So, on Twenty-third Street, I called it a day and kissed it off. I let it bubble. I waved down a cab and I went to Ivy.

"You're early," Ivy said, "and I'm glad."

We stayed in, talking. She told me about the arrangements she had made for her brother. I didn't like listening. Dead people are all right when they're part of your business and you're working around them digging facts that will turn up a murderer, then dead people are the starting gun in a rat race that sometimes has no finish line. But when dead people are somebody's brother who is being cremated and you sit across from the hurt and murky eyes of a sister who is buying numbness out of a brandy bottle, then dead people are people who are dead, pushed out of life, cold bodies with no more adventure, no more plans, no more wild dreams coming true. You're a stranger, but grief is angry inside of you.

She dressed and we went to the Casca.

We had supper and we sat around under the blue lights at a wall table in the rear, pulling at long highballs, one Scotch base, one brandy base, and I watched the show once more, and then we sat around again, with some of the other performers, and soon the blue lights were gayer for Chambers and I was trading joke for joke with another comedian, with my leg hooked over Ivy's under the table. They put on the one o'clock show and then Ivy and I went out into the fuzzy night, and home, and the night grew fuzzier, and then there was no night, and no more fuzz, but empty morning.

Coffee and scrambled eggs merged with

hang-over in a Third Avenue coffeepot. More coffee made less hang-over. I rubbed my chin and I found a barbershop, and under the hot towel the throbbing began again: closed corporation, everybody knows everybody, it ought to be easy, closed corporation, everybody knows everybody . . . and then, bang, torpid under the hot towel, it clicked. I didn't jump. I lay there and worked on it and I spread out a strategem, a lousy strategem, but a strategem with surprise, and surprise is always good, if it works. If it didn't work, I'd take it up from there.

I paid the barber.

I took a cab back to Ivy's. It was ten minutes to eleven.

"We're going downtown," I told her. "We've got to go fast."

"What is it, Pete?"

"Mervin. I've got it worked out, I think."

"Who . . .?"

"Come on, please."

"But, Pete . . ."

"Listen. We don't have the time. If it pans out, you'll get it all, and in one piece. Right now, we've got to get downtown quickly, because you're going to help. Now, hurry."

In the cab, I told her: "You're going to do that imitation of Rhonda Carson. You'll do it into a phone. As Rhonda, you're going to call Kenton Korts, only you're not going to say you're Rhonda, you're going to say it's Elsie."

"Pete . . . what are you talking about? Kenton? Rhonda?"

"That's the team."

"You mean . . . Mervin? Pete, you're crazy."

"No I'm not."

"Pete."

"You're going to call Kenton, imitating Rhonda. Only you'll say it's Elsie. Do you understand that?"

"Yes . . . but I don't—"

"It's another name of hers, an old one, her maiden name or something. You'll call him and say it's Elsie. I'll be right there with you. You'll tell him the private dick, Chambers, is wise to the whole business, that he was just at your place, meaning Rhonda's, and that he just left heading up for Kenton's, that he should be there in ten minutes . . . can you handle that?"

She repeated it dully.

"Do it like Rhonda."

She did it like Rhonda.

"That's perfect. Perfect."

"But why are we going downtown? Why couldn't I call from my place, from—"

"I don't want to give him a chance to check, to call back. I want to be with you when you call, I want to hear what he says, and then I want to be there right on top of him, before he has a chance . . . Now here's the play. Those two pulled it because of the money that Mervin got from the man."

"But, he—"

"He got it. And they killed him for it. Do you understand that?"

"But, Pete . . ." She was crying.

"Now look. You've got to stop that. I'm telling you this because he might say something that I don't expect him to say, and you'll have to answer. That's why I'm telling you now. Understand?"

She nodded. "Yes, yes, but I don't—"

"That's it. If it works, he'll talk, leave it to me. I'll handle him. There's a drugstore nearby. You'll call from there, I'll be right alongside of you, and from there you go right on back home, and I'll be in touch with you. Straight?"

"Yes. I think so."

The drugstore had a phone booth. I got in with her, which was the last pleasant thing that happened to me that morning. Information gave us the number. She sighed and dialed.

"Mr. Korts, please." It was perfect Rhonda.

"This is he." I had my ear next to hers at the receiver.

"Kenton? Elsie."

"What the devil . . . I told you not to call here."

"Something's happened."

"What is it? What's the matter?"

"That private detective . . . Chambers . . ."

"Oh, my God, stop worrying about him. He doesn't—"

"He does. He knows it *all*. Perfectly—"

"But *how* . . .?"

"I don't know. But he does."

"What are you talking about? How do you know?"

"He just left here. He told me the whole story, and, Kenton, he told it exactly as it happened. I bluffed, but I'm terribly frightened. He's on his way up to you. He should be there in ten minutes . . ."

I was out of there and on my way. I twisted through the slot machines. I heard Mohair-jacket say, "Christ, what's with you?" and I tossed him, "Boss wants to see me, important," and I went up the stairs two at a time, and there he was leaning against the desk standing sidewise.

He hadn't had a chance to call back.

Maybe he hadn't thought about that yet.

But he had thought about me. He had a gun in his hands.

Ten minutes before I figured to show up —but the first step was the gun. He had it in his hands, a revolver, broken, and he was shoving cartridges into it.

I didn't wait. I jumped him.

I caught him hard around the knees and he went down. Both of us. The box of cartridges spilled like noisy confetti, and I heard the gun click shut, but it got only a sliver of my attention, I was a very busy man. I gave him knees and elbows and shoulders and fists and he returned grinding clusters of the same. I caught his hair in my hand, and I rocked his brains against the side of the desk, but it didn't take. A knee in my ribs blew the breath out of me, and I let go. He was on top of me when I heard the first click. He was under me when I heard it click again.

Twice.

Twice on empty cylinders.

Here was a new version of Russian roulette.

I searched for that hand, I looked for it in all that crazy rolling pounding performance on the floor, and then I found it, and I got both hands on it, turning it in on him, sobbing into each other's faces, while his knees scrambled the guts of my stomach. I turned it all the way and I heard the clatter of metal against teeth and I squeezed both thumbs on it and it clicked, and I squeezed again and it roared and he jounced to stillness. I pulled myself up along the desk and I shivered. His mouth was a torn gape of broken teeth and blood spilled out of his face.

Feet punished the stairs.

I didn't have much left, but Mohair-jacket wasn't expecting it.

"What the hell . . .?" he began. I slashed at his windpipe with the edge of a stiff palm. That toppled him toward me with his eyes up in his head. I added one last hack of fist as his jaw went by. Then I ran.

I pushed through people down into the subway. I paced until a train came. One stop and I came up into the air facing west. I walked west. I walked until I came to a parked cab and I got in.

"Where to?" the cabbie said.

Where to? What the hell do I know?

"Up," I said. "Up, through the Park."

"But where. . . ?"

"Just up, bo. Through the Park."

"Yes, sir."

I SAT back and I smoked and I simmered. After a while, I stopped running.

I killed a man. Now I *had* to prove it. Now it was a question of skin, my skin. If I proved it—I was out. If not, it was trouble. It wasn't murder—but it was a homicide, I killed a man. Sure I was working on a case, sure the guy used a gun, but it was trouble, the man was dead, and I killed him. I wasn't Leon Mouni with all the money in the world behind me, and connections. I was a gambit of wise-guy private richard and the D.A. loves that. I was working on a case, but I was working around and outside the cops, and I'd been holding out information, and the D.A. loves that too. It was trouble, unless I could twist it until it squeezed me out a hero because I had killed a murderer.

One thing. I couldn't be picked up. Yet. Mohair-jacket would put the buzz on me. I had to stay loose until I built it up, otherwise . . . time was on the other side.

"Park Avenue," I said, "and Fifty-third."

"Yes, sir."

I took the shining golden elevator up to eighteen and I perched a nervous finger on her doorbell. It was noontime. She figured to be home. But the finger stayed nervous pressing the doorbell. She opened the door.

"Well . . . back so soon?"

"Hello, Bobo."

She wore a black suit and a white silk shirt and a black tie. She said, "I'm really and truly glad to see you, you're a real cute guy, only I'm afraid you can't stay. I have a date." She wrinkled her nose. "Business date."

"When's he coming?"

"Nobody is coming. I'm going."

"Oh." I took off my hat and brought out a handkerchief and wiped my face and my neck.

"Hey," she said, "you've got a bruise over here." She touched my face under my left ear. "And it's swelling. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. When are you leaving, Bobo?"

"Now."

"Look, may I stay? I mean . . . can I, for a—"

"You know, you don't look so good." Her young eyes grabbed mine, holding them. "What's the matter, fella . . . trouble?"

"Yes."

She patted my cheek. "Stay as long as you like."

She waved at me and she went out.

I sat in a chair, resting. I threw my hat and coat on a couch. I took my jacket off and pulled my tie down and opened my shirt collar. I used my handkerchief on my face again. Then I went to her kitchen, looking. Lots of rum, no Scotch. I had rum, straight. I had rum again. I went back to the living room and my chair.

All right, I had most of it, Kenton included. What was I waiting for? All right, you're up there in the apartment, two of you, Kenton and Rhonda, and you pull it. You cab back to her place. It's ten-ten in the morning. Kenton needs his alibi, he's close in on it, he's the man that backed out of being bodyguard. Not you. You don't know anything about it. You're a smart blonde with a paper shopping bag full of dough. All right. You sit around and talk it over and out goes Kenton back to the drugstore with the *Morning Telegraph*. From there, back into the flea circus. *Where you been?* Next door, figuring horses over coffee. *Where you going?* Out to the track, I got a couple of beauties.

I rubbed knuckles into my eyes. I ran fingernails through my hair.

You're home alone with all that dough. You take it out of the shopping bag and you make a neat package of it. Then what?

I punched my fists together. Sure!

Two banks. Sure enough.

I got up and I worked over the phone books. The one on the corner, the big one, was the Miners' National. The one further in with the more westerly address was the Unassociated Trust. I dialed the big one.

"Yes," a voice piped.

"We're checking a lady. Miss Rhonda Carson."

"One moment, puhlease."

I got a man's voice. "Robertson. Miners' National."

"Flaherty. Real Estate Operators Association of Greater New York."

"Er . . . yes?"

"We're checking a lady, leasing one of our apartments. Miss Rhonda Carson. She gave you as one of her references. Right now, we don't actually want references. We're interested in knowing if she's a de-

positor."

"Just a minute, please."

His voice came back. "Yes, sir. Rhonda Carson. Yes, sir."

"Thank you." I hung up.

Right. So it was the other one.

I called Mouni. Mouni wasn't there.

I called Sonny Evans. I got Mouni.

"Pete. What's the matter? Why you calling me here?"

"It's shaped up, Leon. Most of it."

"How about my dough?"

"I'm pretty near that, too. But, Leon . . . I might have to involve you . . . I mean . . ."

"Wait a minute." I could hear him talking to Sonny Evans. Then he came back on the line. "Listen, we've been talking about that right here. Sonny's going to bring me in on it. They don't have a thing. You know that? No prints on that knife. Smudges."

"How do you know?"

"I told you, connections. We've been arranging for no publicity. Understand? *No publicity*. How about you? Can you guarantee that?"

"Well . . . I don't know. I think so. All I'm going to do is mention it, if it becomes necessary. Then Sonny can bring you in anyway, under the same arrangements. I'm doing my best, all around. After all—remember that cops are looking for *you* on the Mervin Teshle thing, and that'll flare up when Sonny brings you in. I'm straightening that, if I can, but I might have to give them background, and that'll include you and Eddie Arrow."

"You know what you're talking about?"

"Pretty much."

"How long does this figure?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure. Not too long."

"About the dough . . . any chance?"

"I think so. I'll be in touch. 'Bye."

I CALLED downtown. To Headquarters. I got Parker.

"Hello, Louis."

"Ah, the supersleuth, he never rests. What now, fair boy?"

So he hadn't heard. Kenton Korts was somebody else's package. Well, it's a big city.

"Louis, I'd like you to meet me over at Sixteen West Thirty-fourth, first floor up, name's Carson."

"You still fooling with that?"

"I've got it all parceled up for you, Louis."

"Sure you have. Maybe you've got Eddie Arrow's playmate in that parcel too?"

"That's right."

"Come again?"

"I said that's right."

"Now, listen . . ."

"I think I have it all. Now, please, meet me there right away. Bring a couple of your gentlemen."

"Harrington—"

"Not Harrington. Harrington doesn't like private eyes. I don't like Harrington. Right? Is it all right?"

"What am I supposed to do?"

"Nothing. I've got it, Louis. I'm sure I've got it."

"See you," he said.

I called Rhonda Carson. "Remember me?"

"How could I forget?"

"No. Seriously. Somehow, stupidly, I latched onto your keys—"

"Characteristic, isn't it?"

"Always ribbing, aren't you?"

"I missed them, of course. I looked you up in the phone book and I called your home, but there wasn't any answer. Several times. I called your office this morning. I assume you received my message, that I wanted you to call me."

"I'll bring them right over."

"Thank you."

She hadn't heard about Kenton either. I washed my hands and face and combed my hair. I closed my shirt and pulled up my tie and put on my jacket. I went to the kitchen and I clinked among rum bottles for Scotch. No Scotch. I pushed aside a dark screen of many colas. No Scotch. I mused over rum, and I capitulated. More rum. I began to like it. I had a chaser of rum, and then I left.

Parker opened the door for me, glowering under eyebrows. Rhonda Carson was pale in a chair near the window, taking too many puffs from a dwindling cigarette. Two sturdy young men with a good deal of heft in the neck completed the company, one sturdy young man examining blunt fingers with his knees crossed on the couch, and the other sturdy young man dropping a wondering jaw at an abstract in oil on the wall.

"Here they are," I said. I brought her keys. "I'm sorry."

She took the keys and held them. She didn't say anything.

"You've met Lieutenant Parker?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Did he tell you?"

"What?"

"That you're under arrest."

"I *beg* your pardon." She jumped up clenching blood out of tight knuckles jammed around the keys. She broke the cigarette in an ash tray.

Flatly, with his eyes on me, Parker said, "I told the lady we were waiting for you."

"Always polite, the lieutenant." I went near her. "He's always polite with a lady, but it makes no difference, it ends the same." I went away from her, to Parker. "Would you like me to tell her?"

"Tell me what?" she said.

"That you're under arrest for the murder of Mervin Teshle. That it's murder even if you didn't do the actual shooting. That it's murder either way because it's a homicide during the commission of a felony, and it's a felony to steal a hundred thousand dollars, cash bucks."

Her face crumpled like a last-flung dollar bill in a two-bit crap game, and she reached a hand for the chair and found it, sliding down. Parker's hairline twitched on his forehead and his eyebrows tied a knot over his nose. It wasn't so much the accusation of murder, I knew Parker, it was more the mention of the hundred thousand dollars he had never heard about.

She tried to brazen. "What? How?"

"Kenton Korts."

It made her face worse.

I knew it was all over, and so did Parker. He moved in on her close. I don't care who you are: the average person cannot plan to steal or to kill or both without going out of groove. If it works, time covers it, grooves merge. I'm not talking about a professional thief or a professional murderer: they are always out of groove. But the average, not too far away from a planned crime—it blows up to a thin-skinned tight-strained bubble. Prick the bubble and they bust wide open. This bubble was pricked.

She tried again, grimacing for composure. "Lie, lie . . ."

"Three witnesses saw you and Kenton going in there that morning. It's a big city, and it's a wonderful Police Department." I wet my lips, up-glance at Parker. "A wonderful Police Department. Three people saw you, and so far, they've already identified Kenton. Two more saw you coming out . . . *with the shopping bag.*"

Right there she gasped like it had hit her in the windpipe.

"You and Kenton," I said, "not you and Mervin. They've pointed the finger at him, and so has the taxi driver, Nicholas Korowski, who took you from there to here. Not you and Mervin. You and Kenton. Everybody's downtown, waiting for you."

"Lie," she sobbed, but her heart wasn't in it.

"Kenton was picked up. He's been singing the high notes. He's passed it all to you . . . you're it. He told us the whole story, how you waited up there, how you had the radio going to cover the noise, how surprised Mervin was to see Kenton, too, when he'd only expected you, how quick the surprise was taken away with bullets out of Gamo's gun, how you got in there with a key that you don't have any more. Gamo told us about the key you *did* have, but only after Kenton told us about the key so that we could go to Gamo for confirmation . . ."

"Lie," she screamed, "lie . . ."

"He told us exactly where the hundred thousand dollars is, in what safe deposit box together with Gamo's gun, under the name of Elsie Day—"

She stood up stiff and she flung out spread fingers to stop me. I stopped. I knew where the safe-deposit box was, I thought I knew, but I had her, she was all gone . . . there was no reason to risk spoiling it for the gawking edification of the two sturdy young cops.

Her hands dropped. Simply she stated: "The old weak bastard . . ." Then hysteria: "He . . . He . . . He not I. He. He planned it. He enticed me. He arranged it. He shot him. *He.* Not I. *Do you hear?*"

One of the thick young necks brought her water. Then Parker sat down with her. Essentially, it was all the same, all she did was fill some teeth. She'd met Korts, way back, as one of his young actresses. They'd married, divorced. She'd drifted far away from him, but he'd kept in touch, occasionally they had cocktails. When he was selected as bodyguard, and he heard the story, a big idea was born. He knew that she was running around with Mervin. He went to her and broached it. She hadn't wanted to (nobody ever wants to). But he had convinced her. He had waited as long as possible before withdrawing as bodyguard, so that it wouldn't be too easy to find a new one. Mervin had dropped some hints to her, but he hadn't told her, although she had worked on him: she wanted the information to come from him. Finally, during that night, Tuesday, with prodding and drinking and lovemaking and the excitement in him about the deal he was closing the next day—he had told her. She had been frightened. She had been worried. She had told him that she would go crazy, that something might go wrong, that she loved him. Finally, she suggested the plan that Kenton (she said) had conceived. She would wait for him, in his own apartment, until one o'clock: but hurry back. If he wasn't there by then, she was to call the police. That was her story—to him. It hadn't been necessary to use the key to the apartment. They had gone back together during the night, and she had slept there, and in the morning when Mervin left, the waiting Kenton came and she let him in. She had thrown away her key anyway, it might have caused trouble. He hadn't told her who was paying him the money and she still didn't know.

That's all.

The rest was the same. Gamo's gun had been an idea that had grown up while they waited, it was supposed to have been Kenton's revolver. They had seen the other car draw up while they were waiting at the window. It didn't matter, nobody knew they were up there, but it necessitated changing the money from the suitcase to the shopping bag. After Kenton had left, she had made a bundle of the money, and she had brought the money and the gun to the Unassociated Trust, and hired a safe deposit vault under the name of Elsie Day. She had used that name because she could identify herself as Elsie Day, that was her real name. No, she banked in the other bank next door, the Miners' National—but she couldn't take a vault there, they knew her as Rhonda Carson, and she didn't want anyone knowing that she had suddenly taken a vault.

"All right," Parker said to his young men. "Take her down and book her and give her to Harrington."

"What about you?" I asked.

"I'll stay here for a while. With you."

HE called downtown and he gave most of the details to Harrington. He put a hand over the phone. "What about Korts? Should I send out a general—"

"He's dead."

"Call you back," Parker said and hung up.

"Who's dead?"

"Kenton Korts." I told him all about that.

"What about Eddie Arrow?" he said.

"Leon Mouni."

"*Leon Mouni?*"

"Leon Mouni."

"Can you prove that?"

"Nobody's going to be able to prove it."

I told him all about that too. ". . . so, after P. Solly Kolos brought it near to Mouni, I got to him, Mouni, and that's when I began to get smart. To you, the dame was honest. Whatever she told you jibed. But to me, from what Mouni had told me, it was impossible. So if she was there at the apartment, she had to have been there before Mervin came back with the dough. Then when the manifest sheet showed *two* passengers—it stumped me. She and who? It was a man that had called Gamo. All right, she and a man. What man? Who the hell knows? After Gamo had told me about the gun, I knew why he had been called—before that I couldn't understand it. To put him on the scene if ever they had to put that gun into circulation in order to pin it on him, if it ever began to get too warm for them, and that brought her in tighter, because who would know where to reach Gamo, who would know that he was at rehearsal that morning—certainly not a stranger."

"Yes, but, how—where'd you get him, Kenton?"

"After I was convinced that Mouni didn't have a finger in it, I figured it would be easy. I had a hundred thousand dollars' worth of motive, and too many people didn't know about that. It was a closed corporation, everybody knew everybody. But Kenton Korts had told me he had never heard of Rhonda Carson, so everybody didn't know everybody, except that there was a picture on the wall of Kenton's office which was a picture of Rhonda Carson, only it was entitled Elsie Day, and it said, 'To My Husband.' Now a guy doesn't forget his wife just because her name is Rhonda Carson instead of Elsie Day, not when she's a Broadway actress and he's a histrionic-minded guy. I thought about that . . . and it shaped. . . I figured I'd pull one on him to break it, and it worked when Ivy called as Rhonda or Elsie or whatever the hell her name is . . . so there you have it, Lieutenant."

He sat back and sighed and reached for a cigar. "You'll have to come downtown with me and straighten out that Kenton thing. Don't worry about it."

"When?"

"Now. With me."

"I've got a chore to do first. Please."

"Well . . ."

"I'll bring Mouni down with me when I come, that all right?"

"How long?"

"Not long. An hour or so."

"All right." He stood up. "Let's go."

He went downtown and I went uptown. To Ivy. I gave her all of the story, and I finally had some Scotch. "Now," I said, "let's you and I take a ride way down to the lower tip of Manhattan."

"What are you talking about?"

"Let's both go see Mouni."

"Mouni? Why?"

"Look. You're a wonderful girl. You do a strip act because you want to be an actress. Something like that. It's confusing. Anyway, it doesn't work. One doesn't give you time for the other. Let's see if we can't arrange some leisure for you."

"But, Pete . . ."

"Come on, gorgeous, leave us go . . ."

Sonny Evans, S. O. N. Evans, Esquire, had an office seventy-six stories high over the Battery. We were ushered into an arena of wood-paneled room with six windows all full of sky. Sonny was tall with a patrician nose and live white hair and a brown face and a deep voice that was trickier than a good woman.

"How do, Miss Teshle," Mouni said and looked surprised.

When I introduced her to Sonny, she kept her eyes down.

"Lovely," he said, "a lovely, lovely young lady."

She kept her eyes down.

"How do you like that?" I asked Mouni. "Forty show girls from *Say It With Melody* —nothing stops him."

"I'll stop," Sonny said, "when I'm dead. Now, please, does the young lady sit in on this conference?"

"Yes," I said.

Mouni said, "She's Mervin Teshle's sister."

She sat, knees up and eyes down, and I stood, and delivered my lecture. I brought them up to date. "Now, you and me, Leon, we're both going down to Headquarters, two self-defense martyrs. Only mine is going to be easier."

"His won't be difficult," Sonny said. "And if you need counsel, Peter, I'll be glad to represent you."

"I can't afford you."

"It'll be on the house."

MOUNI wasn't interested in the banter, so I turned it to where he was thinking. "The police are taking a package containing a hundred thousand dollars out of a safe-deposit vault. Rhonda Carson will swear that this money was taken from Mervin Teshle. There it stops."

"Like hell it stops there," Mouni said. "Excuse me, Miss Teshle."

"Miss Teshle," I said, "is his only relative. That money will go into Mervin Teshle's estate, because, prima facie, it is his, and any claims will have to be filed and proved in court. Right, Sonny?"

Sonny was beginning to get it. He looked at Ivy and pushed a smile behind an open hand. "Right," he said.

"All right," I said to Mouni, "how are you going to prove it? How can you prove that the hundred thousand dollars in Teshle's apartment, which ostensibly is his, how are you going to prove that it's yours?"

"Where would *he* get it?"

"That's not the point. The point is that it will be placed in court subject to any claims, such as next of kin. Rhonda swears that she took it from *him*. So it's his, unless somebody proves otherwise. You wish to prove otherwise—the burden of proof is on you."

"There'll be a tax problem," Sonny said.

I said, "Well, after the tax problem."

It was beginning to come to Mouni. "One . . . hundred . . . thousand," he said. He looked toward Sonny, he looked for hope. Sonny looked at Ivy. Ivy looked at me. I looked at Mouni. Daisy chain.

"I can prove it," Mouni said. "My boys saw me deliver."

"Boys," I said as witheringly as I could muster. "What boys? Hoodlums? Gunboys? Convicts? They'd be demolished in cross-examination. Right, Sonny?"

"Right," Sonny said. I was happy I had brought Ivy. I was happy that Ivy was beautiful. I was happy that Sonny had a sense of humor and a great disrespect for money, someone else's money.

Red moved into Mouni's pink face. His lower chin shuddered. "What about this, Sonny? What kind of deal is this? Whose side are you on? Is this a new method of being railroaded?"

"Well," Sonny said, "we'd make a stab at it, we might even do it, but there are rules of evidence . . ."

I moved near to Mouni. "Let's skip the legal palaver. What about the publicity? Tell him, Sonny. Tell him about the publicity, you're his lawyer. If he had to sue for it, the whole thing would break. If I know Mouni—he'd spend *another* hundred thousand just to *avoid* all that publicity. A guy like him gets smoked out of his hole, facts come to light—there'd be a lot of public indignation, a hell of a lot. You tell him, Sonny."

Mouni came out of his leather chair, right at me. "Why, you little—"

"Hold it, pal. I've really got nothing to do with it. All I'm doing is trying to have it explained beforehand. A court fight . . . you know how the papers would eat it up."

And now Sonny finally came through with what I wanted: "Isn't there some way. . . ?"

"I think so," I said. "Listen, Leon, I know this girl. I know that she trusts me. She knows that I've been in on this all the way, and that I know all about it. She knows I wouldn't lie to her. Understand?"

"Yes. Yes."

"All right. Compromise. This thing should be compromised, that's what Sonny means, and I agree. Suppose I outline it."

The businessman in Mouni moved his head up and down. He was seeing some of his money coming home.

"Like this," I said. "Twenty per cent off the top for me."

"Why?" Sonny said.

"That was part of my agreement with Mouni. If I located the money, I had a twenty per cent contingent."

Sonny looked at Leon.

"That's right," Leon said.

"What about the young lady?" Sonny said.

"I don't think she has any objection, in the circumstances."

"No. Not with the job you've been doing on her behalf. How about it, Miss Ivy?"

She kept her eyes on the floor. "I have no objection."

"Like this," I said. "Twenty per cent for me, then Leon puts in his claim along with mine, and she puts in her claim, and nobody objects, and it's compromised, twenty off the top and the remainder split between them, fifty-fifty. Anything else, that's trouble. Any real bad tactics, Leon, you know what I mean, and you're in one hell of a jam, because Louis Parker downtown knows the setup."

Leon looked at Sonny. Sonny was looking at Ivy. Ivy looked at me. I looked at Leon. Same daisy chain.

"What about it, Sonny?" Leon said.

"It's your problem."

"I pay *you* for advice."

"You won't like it."

"Say it."

"Make the deal."

Leon Mouni walked. Up and back. He went to the window and looked at boats in the harbor. In a small voice, back to the audience, he said, "Deal."

"Swell," I said. "How do we work it?"

"I'll be glad to represent the young lady," Sonny said.

"Who'll represent Leon?"

"I'll get an associate for him, and I'll get one for you. We may as well keep it all in the family, but I would consider it a pleasure, privilege and honor to represent the young lady."

"At *your* prices?"

"I'm most reasonable when I like a client and I like this client. Very much." He smiled at Ivy, and Ivy finally looked up at him. Sonny Evans wasn't a bad-looking man. In fact, Sonny Evans was handsome. He was also rich, learned, distinguished, imposing . . . and suddenly Ivy was looking at Sonny Evans in a manner which was distinctly reminiscent of the manner she had looked upon a tense private eye backed stiff against a desk on a rainy afternoon . . .

"I'd love to have you represent me," Ivy said.

"Fine. Do I have it straight? After taxes, twenty per cent off the top for Chambers, the remainder divided between the claimant and the next of kin."

"That's it," I said, morosely.

"I'll arrange to have the papers drawn right now. Will you come with me, young lady?"

"Ivy," she said, and she went with him.

He didn't need her. That is, if he needed her, he needed all of us. Or he could have called in a stenographer. But what the hell? Sonny Evans. Larchmont in the country. A penthouse in town. Distinguished barrister. Wood panels. Forty show girls. I sighed. I could feel the clamps coming out of me. It had been a short romance.

I began to laugh. Then I heard Leon laughing.

Each of us with his private joke.

We roared, looking at each other, until the tears came. "How do you like it?" Leon said, between gasps. "Me? I'm the guy that doesn't pay blackmail . . . and look now . . . I get wangled into paying it . . . *legal*!" ###

DEOINT

The Shape of Cars to Come

A good automobile man—whether he's research engineer or chief draftsman—never allows his imagination to get ahead of one thing: the man who's behind the wheel

An Article by **JOHN BENTLEY**

IMAGINE a situation like this: you are sitting in your office one rainy morning, gazing down at the fantastic congestion of the city's busiest corner. You are wondering how much worse it can get, when above the cacophony of competing horns your secretary announces sweetly that two gentlemen from the Streamline Automobile Company would like to see you.

Your heart gives a joyful leap. Can it be that the Superspecial convertible you ordered when you first got out of uniform is coming through at last?

Well, not exactly. Mr. Smith, one of the research engineers, and Mr. Brown, the chief draftsman, merely want to ask *you* a few questions. Would you care to tell them, please, what kind of an automobile you visualize ten years hence? How will it look and what features should it embody? This is an important survey of customer forecast and the company would value your opinion.

"Well . . ." you say, and then you go on to tell them about some of your pet ideas. You do have a few, don't you?

A peep at the future holds a peculiar fascination for all of us, and in this case no crystal ball is needed to conjure up a fairly accurate picture of the basic 1960 car. Common sense and simple deduction are all that is required, since the whole subject is closely related to research and development going on in Detroit today.

One thing should be made clear at the outset: automobile manufacturers do not dictate the trend of design, no matter what some people may say. Unlike fashionable dressmakers, car builders can't afford to lay down the law about styling or mechanical features without considering their customers. The broad and interesting path of automotive progress is lined with epitaphs, dedicated chiefly to manufacturers who thought they could tell the public what kind of a car it should have. That they frequently were right and in some cases anticipated modern design by several decades is of no consequence.

An outstanding example of farsightedness that ended in failure was the 1933 Pierce Arrow "Silver Arrow." This magnificent car had every styling feature that today is considered the very latest practice, and it was the sensation of the New York Motor Show. Modern "pontoon" lines with built-in head and tail lamps, a steel top and gracefully sloping "fast back," recessed door handles, fender skirts, disc wheels, balloon tires, and concealed running boards all were included.

The streamlining of the Pierce Arrow was so efficient that the car would cruise at 80 and top 115 m.p.h. It had a V-type engine, now coming more and more into fashion, and the interior was gorgeously appointed. Priced at a steep $10,000, the "Silver Arrow" obviously did not cater to the budget buyer, but it cost no more than several other luxury models. In fact, had there been a reasonable demand, Pierce Arrow was all set to lower that figure.

But in 1933 people did not want a car that looked like a 1949 model. There was a lot of interest and almost no takers. Only five of these superb cars were built before the model was dropped.

Just what are the factors that influence automobile design and eventually condition the public to accept and approve of new features? That's hard to tell. Sometimes long-range research does the trick. A valuable and practical idea is evolved with such forcible eye- or pocketbook-appeal that the manufacturer is pretty certain of public support. Or maybe a test of consumer opinion reveals what car owners would most like in new models. Then, again, necessity may father some improvement that people are quick to appreciate.

Whatever the reason, it's only when a particular trend begins to catch on that automotive engineers feel free to enlarge the scope of their research. The research, in turn, gives them a fairly good idea of what the ultimate objective may be along a given line. Intelligent, imaginative anticipation is part of the work they get paid for.

In the thirties, for instance, when the demise of Stutz and Auburn (and before that, Duesenberg) heralded the end of the sports-car era in this country, manufacturers realized that a new phase already had begun and that it was up to them to convert automobiles into a means of transportation pure and simple. Obviously this role could best be fulfilled by making them easy to operate, comfortable, dependable, rather than dashing, sporty, individualistic.

Thus the age of ro- (*Continued on page 100*)

Don't blame Detroit too much if new designs are slow in coming. In 1933, Pierce Arrow created a sensation with its "Silver Arrow," a novel, streamlined beauty, but only five of these cars were sold. The "Silver Arrow" was the car of tomorrow, but yesterday's drivers weren't quite ready for it

Mary Martin, who takes the part of piquant Nellie Forbush of *South Pacific*, listens to a playback of her recording, and seems to approve

Barbara Luna, the little girl who achieved wide acclaim in the role of Pinza's part-Polynesian daughter, listens in an attitude of pensive charm

As the great basso's notes rumble from his chest, Mary and the others marvel at the voice that has thrilled a generation of operagoers

First to hear their own recording, the stars are their own severest critics. Their theatre audience has shown no such critical faintheartedness

These are the famous short curls that Mary soaps on the stage as she sings the delightful *I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair*

Richard Rodgers, whose heartwarming music has never stood still, tries hard to look as if the *South Pacific* score were not the season's bonanza

Ezio Pinza: Man of the Hour

TOP man on Broadway in more ways than one this season is a craggy-faced giant of a man in his mid-fifties who has the girls swooning in the aisles over his romantic appeal. In the unpredictable tradition of show business, Broadway has accepted, without batting an eye, the contradictory fact that this new and sensational personality has already been revered in the sanctified world of the opera for twenty-three years as one of its greatest actors and indisputably its finest basso. Ezio Pinza has the incomparable Mary Martin as his heroine in *South Pacific* and the famous Pinza charm flows into his magnificent voice much more freely — according to those hybrid observers who follow both the opera and musical comedy— when he woos the lovely Mary than when he is booming through his beard at the well-padded ladies of the Met. The lead team of *South Pacific* is pictured here recording the hit tunes of the show written by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, the magic duo which took James Michener's *Tales of the South Pacific* and turned out one of those Broadway delights which had even the critics smiling from opening night out. Once again Pinza's abounding vitality and immense personality break out beyond the bounds of the script and suddenly a straight job takes on the fun and drama of the play itself. Whatever Broadway's secret may be, Ezio Pinza has found it out.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT HARRAH

Long, Lonely Evenings

Jim Rackly was an essentially human fellow: he kept his liaisons secret, broke them off cleanly, always returned to his wife—and was rewarded accordingly

A Story by

JACK SHER

STANDING near a window in his office, holding the telephone in his hand, Jim Rackly waited uneasily for the sound of his wife's voice. When it came, it sounded very gay, warm, and expectant, and he felt a brief pang of guilt.

"Hello, Ruth," he said. "How're things?"

"Fine, darling," she said.

"Listen, sweet," he said, plunging into it. "I'm sorry, but it's one of those late deals again."

"Oh, dear," she said. "What this time?"

The tone of her voice told him that her disappointment was not too great, and he smiled, knowing that the rest would be easy. He gave her the story about the out-of-town customer, saying he would have to work late to wind up the deal. He had used a slight variation of this lie so many times that he wondered why she had never doubted him.

"All right," she said. "Maybe I'll go to a movie or something."

"Good," he said, relieved. "I wish I could get out of it, dear."

"It's okay," she said. "I understand."

After he had hung up, Rackly stood near the window a moment longer. He watched the people far below on Michigan Boulevard, the small figures hurrying homeward, and wished he could go straight home. It was all over between him and Marva. He was through with her, but there had to be a final scene. He had been through quite a few final scenes and they were always unpleasant.

The trouble was, Rackly reflected self-pityingly, he fell into these entanglements so easily. Marva Standers and his wife had gone to school together, and when Marva had moved to Chicago, Ruth had invited her to the house. He had known, that night, that something could happen between them. And something *had* happened. It always did.

On his way to Marva's apartment, he mulled unhappily over ways to tell her this thing between them was finished. Marva, he was certain, would be difficult. She could also be dangerous, knowing Ruth so well.

If he got out of this one, he admonished himself, there wouldn't be a next time. It was amazing that Ruth had never been suspicious of him. In her place, he would have known immediately. In a sense, he reasoned, she was partly to blame for these messes. If she were more demanding or jealous, less trusting, he might have thought twice before getting mixed up with other women.

He smiled. Somehow he would come through this one. His smile was gone when Marva Standers opened the door to her apartment. He kissed her lightly on the cheek and moved on into the small living room. When she took his coat, he noticed that she was looking at him apprehensively. She had never looked more beautiful. He noticed the curl of her dark, soft hair, the beauty of her candid brown eyes, and the lovely, almost too thin face. He fidgeted nervously, reminding himself that women always looked more desirable when you knew you were never going to see them again.

They had been talking about nothing, idle chitchat, and he was startled when she suddenly leaned forward and said, "We're through. Isn't that what you're thinking?"

"Well," he said, uncomfortably, "well, now look, Marva. It isn't quite like that. How do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Oh, I'm a very sensitive girl," she said bitterly.

"It can't go on, darling," he said gently. "I can't bear this subterfuge any longer. I know how you must feel, too."

"Oh, don't talk glop," she said harshly, her eyes angry. "I knew what I was doing and it was rotten. You knew it, too."

"Yes," he said, "I guess I did."

"The difference between us," she went on, "is that I fell in love with you."

Rackly squirmed, searching for words that would defend and release him. "I'm sorry," he finally said. "I'm really sorry."

"No, you're not," she said. "You're worried. Sorrow is too deep an emotion for you. You're wondering whether I'm going to cause trouble."

It was exactly what he had been thinking and it shocked him. Suddenly, he hated her. She could go to Ruth, spread it all in front of her, and spoil the comfort and safety he had enjoyed for so many years.

"It won't do any good to hurt Ruth," he said, haltingly.

"Wouldn't it?" she said. Her voice had become softer and, to Rackly, more terrifying. "Someday she's going to find out about you. Why not this time, while she's still young and can get someone else?"

"You won't tell her," he said weakly.

"No, I won't tell her," Marva Standers said. "I'd be too ashamed to tell her."

A feeling of relief passed through Rackly and he sat back in the chair, waiting for the right moment to get up and leave.

"Go home," Marva said. "Please go home and don't come back."

Riding home, he was able to blank out quickly the things Marva Standers had said. She had been emotional and cruel and it was best forgotten. Thinking of Ruth and home and life for a while without complications, he began to feel almost elated. It had all worked out, after all. It always did.

It had not been considerate to leave Ruth alone so much. She must have had many long, lonely evenings. Well, he would make it up to her. They could take a trip to Nassau. It would be wonderful this time of year.

It was early when Rackly reached home; not quite eleven. The house was empty. Ruth had evidently caught the late feature, which meant that she wouldn't be home until almost midnight. Feeling comfortable and contented, Rackly raided the icebox, then settled himself in bed with a book. It was a little past twelve when he heard the front door open, and he smiled, expectantly.

When his wife came into their room, her blonde hair shining, her eyes alive, Rackly playfully feigned annoyance. "What mischief have you been up to?" he said. "I got through early. I've been here for hours."

"You have?" she said, her eyes worried.

"Don't get upset about it," Rackly grinned. "How was the movie?"

"Oh," she said, "the movie. Oh, I didn't go to the movie, darling." She moved over to the dresser. He watched her in the mirror. "I went visiting. Spent the whole evening with someone I haven't seen in months. Had a wonderful time. You know, girl talk. I went to see Marva Standers," she said, turning to face him, her eyes innocent. ###

"Look—correspondence courses from arc-welding to taxidermy—and every evening I lead him home from the Happy Tavern!"

"Look, my fine friend—this sort of thing never happens on the Overland Central"

Did I Ever Tell You?

Joe had been married nine years, but he still had a sharp eye for pretty legs. This is a lively sport, and also a dangerous one—depending on who owns them

A Story by

NORMAN KATKOV

THE beady, running streams of water snaked down underneath the car, moving swiftly toward the sewer on the corner, advancing regularly and evenly, like echelons of troops moving toward the enemy.

Joe saw the woman's legs as she crossed the street. Sitting in the car, slumped down behind the wheel, he saw her only from her brown moccasin shoes to the hemline of her tweed skirt.

"Flat heels and all," he said aloud. "Flat heels, and look at those legs," he said.

She walked toward the drugstore. The water of the early spring thaw, the pitted road, the dust of fresh-bared ground, the swirling newspapers, the people passing, the cars honking, all of it did nothing to disturb her.

"There's one for you," Joe said aloud again, and he followed her unashamedly with his eyes as she crossed the street. The sun was down below the eighteenth green at Highland and he shaded his eyes watching her.

He moved his arm automatically, pushing Joe Jr. away from the dials of the radio on the dashboard, but he watched the woman, her coat open and flopping a little in the wind.

He liked the grey sweater she wore. He liked the shining cleanness of her hair, and the way it was held loosely with a ribbon. He liked how she walked, he liked the moccasins; and, as the drugstore door shut now and she disappeared, he remembered the legs again.

He remembered, too, that he'd been married for nine years now, and maybe he shouldn't think like this—him, Joe Nyack, with a son beside him and a daughter home in her crib.

Joe Nyack lit a cigarette and lowered his window an inch; he didn't want mud in his face. He watched the cars: a chauffeur-driven sedan; a cheap car like his, scarred by years of use and needing paint; a jeep painted red, white, and blue; and then a roadster, top down in the chilling air of twilight, with two girls and a boy in it and four kids in the rumble seat—and he remembered Helen.

Cripes, he thought, it's twelve years since I met her—twelve years and right now, this very minute, stop the clock and make me swear and I don't feel any older. Right now, with this six-year-old car and my son who wants to be a cub scout already, a daughter at home waiting for her formula—and I could be sitting in that Philosophy I course of Professor Henning's wondering about the dirty blonde two seats down and three rows over.

"I want to marry you," he'd said. That's what he'd said, twenty minutes after he first saw her, blocking the door after class, smiling down at her—he was better than six feet—the books in one arm and his heart going like the day he'd got his first high-school letter. He didn't even know her name and "I want to marry you," he'd said.

Not that afternoon.

They walked through the college campus and she settled for a Coke, but he made a ring for her out of a slender, deep-green blade of grass. She took a pin from her hair and straightened it and then wound the thin yellow wire over the grass around her finger.

That was the first time, but he replaced the ring. They bought another the day they were graduated. They had fifty-four dollars between them that day and they shopped for the ring. It cost twelve dollars and she wore it yet.

And here he was, all the years later, still looking at legs.

Maybe I'm not supposed to think, he thought. Maybe I'm a little too old for that: two kids and a house that is almost all mortgage, that night on Tarawa and the long weeks in the hospital in Pearl, and now I can tell when the weather will change by just feeling it in my leg from the ankle to the thigh.

But she *did* have lovely legs, and he wanted to see the woman again when she left the drugstore.

He saw Joe Jr. staring openmouthed out of his window; and, watching his son, Joe saw the pair passing—the boy in a field jacket and bareheaded, tall and thin and dark, the girl wearing a skiing jacket, her ash blonde hair cut short, their fingers interlocked, their heads together, seeing only each other.

"Talk about kings, boy," Joe Nyack half-whispered. "Tell her about yachts, kid, and soft music, and roofs that drop back to take in the stars. Fill her ears with talk of diamonds and rubies, strange places, strange food, sun-splashed island beaches, gondolas in the moonlight. Tell her about Paris and Capri, about Rio and Acapulco, about the places where orchids grow wild and others where you swim in pools filled with gardenias. Tell her good, kid, and tell her often.

"Tell her now, kid," he said aloud. "It doesn't cost anything to talk. Tell her quick, kid," he said, "before the babies come and the job folds and you walk half a dozen blocks to a milk station just to save four cents."

He reached quickly for his son, held him around the middle, looked at him solemnly, and smiled. Then he kissed the boy on the forehead, rubbed his face gently with the flat of his work roughened hand, and growled and cuffed him.

"I didn't get shortchanged," he told the boy, and dropped him on the seat—for the door of the drugstore opened and the woman with the legs came out, and he didn't care how long he'd been married, he couldn't help watching her.

He watched her crossing the street, the sun in her hair; and then the kid, leaning far over the seat, slipped down and Joe had to reach for his legs to hold him. He was turned thus, bent far over, pulling his son back, when the car opened and Helen said: "I'm sorry, Joey, it took so long. There were so many people in the store. I got the formula though."

Joe let his son drop over into the back seat and he reached for his wife. "I got my shoes wet," she told him. "Those darned moccasins!"

"Did I ever tell you, baby?" he grinned as he slammed the car door shut. "Did I ever tell you that you got the nicest legs?" ##

"About the refund on our tickets, Captain—"

THE ESQUIRE REFRESHER

on Wines, Spirits, and Beer

THE BIG 10.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

BARTENDER'S TRICKS

Being random notes on the fine art of serving drinks.

When making old-fashioneds, place the set ups to be served in the drink in the refrigerator for an hour or so before serving. When ready to serve, just add the whiskey. The drink will be better because the glasses and fruit are thoroughly chilled.

* * *

For a really frosted mint julep, prepare ingredients in glass with cracked ice. Set glass in shaved ice and stir until glass frosts.

* * *

The Egg and You: In shaking a drink which requires an egg, use a whole cube of ice to break up and blend the egg with the other ingredients. You might also try the following egg trick on drinking companions: Place in a sherry glass one hard-boiled egg, on the upper end of which you have pencil-marked an X. Challenge your nearest neighbor to invert the egg, so that the X is on the bottom, without touching egg or glass or pouring liquid into the glass. When neighbor belligerently claims it can't be done, put your money on the table. While standing up, lean over the glass, and blow once very hard directly down on top of the egg. Since the egg and glass don't make a perfect fit, air pressure is built up below the egg when you blow on it, and flips the egg upside down. Collect your cash, and give the hard-boiled egg to the loser.

* * *

Rub the top edge of bottles with waxed paper when you open them, since this prevents dripping. To further avoid spillage, twist the bottle to right or left as you complete pouring. When opening soda, tilt the bottle to conserve the sparkle.

* * *

Always use salt and water in washing beer glasses; soap tends to flatten beer. Also, it is wise to wet the glass before pouring the beer to prevent it from going flat.

* * *

To open a rare old bottle of wine without disturbing the sediment, or to remove a stubborn cork, grip the neck of the bottle under the flange for about half a minute with bottle tongs flame-heated to the glowing point. Then apply a cold wet cloth to the bottle neck. The top of the bottle will snap off cleanly.

* * *

Never fill a half empty wine glass. Mixing cold wine with warm detracts from the full enjoyment of the wine. It is not wise to decant two bottles of wine into the same decanter since a bottle of wine may thus lose its individual character. Buckshot should be used in cleaning a decanter, never sodas or soap.

* * *

To sugar-rim a cocktail glass, rub edge with lemon, orange or lime (depending upon the drink's ingredients), and dip into granulated sugar. For a festive touch, use colored instead of white sugar. Sugar won't dissolve readily in liquor, so dissolve in water before mixing. Also, any drink that requires sugar should be shaken—not stirred.

* * *

On-the-House Cocktail: Take the usual bartender's cocktail shaker, composed of a glass container and metal cap. In the metal cap, while unobserved, stuff a bar towel. Then, with many a flourish, mix a drink in the glass container using coloring matter, ice and water, so that no valuable spirits will be wasted; make certain that the audience follows every move. Now place the metal half of the shaker on top of the glass container, and shake vigorously. Remove glass container, place strainer on metal shaker and pour. Nothing, but nothing, comes out—the secret being, of course, that the bar towel has absorbed the "drinks".

* * *

. . . WITH THE ESQUIRE TOUCH

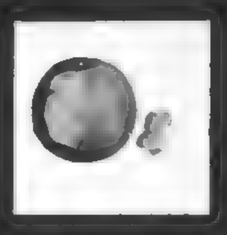
Here are ten of the top favorites—each made with a different basic alcoholic beverage—and each containing a distinctive Esquire touch (in bold italics).

1 BLENDED WHISKEY

Old Fashioned—Muddle 1 lump of sugar with ***sprig of fresh mint*** in a dash of bitters. Add 1 jigger of blended whiskey and two ice cubes. Serve with ***slice of grapefruit*** and ***twist of grapefruit peel.***

2 RYE

Manhattan—Combine ¼ sweet vermouth with ¾ rye and 1 dash of bitters. Stir with cracked ice and strain. Serve with ***twist of orange peel.***



3 SCOTCH

Rob Roy—Mix ¼ sweet vermouth and ¼ ***dry vermouth*** with ½ Scotch whisky. Add cracked ice, stir and strain. Serve with orange peel.

4 BOURBON

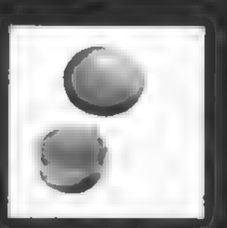
Bourbon Toddy—Muddle ½ lump of sugar in one dash Angostura bitters, ***one dash of grenadine*** and ***one dash Pernod.*** Add one jigger bourbon and two ice cubes. Stir and strain.

5 GIN

Martini—Mix ⅕ dry vermouth with ⅘ dry gin. Add a ***dash of Pernod.*** Stir with cracked ice and strain. Serve with lemon peel, olive or—for a Gibson—a pearl onion.

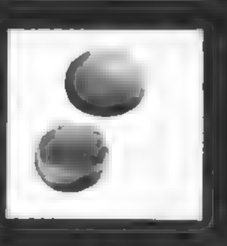
6 APPLEJACK

Jack Rose—With cracked ice shake together the juice of ½ lime, 1 teaspoon of grenadine, 1 jigger applejack and ***½ of white of one egg.*** Strain.



7 RUM

Daiquiri—To the juice of ½ lime add 1 teaspoon sugar. Shake with cracked ice. Add 1½ oz. white rum and ***white of one egg.*** Shake until shaker frosts, and strain.



8 SHERRY

Bamboo—To 2 oz. of dry sherry add ¾ oz. of sweet vermouth and ***one dash of bitters.*** Stir with cracked ice and strain. Serve with ***twist of orange peel.***

9 BRANDY

Sidecar—Shake together ⅓ jigger of lime juice, ⅓ jigger Cointreau and ⅓ jigger brandy, with cracked ice. Strain and serve in ***sugar-rimmed glass.***

10 CHAMPAGNE

Champagne Cocktail—Saturate lump of sugar in a dash of bitters. Add a ***generous dash of brandy,*** and ice cube. Fill glass with chilled champagne. Serve with twist of lemon peel.

ROSE
VALLIANT
RIESLING
SANTA CRUZ MTS.
CHARBONO
PINOT BLANC
1941
FOUNTAIN GROVE
FOUNTAIN GROVE VINEYARD
The Christian Brothers
BERINGER
MOUNTAIN RED WINE
TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
BURGUNDY
WINE
1942
AMERICA'S
FINEST!
Nine of the world's greatest dishes! Prepared especially to complement a selection of some of the finest available wines—both American and imported—these culinary chefs d'oeuvre are the work of one of the world's great restaurants, New York's Café Chambord. Shown above is their triumphant Steak Châteaubriant Reine de Navarre. From a list of the finest American and imported wines appropriate to this monarchical meal are the following suggestions: *American*— B. V. Beaumont; B. V. Burgundy; Inglenook Cabernet. *Imported*—Château Latour '37; Chambertin '43; Château Gruaud Larose '29; Chambertin's rarest: Château Margaux, 1889.
NAPA PINOT NOIR
LOUIS M. MARTINI
LOUIS MARTINI
NAPA CABERNET
1951
WIDMER'S
DUTCHESS WINE
WHITE FLAG
CALIFORNIA
CRESTA BLANCA
LIVERMORE
VENTE BROS

English Sole Sautée Amandine

American—B. V. Chablis; Martini Pinot Blanc; Wente Livermore Gray Riesling '45. *Imported*—Château La Ville Haut Brion; Meursault Charmes '37; Presporter Goldtropfchen'37.*Chambord*–Hermitage Blanc'95.

Coquille of Sea Food Glacée

American—Martini Mountain Folle Blanche; Masson Pinot Blanc; Widmer Chablis. *Imported*—Château d'Hermitage '37; Willm Gewuerz-Traminer '43; Montrachet White Burgundy '23. *Chambord*—Hermitage Blanc 1874.

Maine Lobster Flambé

American—Wente Sauvignon Blanc; Almaden Semillon; Wente Chardonnay. *Imported*—Chassagne Montrachet '45; Oppenheimer Riesling '45; Vouvray Monmousseau '40. *Chambord*—Vouvray Monmousseau '40.

Rack of Spring Lamb Rôti Massolte

American—Martini Napa Cabernet; Masson Pinot Noir; Inglenook Pinot Noir. *Imported*—Château Gruaud Larose '37; Château Haut Brion '37; Château Beychevelle '34. *Chambord*—Château Rauzan Segla '20.

Gourmets' WINE LIST

As worthy of accompanying the succession of fabulous fish, flesh and fowl dishes shown here, Esquire lists three of the greatest wines obtainable today, from both American and foreign vineyards, appropriate to each entrée. Chosen for general availability as well as for quality, and approved by a jury of wine and food authorities, these lists are not intended to exclude many equally fine and suitable wines, but merely to serve as a guide to taste-budding gourmets. The Esquire wine list appears under each dish. Due to the scarcity of very old wines, it includes no imports bottled longer than 20 years ago. For contrast, Chambord's selection represents the rarest vintage from their own famous cellar.

Le Prime Sirloin Steak Paloise

Amer.—B.V. Beaumont; Masson Pinot Noir; Beringer Napa Valley Burgundy. *Imported*—Château Lafitte Rothschild '34; Châteauneuf-de-Pape '37; Château Mouton Rothschild '34. *Chambord*—Château Latour 1900.

Braised Duckling à l'Orange et Grand Marnier

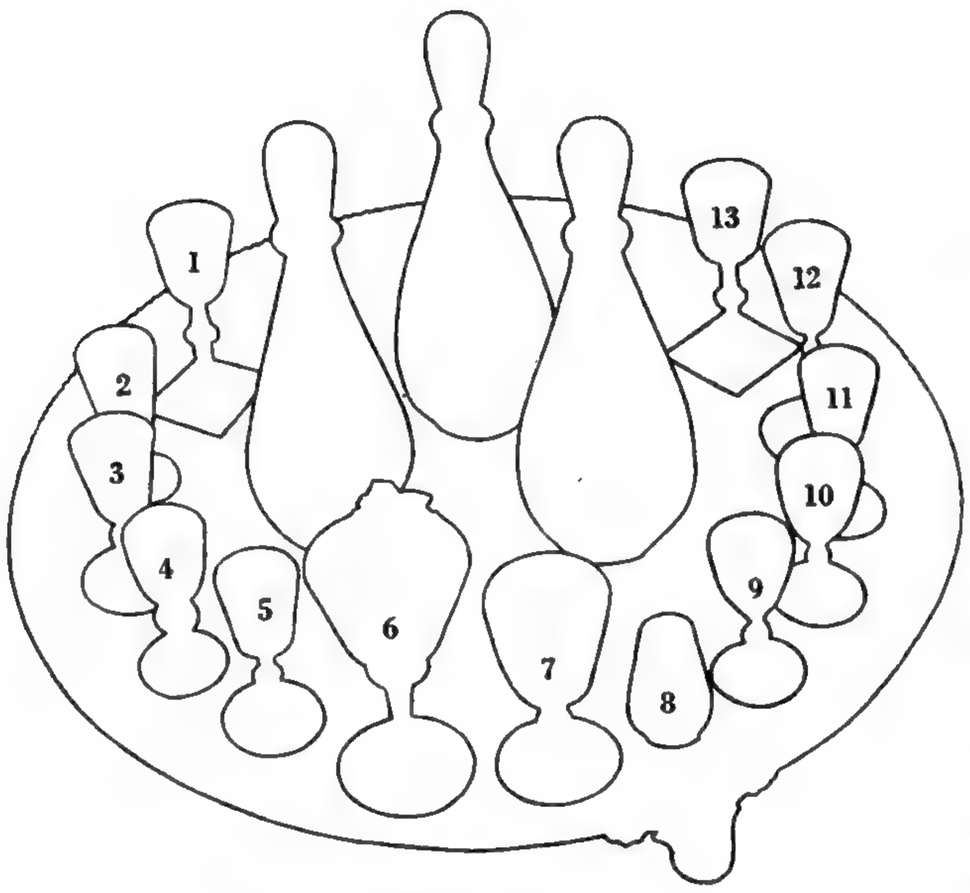
American—B. V. Beaumont; Martini Cabernet; Christian Brothers Claret. *Imported*—Richebourg '37; Côte-Rôtie, Premier Cru '34: Château Lafitte Rothschild '34. *Chambord*—Château Ausone 1907.

Roast Pheasant Périgourdine

American—Martini Napa Pinot Noir; B. V. Beaumont; Martini Mountain Zinfandel. *Imported*—La Tâche '37; Musigny-Comte de Vogué '37; Beaune Bressandes '34. *Chambord*—Romanée Conti 1912.

Roast Young Capon aux Cepes Bordelais

American—Fountaingrove Mountain Zinfandel; Georges de Latour Private Reserve '41: B. V. Burgundy. *Imported*—Chambertin '37; Romanée la Tâche '43; Clos Vougeot '29. *Chambord*—Château Haut Brion 1874.



1. *Cherry Heering*
2. *Crème de Menthe*
3. *Drambuie*
4. *Crème de Cacao*
5. *Benedictine*
6. *Crème de Menthe Frappé*
7. *Port*
8. *Brandy*
9. *Chartreuse*
10. *Peach*
11. *Grand Marnier*
12. *Blackberry*
13. *Orange Curaçao*

CORDIALLY YOURS

Served with a demitasse, cordials pleasingly punctuate the end of a dinner that has been perfectly cooked and served.

Distilled from fruits, mint, flowers and herbs, some of them secret formulae which have been jealously guarded for centuries, cordials by tradition are an after-dinner drink. (However, in tribute to their variety, it must be added that they have firmly established themselves in cocktail recipes.) Their colors, as can be seen in the tray full of popular liqueurs shown at the right, are a delight to the eye and their tastes a titillation to the tongue.

Perhaps the most seductive of all cordial drinks is the jewel-like Pousse-Café. By definition, it is an arrangement of several liqueurs which have been floated on top of one another to form a series of brightly-colored rings and, by tradition, arranged in three, five, or seven layers. Making one is a difficult stunt to perform and for the would-be drinkers of Pousse-Cafés, here is the recipe for the most eye-filling of them all—the seven-layered Rainbow:

crème de violette — green crème de menthe
crème de cassis — yellow chartreuse
maraschino liqueur — curaçao
cherry brandy

The cordials must be slowly poured, in the order named, using the back of a spoon to ease the flow, into a chilled Pousse-Café glass.

Not only are cordials ideal for after dinner but also for dressing up desserts. Cointreau, curaçao or kirsch blend beautifully with such fresh fruits as pineapple, strawberries or cherries; with baked fruits and soufflés. Most glamorous of cordial desserts is crêpes Suzette. Although recipes vary from chef to chef, we feel sure that all of them would nod approvingly over this one. Make French pancakes of your favorite recipe to which has been added a generous dash of curaçao or Triple Sec. Place aside and keep warm. Mix two tablespoons of sugar, enough orange juice to moisten and some orange and lemon rind. In a chafing dish cream ¼ pound of sweet butter with two tablespoons of sugar and add the above mixture. Add two ponies of Cointreau or curaçao, one pony of Benedictine and one pony of Grand Marnier or brandy. When the mixture is bubbling, add the pancakes and tilt the dish until the sauce catches fire. Roll up the pancakes with a spatula, cover with some of the sauce and serve on heated plates. A dash of cognac ignited on the plate makes a king's dish, crowned in blue flames, cordially yours.

CHAMPAGNE

This most versatile of wines, symbol of festivity, is always correct and is not necessarily expensive.

It was a 17th century monk, Dom Pérignon, the chief cellarer in charge of wine-making at the Benedictine Abbey of Hautvillers, near Epernay, who first tasted the sparkling wine which we know today as champagne. On doing so, legend tells that he called to the other monks, "Come quickly! I'm drinking the stars!" Since then, the mention of the name has started its effervescence bubbling through the imagination in anxious anticipation of the first chilled sip. The wine that launched more ships than the face of Helen of Troy and countless couples in marriage—with its versatility, its sparkle and its delicious flavor—is truly the wine among wines. Once Dom Pérignon had discovered the blending of its bouquet and the secret of second fermentation, it spread like wildfire through the world.

Although many people think of it as an expensive drink, they lose sight of the fact that the serving of it flatters the guest, starts conversations quickly, makes an occasion out of the most informal evenings and costs no more than a round of scotch. It is correct as a cocktail, and can be served throughout dinner.

Cooking with champagne is as old as champagne itself and is an extravagance to be indulged in for the Lucullan feast you've always wanted to fix for your friends. As a starter, two recipes are given at the right. Served with a bottle of champagne, properly chilled, opened and served, they form the basis of a meal of which the gods might well be jealous.

CHICKEN POMPADOUR*

For four, use only white meat of two chickens, wing and breast. Place in saucepan with 8 small pork sausages, 3 chopped shallots, and 3 sliced truffles. Cover with 1 cup of champagne and ½ cup of chicken broth, salt and pepper. Simmer until tender, remove chicken and sausages and thicken sauce with yolks of 3 eggs and ½ cup cream. Add pat of butter while thickening. Pour over chicken and finish with a dash of lemon juice.

PÊCHES AUX CHAMPAGNE*

Peel two ripe peaches and crush with silver fork. Mix with powdered sugar to taste. Place in four glass champagne coupes. Peel and pit four peaches and place well-sugared strawberry in each. Close the peaches and place on cushion of crushed peaches in the glasses. Serve and pour iced champagne over the fruit to the brim of the glass. With this, serve light champagne wafers.

*From **A Wine Lover's Cook Book** by Jeanne Owen, Barrows ($2.50)

OPENING CHAMPAGNE

1. Chill it thoroughly (about 30 minutes in packed ice). This may be hastened somewhat by rolling bottle neck between palms.
2. In removing the wire, *untwist* it, don't try to twist it until it breaks.
3. When the wire and foil are removed, hold the bottle at a 45 degree angle and, if necessary, nudge the cork gently with the thumb, twisting slightly.

1

2

3

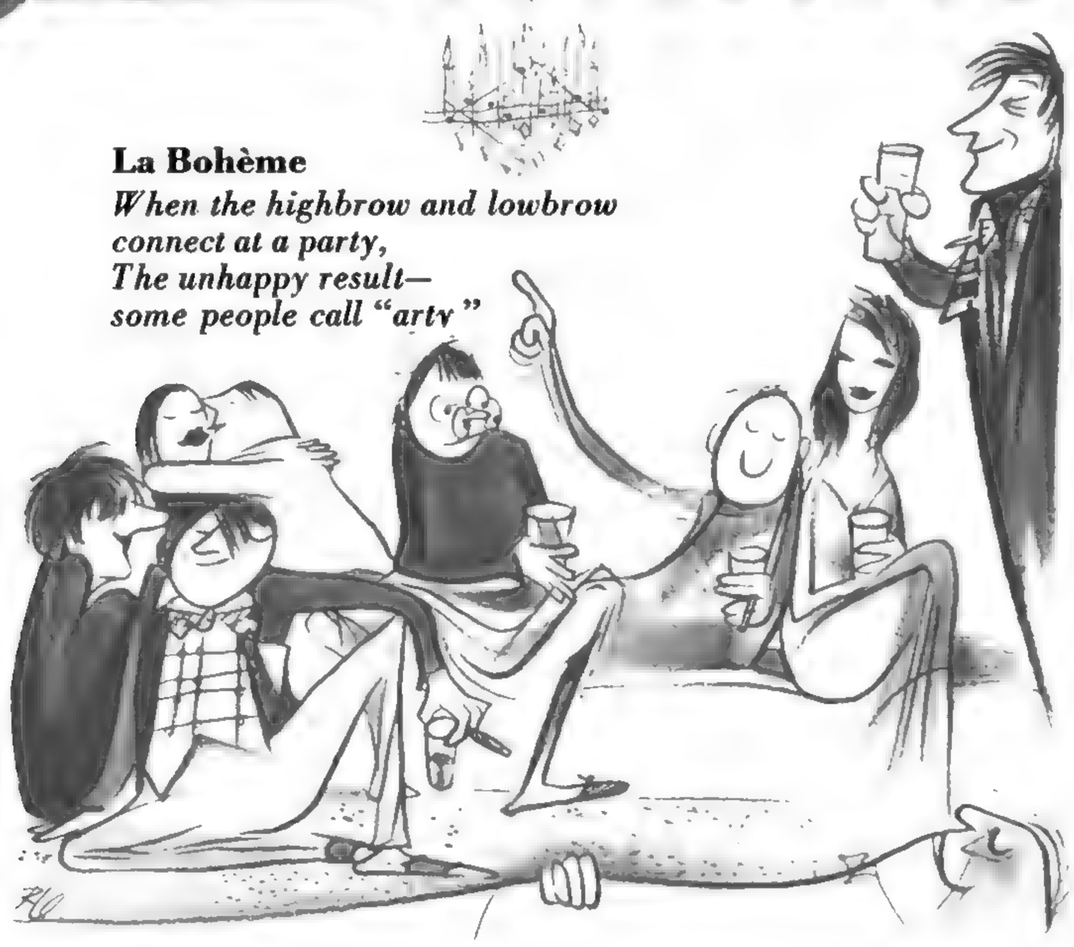
THREE PARTY DON'TS

The Isolationists

When they huddle in groups
With their spines all rigid,
The party's dull
And the atmosphere frigid.

Some Close Friends

These poor fish resemble sardines in a can;
The blame's with the host, whose party lacked plan.



La Bohème

When the highbrow and lowbrow
connect at a party,
The unhappy result—
some people call "artv"

THE ESQUIRE PARTY LINE

Successful entertaining takes plenty of beforehand planning and a host that stays on his feet.

If you expect your party to be fun for all and not a free-for-all, start thinking about it sometime ahead and don't, on Tuesday night, ask everyone you know to "drop in" on Thursday. When you make up your guest list (allowing a good two weeks), don't ask just the "old gang", or only your "intelligent" friends or a group of people who have never met each other—or even worse—who won't speak to each other. On the assumption that everyone will be anxious to come, get your invitations out promptly.

They may be made by telephone, by a note on your personal card, by one of the attractive forms available at any stationer's or, for formal affairs, by engraved invitation.

If the party is a small one, make sure there is room for everyone to sit down. If you find it necessary to have some standees, make it a sizeable group, not one or two. It's a good idea to leave the door open—but have someone nearby who can make the introductions. People hate to wander in and wonder where to put their hats and coats.

Liquid refreshments are of primary importance at any party and you should serve your best. So that you won't run short, here are a few statistics for quick computations. Three is a good number to figure on for the number of drinks per person (with non-drinkers and heavy imbibers considered). There are seventeen 1½-oz. jiggers to a "fifth", though highballs will take a little more. If you are serving champagne, either straight or in cocktails, figure on 6 to 9 glasses to the bottle. For a milder drink, have sherry or madeira on hand. Here you can figure on a dozen drinks to the bottle. Ice is important, inexpensive and easily obtainable, so don't depend on your refrigerator.

Have cigarette containers within reach of everyone and have twice as many ashtrays.

The food to be served will depend on the time of day, but at whatever time have something to nibble on.

And an almost infinite variety of nuts, popcorn, cocoanut chips, cheese tidbits, potato chips and pretzels is available today.

If it's a cocktail party, have canapés too. Hot ones disappear quickly, and if anyone should doubt it, let him try serving cocktail frankfurters baked in biscuit dough or miniature fishcakes served on toothpicks. On the cold side, try shrimps impaled on toothpicks and served with a bowl of Russian dressing, thinly sliced prosciutto ham or paté and Melba toast. Raw vegetables (carrots, cauliflower, celery and radishes) and olives (stuffed with anchovies, almonds, onions —or olives!) are both tasty and colorful. At an evening party that may go on well after midnight, a platter of cold fried chicken, a roast beef or ham, potato salad or tossed greens and a large and varied platter of cheeses will look mighty good about eleven-thirty.

All of this should get your party off to a fine start and once your guests arrive you will need continuous confusion control. Keep an eye on the ashtrays—lacking them, guests will use the floor, windows or flower pots. Remove empty glasses, break up the inevitable huddles that form and pass drinks around so that a thirsty swarm doesn't create a hazard at the bar. It's a man-sized job but it will make your party fun for everyone including you. If any question is left unanswered, it is only that of how to get your guests to go home and that is a question which every host must answer in his own way—and by himself.

THE THREE BARS

Each has its place, from the portable tray and folding stand above to the papa bar below with liquor cabinet and refrigerated compartment.

OF MALT AND MEN

Being notes on beers and ales and porter and eating like a king

There is nothing that can, on occasion, be as satisfying as the amber coolness of a glass of beer or ale with its foaming white collar and delicate aroma of hops. A simple and amiable beverage, it makes a man settle back in his chair, fosters conversation and promotes conviviality. It has made possible many of the world's most famous taverns and wayside inns where mankind gathers to partake of this palate-clearing thirst quencher.

Used as a generic term, beer covers a multitude of brews, in fact, all malt beverages: lager (most American beers), stout, ale, porter and bock beer. An independent drink, it doesn't go with all foods, but with some it is virtually indispensable, with others irresistible, still others, perfection itself. Generally speaking, it goes well with the salt, the sour and the bitter. Oysters and clams, cold cuts and pumpernickel, just about order beer by themselves. So does cheese from Swiss and cheddar to Roquefort, Liederkranz and Limburger. A cold draught of ale with sauerbraten, veal cutlet or boiled tongue turns a meal into a feast, and who would dare deny the indispensability of beer, buried at the ocean's edge for a hot summer's day picnic. Although no one would think of making a welsh rarebit without it, few are aware of the fact that beer has an old and honored place as a flavoring in the kitchen. When so used, the container should be opened about 15 minutes ahead of time so that the beer will be "still" before being added to the other ingredients. So try basting a baked ham with beer or adding about a cup to your recipe for sauerbraten. And let the skeptic ponder this: Not only is it good in Irish stew, escalloped veal and stuffed spareribs, shrimps and creamed salmon but also in certain breads, soups and soufflés, salads and even cake.

A food in itself, a flavoring for it, companion to good food and good fellowship, beer none the less is a delicate drink. It will pick up wayward odors as quickly as butter. And it doesn't like light, so keep the bottles in a dark place, right side up. It should be served at 42 degrees (ales and stouts, slightly higher) in sparkling clean glasses which should be rinsed in cold clear water just before being filled. It is good fare at meals and will fare you well at any time.

Esquire wishes to thank the following for assistance in the preparation of the liquor supplement: **Le Cafe Chambord,** New York City, for dishes on food spread; **Mr. Crosby Gaige, Mrs. Jeanne Owen** and **Mr. William Titon** for technical counsel in the selection of wines on food spread; **M. Lehmann Inc.,** New York City, for domestic wines shown on food spread; **Steuben Glass Inc.,** glassware for cocktails and cordials; **Plummer Ltd., Georg Jensen, Bar Mart Inc., Sun Glo Studios, Tri Boro Enterprises Inc.,** and **Hombar Center,** all in New York City, for bars and bar equipment; **Edgar de Evia,** kodachromes of cocktails; **Arnold Glantz,** kodachromes of food; **Joseph Hoffman** and **Mike Flieck,** bartenders.

Lightweight!

HANDSOME!

washable!

(Arrow's new "Islander")

What more can you ask of Summertime Shirts—except that they be Arrows?

Lightweight? Yes sir! Fabrics are *the coolest made:* featherweight cottons . . . sheer, silky rayons . . . and meshes that are open to the breeze. In both sports *and* regular shirts!

Handsome? You can't beat Arrow for collars. Or for colors. Or for fine shirt-making details (like the stitching on the sports shirt collars, which is *hidden* between the two layers of fabric).

Washable? The washablest summer shirts ever. They don't say "Ouch, treat me tender!" They don't fade. They don't shrink out of fit. Priced to deliver the *value* that's made Arrow the country's favorite shirt.

Summer-weight shirts; sports shirts (long or short sleeves) $3.65 up. Arrow Ties $1.00 up.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW

Lightweight

SHIRTS

The Shape of Cars to Come

Continued from page 81

bot devices was born. By degrees, automatic chokes and convertible tops made their appearance, with push-button window lifts, radios, and heaters. Springing lost its hardness, while simplified controls and self-changing transmissions became the vogue at the same time as wider, heavier bodies and more powerful engines designed for silent running.

With satisfactory fuels then priced as low as twelve cents a gallon, gas consumption didn't matter much and the public got exactly what it wanted—a big, decorative, comfortable automobile for a modest sum. Demand for a quick getaway and a minimum of gearshifting influenced the tendency to undergear cars and give them large engines that had high torque characteristics. In everyday language, the automotive engineers developed maximum power low down the speed range of the engine itself.

Today the picture is changing again. The high cost of gasoline and the unsettled supply situation are causing engine designers to think furiously along economy lines. Manufacturers can anticipate the probable trend in public taste and demand a decade ahead.

Before unveiling the 1960 model in all its gleaming beauty, we might as well enumerate the types of car that will *not* make their appearance. Nonstarters on the competitive market will include flying automobiles, jet and atomic propulsion, Buck Rogers vehicles of fantastic appearance, and larger cars than at present. The rear-engined car doesn't look too promising a bet, either, while internal combustion turbines still are in their infancy. Most of these rule themselves out for obvious reasons, but the last two may deserve a word of explanation.

The "pusher" type car with the engine mounted at the back is nothing new to the automobile industry. One European make—the Czechoslovakian Tatra—has been building this model for the past fifteen years. The French Renault currently is offering a small rear-engined car for sale in this country, and ten years ago Ford took out patents for such a design. In England, before the war, Burney and Crosley produced rear-powered automobiles that did not catch on, but in Germany Mercedes-Benz did better. And in this country, of course, there is the Tucker, prototypes of which appear to have overcome the technical bugs connected with this form of layout.

Why, then, has the rear-engined car failed to capture popular favor? In the past, cooling requirements of high-speed power units mounted at the back gave designers a severe headache, but the problem now is under control. The same is true of weight distribution—an equally important factor that proved bothersome until automotive geometry was thoroughly explored. Unless a chassis is built with a low center of gravity and a minimum of unsprung weight (that is, weight carried *below* the road springs), the danger of skidding increases in proportion to the percentage of weight on or behind the rear axle. Today the rear-engined car is no more skid-prone than one with the engine in front. Yet the fact remains that the average driver still prefers the conventional layout. He just likes it that way. He probably has a number of pet theories that will keep him liking it that way for some time to come, even though the rear mounting of engines makes them more accessible. And, since he pays good dollars for his car, Mr. Smith of the Streamline Automobile Company won't argue with him.

As for the gas turbine, this brain child of advanced engineering has only recently passed its first practical tests. In theory it's probably the ideal internal-combustion-power unit. It runs on cheaper, lower-grade fuels than the piston engine; and, what's more, it entirely does away with any form of gearshift device, automatic or otherwise. But its practical application to automobiles is something else again.

Present drawbacks to the turbine stack up to a formidable array. First there's the high cost of the precision engineering required to build this power unit. Then the fantastic rotational speed of the turbine blades—around fifteen times the maximum of an ordinary crankshaft—presents bearing and lubrication problems in daily use. What's more, frequent traffic stops would make it impossible for the mechanism to run at anything like a regular speed, and certain metals dislike being constantly expanded and contracted at a very rapid rate. They have the nasty habit of becoming brittle and liable to flaws.

Even if all these kinks were ironed out, the insatiable thirst of the internal-combustion turbine would remain a serious obstacle. That's why one famous automotive research expert has this to say about it: "The application of the gas turbine to production automobiles is something we don't need to bother about in our lifetime."

Talking about production costs, the problems they entail are the main reason why automobile engineers have prematurely grey hair. The cost of tooling up for a new model easily may run above $20,000,000; and no matter how efficient or attractive some novel feature may be, low cost is its only admission card to the production line. It *must* be cheap to make in quantities without losing dependability. Otherwise the costing department merely shakes its head and says: "Very nice, but—!"

Figure it out for yourself. The Blue Streak Motor Company markets two models: the Standard Six and the DeLuxe Eight. The price difference between these two is, maybe, $300. Presently, the designer comes up with a wonderful new automatic transmission that can be built for $225. This transmission provides more comfort for the driver, smoother starts, and generally takes away some of the work in driving. Is it worth offering it on the Standard Six? It is not. If the customer has to pay within $75 of the DeLuxe Eight for a Standard Six with an automatic transmission, he'll buy the Eight every time. So the transmission has got to be made cheaper—a lot cheaper. If the cost to the customer can be whittled down to, say, $150, then it becomes a practical proposition on *both* models. Meanwhile, since Blue Streak sells more Sixes than Eights, it will have to do without an automatic transmission.

Keeping these facts in mind, what kind of new automobile can we expect a decade from now? Will there be anything startlingly new in design and styling? And how will it perform?

Let's see how an automotive critic may review the situation ten years from now. This is the kind of thing he may write:

"Around 1949, traffic conditions in our main cities were so hopelessly snarled up that something just had to be done. It was a matter either of enlarging the streets or making the cars smaller. The solution lay with the automotive industry, particularly in view of the high cost of gasoline. Engineers already knew that gas consumption and general upkeep costs could be reduced and handability improved, provided weight was decreased and streamlining given further attention.

"There were people who argued that streamlining didn't matter because normal cruising speeds were too low for it to be effective, anyway. But many more knew that true streamlining (underneath as well as on top) could be vitally important in getting the *same* performance with a *smaller* engine.

"Until then, with ample power available, the weight of automobiles was no problem. The 1949 American car had to carry around 35 lbs. for each h.p. developed, and it produced about 26 h.p. for each 60 cu. in. engine capacity.

"It is interesting to note that the 1949 power unit of some 270 cu. in. displacement developed 130 h.p. for a car weight of about 4500 lbs. Gas consumption averaged 14 miles per gallon.

"Today, in 1960, we have high-compression overhead valve engines of no more than 180 cu. in. (only two-thirds the size) that yet develop 100 h.p. and only need to propel 2800 lbs. of gross car weight. As a result, gas consumption has decreased to between 25 and 30 miles per gallon while performance remains the same. It's true we have had to sacrifice some of the chrome ornaments, but when you consider that a row of rivet heads will slow down an airplane, we are not paying too much.

"It probably was fortunate that by 1949 the L-head engine had about reached maximum efficiency, whereas the overhead valve type still was capable of considerable development without increasing production costs. That this design could be made to yield more power with greater economy was demonstrated by the Kettering high-compression engine.

"Mechanics also preferred the valve-in-head engine because the entire valve mechanism could be removed with the cylinder head and overhauled on a bench where every part was accessible. For these reasons, overhead valves generally were adopted by 1950.

"At the same time, weight reduction was tackled seriously for the first time in years. Unsprung weight, such as transmissions, rear axles, brake assemblies, ring gears, and pinions, was pared down considerably. Brake drums and axle gears were made smaller, rear axle shafts articulated and casings lightened without sacrifice in strength or durability. This also permitted the use of independent coil-type *rear* suspension.

"A year later, combined tubular welded chassis and bodies of airplane fuselage pattern were adopted and automobiles thereby shed hundreds of pounds of deadweight. This meant a vast improvement in the power-to-weight ratio, despite smaller engines, while, because of sound design and weight-distribution, roadability actually improved.

"Two more things happened between 1949 and 1951 that had a definite bearing on present design. One was that for the first time a direct relationship was established between high-compression engines and automatic transmissions. The torque converter (which takes care of engine 'load' and so prevents the driver from punishing the engine by hanging on to high gear) enabled these superefficient engines to run satisfactorily on ordinary premium fuels. That's why today we can and do use compression ratios of 9 or 10 to 1 without the need of 100-octane gasoline.

"The other thing was that the steel shortage finally compelled manufacturers to use aluminum panels for bodywork. Spot-welding problems largely had been overcome in airplane construction during World War II, and aluminum body dies were easier and cheaper to make than those for steel bodies. Weight for weight, aluminum costs considerably more than steel, but weight-saving is enormous and strength remains unimpaired."

That's what you may read in an automotive magazine of 1960, and there, basically, is the automobile you wanted to know about.

Does it square with your notions? Anyway, you'll have to admit that it makes sense. ⋕

Summer Coolers taste finer with

SCHENLEY

..because Schenley contains older whiskies*

Sit back and enjoy a tall, cool drink made with Schenley. Smooth and *delicious!* That's because Schenley continues to give you, skillfully blended with pre-war quality grain neutral spirits, the same rich measure of rare whiskies—**5**, **6** and **7** years old.

For your convenience, Schenley now comes in this handsome round bottle.

Summertime is **SCHENLEY** time...too

A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey.

from **SCHENLEY**

the Treasure House of **AGED WHISKIES***

***BLENDED WITH PRE-WAR QUALITY GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.** BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 35% STRAIGHT WHISKEY. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 10% STRAIGHT WHISKEY 5 YEARS OLD. 21% STRAIGHT WHISKEY 6 YEARS OLD. 4% STRAIGHT WHISKEY 7 YEARS OLD. COPYRIGHT 1949, SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK CITY.

Cold snap coming!

Weather forecast: Temperatures going down due to ice-mass forming on glasses holding sprigs of fragrant mint and world-famous Kentucky Tavern, The Aristocrat of Bonds. Sunny smiles will follow.

Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

© 1948 G. D. CO.

NO OTHER BOND CAN MATCH THAT KENTUCKY TAVERN TASTE

Jungle Gold

Continued from page 25

river-dredging works. A .38 revolver and a long knife hung from his wide belt. His strong bronzed arms gleamed with perspiration. His eyes squinted in a cunning smile. "How's the gold business?" he asked.

Johnson shrugged. "Fairly large shipment this trip."

The pilot again glanced around. "Isn't Lanier here?"

Johnson smiled. "No. You don't seem to realize what a District Patrol Officer's work is like. He might be gone another week or two before he gets those hill tribes quieted."

Norvell grinned, stretched his arms, and yawned. "Lanier must like the work," he said lightly. "Well, let's get a move on."

"You go on," Johnson remarked casually. "I've some instructions for the boys in the *kampong*. Simmie will make you some food." As he watched Norvell walk away, he thought of the information he had collected on the young pilot.

Five years ago, Norvell had tried to organize his own airline across New Guinea and some of the islands, but the venture had failed. Then, like many an opportunist, he had attempted to recoup his financial loss by gambling, but the cards again had failed to play into his hands. He then floundered in various undertakings, including a burst of gold mining in the upper mountains, a questionable trading enterprise in Northern Australia, and now the flying job with Coastal Shippers.

In Daru and Moresby, the pilot had asked too many questions about how the Koloko Gold Dredging Company handled its delivery: Who made out the weight slips. Who else had a record of them . . . It took a long time getting the information, and then simple addition must certainly have given Norvell his angle.

Johnson sighed and stepped up to the plane. This trip he'd take along his revolver, he told himself, and he'd watch the pilot all the time. A water canteen hung over the seat backrest, and Johnson thought of the dangers of drinking jungle water—a full water canteen like this one could easily be the one life link when trekking on foot to the coast.

A slight smile crossed Johnson's face. His brow creased. Then he slowly walked to the thatch-roofed house to make out the gold weight slips and store the leather pouches into the plane.

An hour later, Norvell returned and Johnson noticed the man's tense restlessness, his hurry, his shifting eyes. The pilot continually adjusted the revolver over his right hip.

"All ready whenever you are," Johnson said quietly.

The pilot started up the engine. The short ground run was rough, and Johnson instinctively braced himself as he sat in the right-hand seat. The plane cleared the jungle trees, and the pilot set his course and trimmed the stabilizer. "First time I saw you wearing a gun," he remarked.

Johnson pursed his lips. "Too much gold."

They were silent as the plane droned southward over the deep gorges, the twisting rapid creeks and rivers, the wastes of swampland, and then the lush, green, flat terrain of the central jungle. When they crossed the big curve in the Laloni River, Norvell reached for the spark lever, tapped it, and the engine began to fire erratically.

Easing the stick forward, Norvell pulled back the throttle to idle the coughing motor. His voice was tense when he said, "Got to land and see what's the trouble."

He took the plane down and landed on a narrow strip of hard river mud, and even before they stopped rolling he cut the switch. The surrounding silence of jungle and swamp settled on them like a weighted net of lurking dangers.

"It's always the damned oil line," the pilot said in pretended annoyance.

Johnson knew he'd be expected to get out of the plane. He eyed the water canteen, and slowly reached for it. Then, before he had time to either grab the gun in his own holster or throw open the door, he saw the butt of Norvell's revolver smashing for his head. There wasn't enough room to ward off the blow. Johnson hunched his shoulders and raised one arm. Everything before his eyes whirled in an explosion of yellow and green flashes.

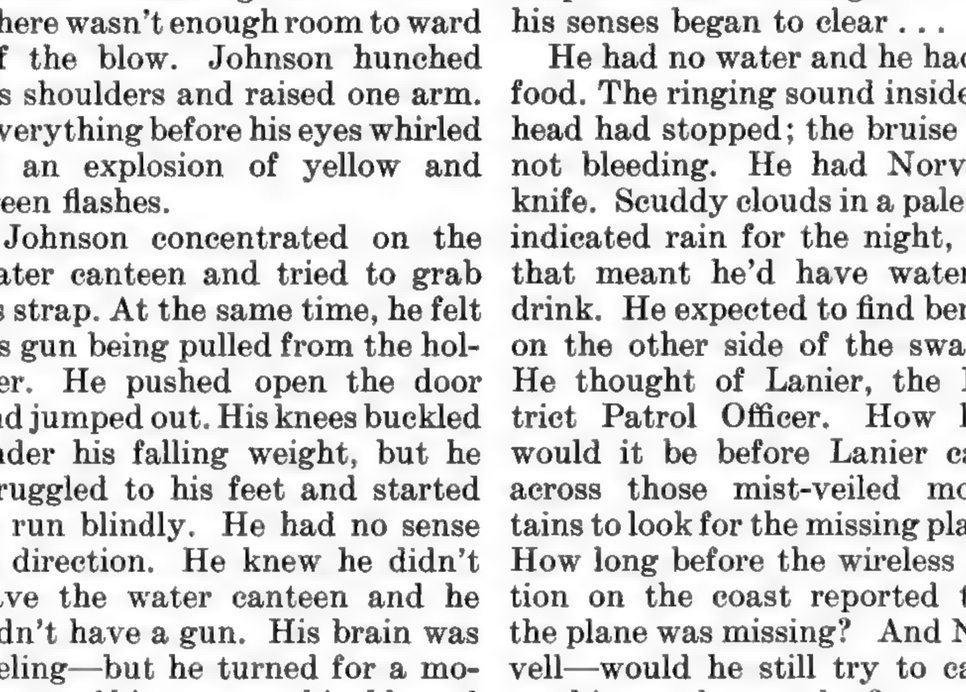
Johnson concentrated on the water canteen and tried to grab its strap. At the same time, he felt his gun being pulled from the holster. He pushed open the door and jumped out. His knees buckled under his falling weight, but he struggled to his feet and started to run blindly. He had no sense of direction. He knew he didn't have the water canteen and he didn't have a gun. His brain was reeling—but he turned for a moment and his eyes gave him blurred views of the plane and Norvell.

This time Johnson tried to concentrate on the pilot's hands. Norvell had holstered the revolver, but in his right hand gleamed the long blade. Johnson saw the white knuckles, the hairy chest, the snarling mouth, and the wild eyes. Norvell was going to kill him without the use of a gun . . . native way . . . knife or club . . . make it look like the work of savages . . .

Johnson told himself that he must run if he wanted to keep alive. In any direction. But he *must* run. He kept away from the treacherous bank where he knew crocodiles waited for a victim. He ran blindly toward the maze of green foliage. The pilot was following him, that much he knew—very close, cursing and running, trying to catch up to him and sink that long blade into his back.

Johnson crashed through the bush and clawed desperately, to ward off stinging branches and creepers. He tripped and fell, got up and ran on. The last he knew of Norvell was when the pilot threw the knife at him. The blade twirled through the air, flicking off leaves and small branches. It hit the ground and cart-wheeled, and then Johnson grabbed the sweaty handle and held onto it as he fought to get deeper into the jungle. By the time he reached the soggy swamp and sank ankle deep between the mangrove roots, his senses began to clear . . .

He had no water and he had no food. The ringing sound inside his head had stopped; the bruise was not bleeding. He had Norvell's knife. Scuddy clouds in a pale sky indicated rain for the night, and that meant he'd have water to drink. He expected to find berries on the other side of the swamp. He thought of Lanier, the District Patrol Officer. How long would it be before Lanier came across those mist-veiled mountains to look for the missing plane? How long before the wireless station on the coast reported that the plane was missing? And Norvell—would he still try to carry out his murderous plan?



Johnson waded through the swamp to a small grass clearing, where he cut a thick branch and made a forked end to use against snakes. He rested for a while, patiently scraping leeches off his boots. The late afternoon heat pressed down on him, and the mosquitoes were already out. He didn't expect danger from natives, since most river villages had a *tul-tul* who'd been trained by a government man. There was only Norvell and his guns—and the jungle life.

He listened to the cry of hornbills on the other side of the clearing and watched the frenzied crawl of a slimy black spider as it fell over the crisp, dry grass.

He walked around the swamp, looking for a dry land cut-through to the river. The dryness of his throat irritated him. After a two-mile search he gave up and again waded across the mangrove roots, avoiding the big spiders, holding his breath against the stench and gloom of the place. Then he went in the direction of the river and the plane. When he reached the grey silt deposits of the riverbanks, he crouched and listened for the sounds that would tell him where Norvell was. But only the distant croaking of some animal reached him. He knew he'd not hear natives or a crocodile, but he'd hear the pilot breaking clumsily through the bush.

Picking up a rotted root, he tossed it toward two mudlike mounds resting on the bank, and two seven-foot crocodiles silently scurried into the river.

Johnson worked fast as he scooped up handfuls of soft mud and smeared it over his bared chest, arms, neck and face. He had done the same thing years ago when on patrol with Lanier—it was an efficient native mosquito-bite preventive.

He was thinking of the water canteen inside the plane. If he got to the plane unseen, and then waited for Norvell to leave in search of him in the jungle, he might succeed in getting the water. In the pale dusk he could see his way to the narrow stretch of level bank upriver. He made his way up, cautiously, then crouched and waited. He could see no movement around the plane, nor inside the cabin. Was the pilot concealed in the ship, waiting for him to come nearer?

Keeping low, Johnson began a slow approach. He held the knife in his right hand, his eyes on the cabin door and window, his left hand feeling his way over the warm ground. Occasionally he paused to measure the distance to the river, his only road of escape if this proved a trap.

He was halfway up the bank when he heard Norvell call out to him. "Hey, Johnson! Stand up!"

Norvell wasn't in the plane, but was in back of him. Anger swept over Johnson as he realized the pilot had him in a trap. Norvell

Continued on page 104

Jungle Gold

Continued from page 103

had waited back there in the foliage for him to do just what he was doing—show himself in the open. A perfect target.

"Drop the knife!" came Norvell's order.

Without looking around, Johnson tried to visualize the pilot's position. The man was standing silhouetted in the fading dusk, revolver in hand leveled and cocked. If he obeyed Norvell's command and stood up, he'd be shot dead. If he tried to run to the jungle, his move might become blurred against the black shadows and Norvell might miss his shot in the poor light.

"I can see you!" the pilot shouted. "I'm right behind you! Drop the—"

Johnson rushed toward the plane. He heard one shot and the whine of the slug at his right side. Another shot, and the bullet whipped close by his head. He reached the nose of the plane. Norvell didn't dare fire again lest he damage the engine.

Johnson swung open the cabin door and reached inside for the water canteen. His jaw muscles tightened, for Norvell had been clever enough not to leave the canteen behind in the cabin.

Johnson ran around the plane, then across the open ground into the safety of the jungle. Norvell didn't follow him . . .

Torrents of tepid rain fell throughout the night, flooding the jungle and swamp, swelling the river, dulling the half-awake senses with an incessant roar. Johnson used his felt hat to catch water, and quenched his burning thirst. All the mud washed off his face and body. When the rain eased, with the first flush of morning, he went to the river downstream and packed more mud on himself.

He was living now as any native would live, and biding his time to catch the pilot off guard.

But Norvell was not fool enough to ever leave either the water canteen or his guns in the plane. The pilot also knew the field manager was not capable of flying the ship. His job, therefore, was simple. Sooner or later, he'd track down his man and kill him.

With the patience of a man who'd spent too many years in the New Guinea interior, Johnson trailed the pilot, keeping him constantly in view. It was tiring work, wearing on the nerves, but he had to know what Norvell was doing all the time.

On the morning of the third day, Johnson saw Norvell pacing the clearing, and a while later the pilot carefully inspected the wheels of the plane. Tire pressure was low evidently, and the ground had become dangerously soft with the rains. Norvell was thinking of the need to get the plane off—soon. That day? Norvell's search for him would now intensify.

Johnson retreated into the jungle to think out his problem. He toyed with the forked stick and thought of snakes, and then he spent the rest of the day cutting thin long sticks which he soaked in the swamp and bent into a basket frame. He wove leaves through these, then made a lid, on top of which he packed mud to serve as a weight. But all the while he had to keep out of Norvell's sight.

He caught two nonpoisonous water snakes and laid them inside the basket. While there was still light, he made his way to the river, then worked slowly upstream to the plane. Even from a fifty-yard distance he heard the familiar slapping sound that told him that Norvell was swatting at the unendurable mosquitoes. A thin smile crossed Johnson's haggard face. The longer it took the pilot to resort to native primitive ways, the better.

As he reached the plane's rudder, Johnson paused to listen to Norvell's loud cursing and the vigorous slaps. Then, working slowly, he used the knife to cut a long slit in the plane's fabric; through this opening he forced the snakes into the ship's interior. But as he turned to leave, the basket lid dropped to the ground. The thud brought Norvell through the door on the other side.

Johnson rushed for the safety of the foliage. The revolver blazed behind him. He threw himself headlong just as a second bullet ripped through the fleshy part of his left thigh. He collapsed, and lay still.

Norvell came cautiously forward.

Johnson crawled several yards into the undergrowth, then lay rock still for what seemed an eternity. He knew his slightest move might be seen by the pilot.

Norvell stood silent, peering intently for his target. Johnson realized then that Norvell was afraid to leave the plane at night—it afforded some protection against the jungle life.

The rain poured, and Johnson crawled through the mud and tangle of creepers to one of the hollows. By then, the night blackness fell heavy and menacing. He sat for a while, resting, then stripped off his shirt and tore it into palm-wide lengths for bandages. The bleeding stopped, but he felt a dizziness in his head and a weakness in his body. He had a futile hope—that Norvell's shots might act as signals for Lanier, the District Patrol Officer. If Lanier had started a search . . .

In the morning his leg felt numb, with a sharp pain at the wound. He limped to the edge of the jungle, and from a well-hidden cover watched the plane. He saw Norvell checking the tires. The pilot started to climb into the cabin, and then in the next instant jumped back in a startled way. He swung the canteen by its strap at the three-foot harmless water snakes. His moves were wild, frenzied. It was a certainty now that the pilot would dread staying in the ship at night. His nerves were nearing a breaking point.

Johnson made his way downriver and smeared more mud on his exposed face and body.

In the early afternoon, the pilot started up the motor. Johnson wasn't at all surprised. Norvell had had enough of the jungle and this play for gold and murder. But would Norvell dare leave without him? How could he explain matters if, by chance, Lanier found his victim alive?

He watched the plane taxi over the rough ground, the wings rocking as the soft tires sank to the rims into deep ruts. At the far end, facing into the light river breeze, Norvell brought the ship around and cut the switch. He wasn't leaving after all. He jumped off the cabin step and came halfway toward the jungle. He cupped his hands before his mouth, and called out: "Johnson! Come on out, Johnson! I'm not armed! Let's talk this over and get out of here!"

Johnson didn't move from his cover. He saw the pilot's empty holster, and he wondered how much of it was truth and how much a trap. He didn't think Norvell would give up this easy.

"Johnson! Come out! I've had enough of this damned place! Johnson—"

Pushing aside the foliage, Johnson stepped out into the open. He kept his eyes constantly on Norvell's hands.

For a moment Norvell just stood there looking at him, and Johnson smiled as he realized that his mud-caked face appeared weird to the pilot. Then Norvell moved. His right hand whipped to the back. The revolver gleamed, but even as the first of three shots crashed in the stillness, Johnson was back under cover. He shook his head; the noticeable thing about Norvell's aim was its ridiculous inaccuracy.

From another opening in the jungle wall, Johnson watched the pilot beating a small branch over the ground. He might have been fighting off a horde of bulldog ants, Johnson thought. Or a deadly mulga or adder snake. Or—or only the terrible imagination of a weakening mind . . .

The rain that night swelled the river to overflow.

In the morning Johnson sought an edible berry bush. His head was heavy, swimming dizzily most of the time. He knew the signs of jungle fever. He'd not be able to hold out much longer.

He didn't see Norvell leave the plane that day. He waited patiently for sight of the pilot. There was only an occasional small movement inside the cabin.

When the first shouts of native Simali carriers echoed over the river, Johnson's heart began a loud pounding. His temples throbbed excitedly. Lanier had been searching the trails all this time! The revolver shots had attracted him down-river!

Shouting native words, Johnson hurried along the jungle edge to the riverbank. He told Lanier to keep his men under cover and told briefly what had happened.

Lanier scowled. "You think that fool will shoot at us?" He was angry over the story Johnson told him, and he was not going to wait for darkness to take Norvell. He ordered the sergeant and two men to follow him, then started across the open ground.

From the plane's cabin a volley of gunfire stopped him, forced him back. "The fool!" he said.

Johnson sat down and unwound the dirty rags from his leg. "He thinks you and your men are a savage tribe of headhunters. Have you some clean bandages for this?"

Lanier helped him dress the wound. Occasionally he sent his boys into the open to draw Norvell's gunfire. He waited until he thought the last shot had been fired by the pilot and then gave the order to his men to close in.

Johnson hobbled out and was the first to reach the cabin. Despite his dizzy and blurred vision, he thought it odd to see the quick movements of Norvell's hands. They were spasmodic movements, and the pilot's eyes stared ahead—the glazed look of a madman. Johnson pulled open the door. "Norvell," he said quietly.

The pilot looked at him; then, prompted by strong habit-reflex, reached for the ignition switch.

Johnson took his arm and pulled him toward the door. "Come on, Norvell. We'll camp here for the night. Here. Let me have those revolvers."

Lanier came up. "What the devil's he think I—" he started to ask angrily.

"He'll be no trouble now," Johnson interrupted.

Lanier stepped aside, thoughtfully eying the field manager. Nothing escaped his trained eyes. He shook his head as he inspected the leather pouches that were supposed to contain gold, but held only the gravel dumped by the dredge stacker. He ordered camp made alongside the ship. As he watched Johnson giving Norvell a drink of water from a constabulary canteen, Lanier said, "You didn't carry gold this trip?"

"No," Johnson said dryly.

"You suspected this would happen?"

Johnson was silent.

"Don't have to tell me. Too bad, though, that Norvell lost his mind." Lanier sighed. "Somehow I feel sorry for him."

"He's a pitiful sight, isn't he?" Johnson asked evenly, without looking up.

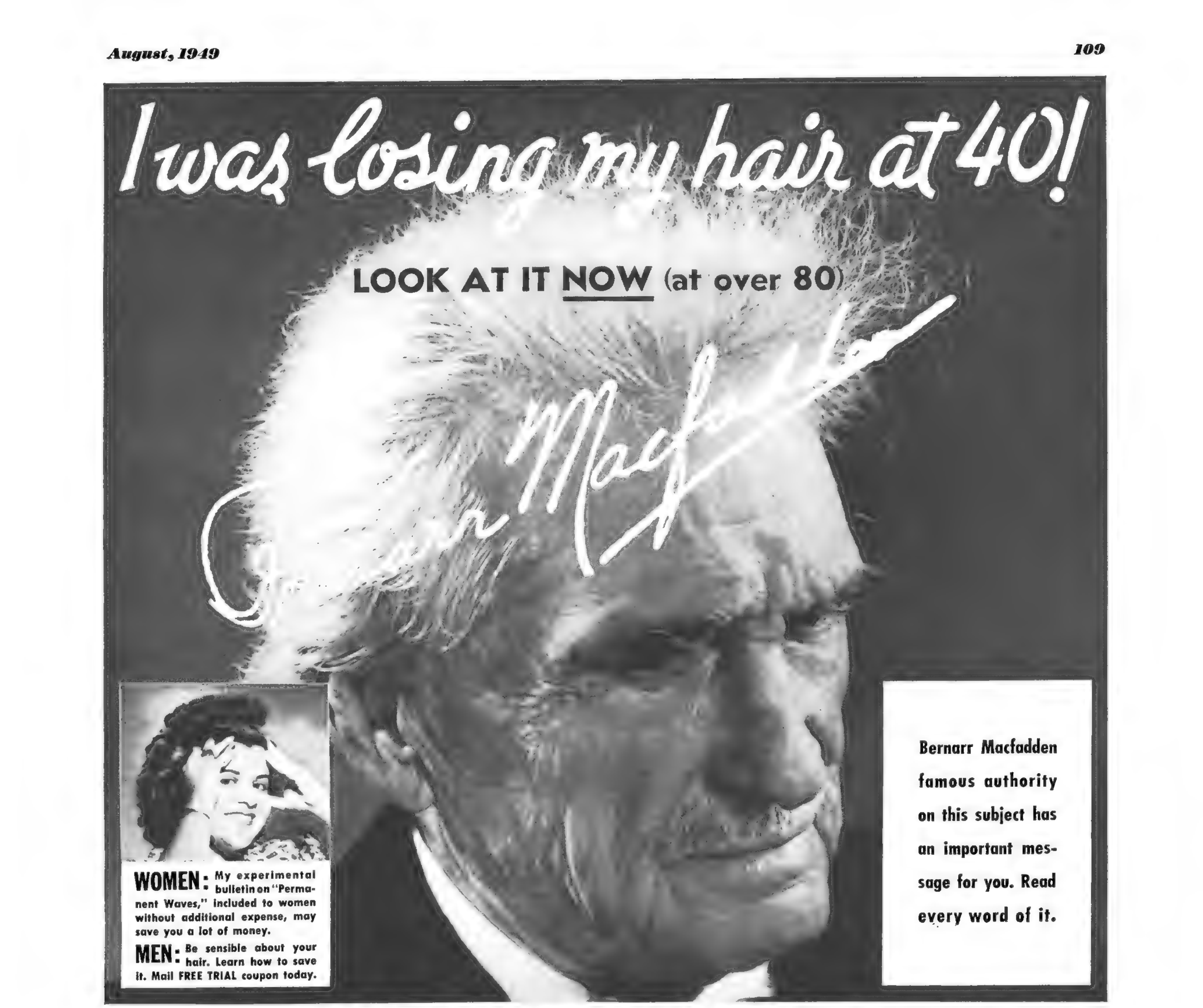
The other scowled. "Johnson, you're either a good man—or a very cruel one."

Johnson gave Norvell another drink of water. ⊞

Continued from page 25

I was losing my hair at 40!

LOOK AT IT NOW (at over 80)



WOMEN: My experimental bulletin on "Permanent Waves," included to women without additional expense, may save you a lot of money.

MEN: Be sensible about your hair. Learn how to save it. Mail FREE TRIAL coupon today.

Bernarr Macfadden famous authority on this subject has an important message for you. Read every word of it.

I don't say I can grow a full head of hair on anybody's scalp but my own. I don't say that I can positively for sure save the hair you have left. But I do say this —

I found myself rapidly growing bald when I was about forty. Baldness — even thinning hair — is a most unfortunate state for anyone. But for me — a physical culturist — it would be an unspeakable calamity.

• • • • •

So I began intensive, specialized study of hair . . . and hair culture . . . for myself (and later for others). I worked out a formula and treatment for stimulating and strengthening the hair roots without drugs. This I am certain saved my hair. And I believe it grew back the hair I had lost.

FREE TRIAL

And I have on file many letters from men and women who have volunteered to say, in their own words, that *I have done as much for them.* I delight in such letters.

Now, at past eighty, my mop is so thick that people turn around and look at me. (Maybe they think I play the violin!) I like hair . . . and I love to help folks have thick luxuriant growths of it.

• • • • •

I have no tonics, salves, nostrums, or apparatus to sell or recommend. All I have is experience and knowledge. And I have put this experience and knowledge into a little book that tells all that I consider necessary to insure a healthy scalp and remove dandruff and unpleasant itching, thus saving what hair is left, and grow new hair if such a thing is possible. Each book contains a personalized questionnaire. For ladies I enclose a special bulletin on how to experiment with my idea for securing a permanent wave without expense.

• • • • •

I say that for anybody who thinks he is in danger of becoming bald or even partially denuded, this book is certainly worth many times the price of a couple of haircuts at New York rates, which is all I'm asking. I absolutely guarantee it and offer this FREE TRIAL!

What can you lose?

Mail this coupon, and get my book called "Hair Culture," which tells how I saved my own hair and think you can save yours. Read it. Do what it tells you. If in 5 days you are not completely convinced and satisfied, return the book and your money will be refunded instantly. DO IT NOW — because, if you are losing your hair, you'd better not lose any time.

MORE than a quarter million of these books have been sold at the FORMER PRICE of $3.00 (now only $2)

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., Dept. E-1,
535 5th Ave., New York 17, N. Y. FREE TRIAL!

☐ Please send me "Hair Culture" with full instructions for promoting luxuriant, healthful growth of hair. Include personalized questionnaire form. On delivery I will deposit with postman $2, plus C.O.D. and postage charges. (Postpaid if $2 accompanies order). Fully returnable in 5 days if not completely satisfied. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

☐ Include "Adam Power," in plain envelope, $2. Same terms.

Taming the Handgun

Continued from page 60

on the upraise. With forty or fifty more rounds, the knack of keeping the holes within an eight-inch vertical band will not be too difficult; and for a starter that isn't bad—it's better, indeed, than most pistol men can do after a year's hard work.

The next step is to move the board back five yards and shoot at twenty instead of fifteen. Even though the distance is increased only five yards, you'll be surprised at how much harder it is.

Everything so far has been preliminary. Your next job is to work on managing your trigger squeeze so that it is more or less constant. For this, you need a horizontal streak as well as the vertical ones. Paint a black line two inches deep across your board at about three and a half feet above the ground. Then go through the same routine—empty gun, dry practice, loaded gun. Try to judge your squeeze so that the gun is fired at the exact instant the front sight touches the horizontal line. At first, your shots may be strung out like a line of kids crossing the street at a school zone; but time and patience and practice will develop the uniformity you have to have. Continue practicing on the horizontal line until all your shots nest within a four-inch area of the center section. That isn't bad shooting in any man's club—and you've barely started.

Your next step is to reduce the size of your board. Get a twelve-inch-wide board and divide it into three four-inch sections. Use that for a month, and then start shooting at a board nine inches wide, with a three-inch center streak.

Now you are ready to get farther away from the board—twenty-five yards at first, then thirty, and eventually an even hundred. When you can stand on your two feet and hit a four-inch object at a hundred yards, you're doing something that not one shooter in ten thousand can do—something that you yourself could never have accomplished without this lesson of the upswing and shooting board.

I realize, of course, that you won't always have the benign help and guidance of a white strip to make your aiming easy. In time you will have to get away from that white strip. You will graduate to the orthodox bull's-eye, or the rabbit crouched behind the bush, or the tin can on the hillside, or the stone in the meadow. Then you'll have no guiding line to help you. Nor will you need one—provided you remember that you should start below the object you want to hit, raise the sight in a vertical line, and squeeze the trigger when the sight touches the spot you want your bullet to reach.

The philosophy behind the use of the shooting board and the upraise I have left till the last; I didn't want to confuse you with philosophy when telling you of practice. But it is quite simple: if you can start the sight on a vertical plane and hold it on that plane, there is logically less chance for departure than if you just crack the barrel down and let fly. That vertical raise gives you the nearest thing you can have to control over the most temperamental firearm in the world.

In less time than it takes to read an ordinary textbook about the art of revolver shooting, you will become a good shot. It sounds too simple, I know. But it works. Just try the shooting board for a month—and then go back to your old method, if you can. ⊞

Ma Helps Nature Take Its Course

Continued from page 30

cent, so I say, "It's so cold out tonight, Rita, dear, why don't you just stay home?"

Does Rita respond in any which way at all? She merely says, "Oh, Vincent doesn't mind the cold, do you?" And she goes to the hall closet and puts her coat on. Vincent has no choice but to put his things on, and they go out.

I stand by the window and watch them walk down the street. They really make a nice couple even if Vincent does not seem to weigh enough for his height and he is sort of getting bald. The important thing is, Vincent holds a responsible position as the assistant manager of the South Main Street Supermarket, and he would make a real solid husband. But Rita at the age of twenty-two is too frivolous in her outlook on Life. I can't help but think of a lot of girls I used to chum with who had the same frivolous outlook Rita has. And where are these girls today? Old maids, every one of them.

Well, a television set plus a heart-to-heart, mother-to-daughter talk to Rita will set her on the right road. I go right down the hall and into our bedroom to discuss the matter with Mike. He snores peacefully on the bed. "Mike," I say, "wake up."

He opens his eyes and yawns. "What now?" he asks.

I am not one to mince words. "Mike, how would you like a television set in the house?"

"No," answers Mike. He also is not one to mince words.

"Just think, Mike, a hundred dollars down and ten dollars a month, and the whole world is in your parlor."

"I don't want the whole world in my parlor."

"Tomorrow morning," I say, "I am going to buy a set."

This brings Mike to a sudden sitting position. "Television, my eye. What brought this on? We need a new roof on the house and that comes first."

I shake my head sadly. "I dare say your daughter's happiness is more important than a measly roof." Then I explain about Vincent and Mrs. Birch and frequency modulation.

"As a fisherman," Mike says, "I know the value of good bait. But not to hook a jellyfish."

"Vincent Mapes is an upstanding young man," I answer. "What's more, I am not trying to hook him. I am merely protecting Rita against scheming Mrs. Birch."

Mike's eyebrows are drawn together and he frowns and puffs up his cheeks, looking somewhat like John L. Lewis.

"I do not intend to invest two hundred bucks or more to try to stick Rita with a shmoe like Vincent Mapes," he shouts. "So forget it."

I can't keep a sob out of my voice. "Sure, it's easy for you to say, 'Forget it.' What do you care about your only child? So long as you have your beer and your poker games, you don't worry. But I am a mother. I have all the burdens and the heartaches."

Mike covers his ears with his hands and flops back on the bed. "Okay, okay. Let the roof leak, stick Rita with a goof like Vincent. Go ahead, buy your set."

"I knew you'd understand, Mike," I tell him.

Bright and early the next morning I phone my sister Millie to find out where she bought her set.

"At Larry's Radio and Television Shop on North Main Street," she tells me. "It's a small shop and Larry Hackett is a one-man business, but he has good bargains."

An hour later I have picked out a lovely set for only $299.95 from Larry Hackett, a pleasing young man with a crew haircut and a well-bred manner. He takes my deposit and assures me that he will install the set today, right after he closes up at five o'clock.

It then occurs to me that while I am downtown I might as well do some shopping, so I take the bus to the South Street Supermarket where Vincent is the assistant manager. I push the wire food carrier around, filling it up with groceries, until I happen to see Vincent standing by the cash register. He looks real efficient in his white duck coat as he keeps his eyes jumping all over the store. I wheel the food carrier over and we say hello to each other.

"You'll never guess what, Vincent," I say. "We are getting our television set today."

"Well, isn't that nice," he says.

"Why don't you come over tonight?" I suggest. "I know Rita would love to have you."

"Why, thank you, Mrs. Lingle," he says. "I will be pleased to come."

I must admit that I leave the Supermarket feeling simply wonderful. The television set is getting off on the right foot, so to speak, and tonight is Mike's poker night out, so there will be no interference from him.

True to his word, Larry Hackett arrives shortly after five o'clock and installs the set in the parlor. When he is all through and he has tested it, he hands me his business card. It has his home as well as store phone number on it.

"If anything goes wrong with the set," he says, "just phone me and I'll be over anytime. That's part of your guarantee." He pats the top of the set like it is a puppy. "But I'm sure you'll have no trouble, Mrs. Lingle."

I thank him and he goes out. But hardly does he close the front door behind him when it is opened again. Rita is home from work. "Who was that leaving the house?" she asks.

"That," I say, "was Larry Hackett the man who sold me the television set. He just delivered it." I point to the set proudly.

"How nice, Ma," says Rita. But she is looking out the window.

I look, too. Larry gets into his little truck and drives off. Rita keeps watching until the truck disappears down the street.

"Do you know him from somewhere?" I ask.

"Why, no, Ma," Rita answers. "Only he sort of reminds me of Van Johnson."

"Oh, you and your movie stars," I say. "How do you like the television set? Isn't it grand? And you know what, Rita, dear? I happened to bump into Vincent Mapes while I was shopping at the Supermarket today, and I told him about the television set and I invited him over for tonight."

"You invited him?" Rita drums on top of the set with her fingers. "Now, Ma, once and for all, stop forcing Vincent Mapes on me. I am not a baby."

"Sure, Rita, dear, you're not a baby—and that's just it." I go to the sofa and sit down. Now is the time to have a heart-to-heart talk with her. After all, I tell her, she is grown up and old enough to appreciate a person like Vincent, but at the same time a girl of twenty-two does not usually know her own mind. "That's what mothers are for, Rita, dear," I go on. "To guide their daughters in just such a case as this. You are frittering away your youth and letting a really nice chap like Vincent slip through your fingers and into another girl's arms." I then explain to her about Susan Birch and her mother's frequency modulation console.

"So Mrs. Birch baits her trap with FM," says Rita, "and you go her one better with Video." Her eyes have angry sparks. "Why don't you relax, Ma, and let Nature take its course?"

"But, Rita, dear," I say, "I

Continued on page 112

The Famous Old Forester Mint Julep

A Favorite for 79 Years

● Throughout the years, drinks made with famous Old Forester Bonded Bourbon Whisky have been judged outstanding wherever they are served. But perhaps the most famous of these drinks is the Old Forester Mint Julep, a traditional favorite for 79 years.

Bottled in Bond
•
100 PROOF

BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY

Recipe for the Famous Old Forester Mint Julep

One teaspoon of sugar in just enough water to dissolve. Bruise three mint sprigs and place in 12 ounce julep cup with sugar mixture. Fill three fourths with crushed ice, and add 2 jiggers of Old Forester Bourbon Whisky. Stir gently, then add ice to fill cup. Trim the ends of the bunch of mint, and place stems down around the cup. Let stand until frosted.

AS IT SAYS ON THE LABEL

"There is nothing better in the market"

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

Ma Helps Nature Take Its Course

Continued from page 110

would be perfectly happy to let Nature take its course between you and Vincent, only Mrs. Birch is interfering with it. So I have to help Nature, don't I?"

I am about to say more, when Mike arrives. He looks in the parlor, says hello cheerfully, and then he notices the television set. His face falls. "So you really did it," he growls. "What is this—a television set or a cigar box? And how much for it?"

"Two-ninety-nine-ninety-five," I say.

"What?" barks Mike. "I've seen these sets in the store windows for two-fifty. Are you nuts?"

"Two-fifty is without a year's guarantee, Mike," I explain. "On our set, Larry Hackett, the young man who sold it to me, will show up at a moment's notice to fix anything that goes wrong."

Mike glares and then goes down the hall to clean up.

I return my attention back to Rita who seems to have lost the anger in her eyes as she looks at the television set for the first time. "It *is* nice, isn't it?" she says, jiggling the dial. "So you think this will make a good mantrap, Ma?"

"Call it what you will," I say, "but you must realize that what I am doing is for your best interest."

"We'll see," Rita says slowly.

That is all I want to hear. It would seem that I have made an impression on her. I take her hand in mine and pat it comfortingly. We go into the kitchen for supper.

All through the meal I don't say hardly a word. I feel like I do when I bake a soufflé which seems to be coming out perfect in the oven, but one false move and the whole thing will collapse.

But there is no need for my being on edge. Everything goes smoothly and the three of us even spend an enjoyable hour after supper watching the television screen bring us a Mickey Mouse cartoon, a news ticker, and a magician doing tricks. Then Mike leaves for his poker game, Rita goes to her room to dress, and I go to the kitchen to clean up.

Before I know it, Rita is dressed and she goes back to the parlor. This surprises me, since I can't remember the last time that Rita was ready and waiting in the parlor before her date arrived. However, I think no more about it and go on with my dishwashing.

Then, the front doorbell rings and Rita answers. I hear her and Vincent's voices in the hall, and a few minutes later I hear sounds coming from the television set.

But the sounds are not the same as when we were all listening a short while ago. There is a terrible crackling and crashing sound. I go quickly to the parlor. Vincent and Rita stand by the set. I look at the screen. It is full of spots and blotches and nothing more.

"Try another station," I tell Rita.

She twists the dial. Again crackling noises and blotches.

Vincent frowns. "And just when I was so anxious to hear the Philharmonic concert."

"You still can," I say hopefully. "Rita, why don't you tune in our regular radio?"

"But you know that works no better than this set," Rita says. She turns to Vincent. "I hate to deprive you of that concert. You can still make it if you hurry back to your house."

I try to catch Rita's eye. This is hardly the way I expect her to act after the chat we have just before supper. But Rita is looking at Vincent, waiting for his answer. Vincent makes sounds of clearing his throat. I cut in.

"That won't be necessary, Rita. We have a guarantee on the set, and I will phone Larry Hackett to come over here at once to repair it. It is probably a connection gone loose or something."

I go right to the phone and dial Larry's home number. I tell him what happens. "I'll be over in ten minutes," he says.

Back in the parlor I find Rita and Vincent sitting on opposite ends of the sofa and Rita is saying, "An all Brahms program by the Philharmonic—I would certainly hate to feel responsible for your missing that, Vincent."

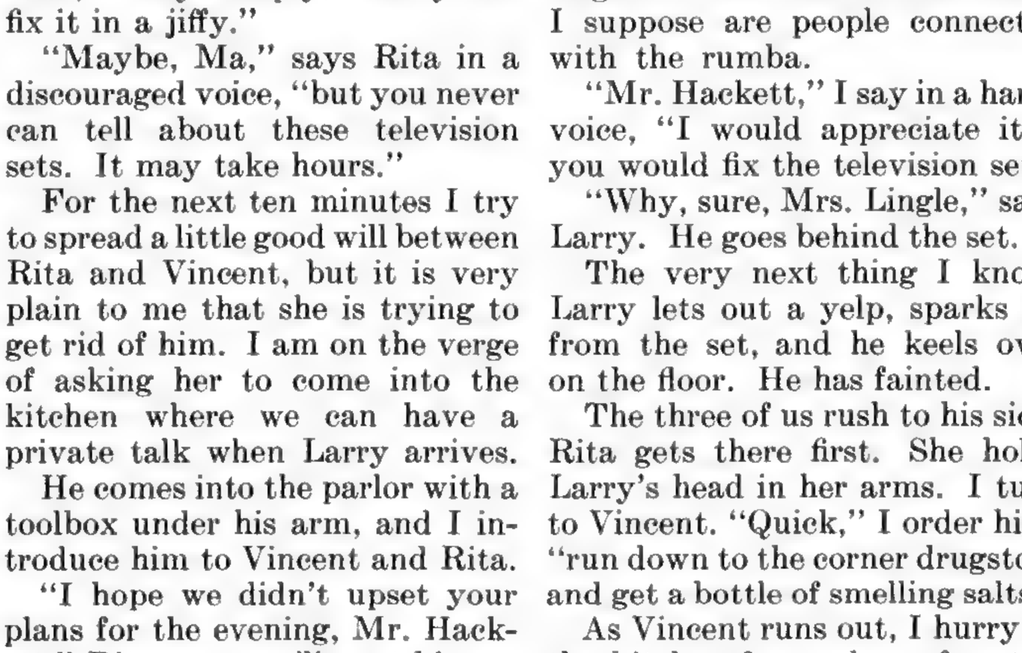
By now I am seeing spots in front of my eyes and it has nothing to do with the television set. "Vincent won't miss the program, Rita," I say sharply. "Larry will fix it in a jiffy."

"Maybe, Ma," says Rita in a discouraged voice, "but you never can tell about these television sets. It may take hours."

For the next ten minutes I try to spread a little good will between Rita and Vincent, but it is very plain to me that she is trying to get rid of him. I am on the verge of asking her to come into the kitchen where we can have a private talk when Larry arrives.

He comes into the parlor with a toolbox under his arm, and I introduce him to Vincent and Rita.

"I hope we didn't upset your plans for the evening, Mr. Hackett," Rita says, smiling at him.



"He's either a millionaire playboy or another contest winner"

Larry stops as he is about to go behind the set. "Not a bit," he says cheerfully. Again he heads for behind the set.

"You must feel like a doctor, being on call at all hours," says Rita.

Again Larry stops. "No," he grins, "only like a radio man on call at all hours."

This time he does not go behind the set. He leans on top of it, looking at Rita and waiting for her to go on with the conversation. She does not disappoint him. "I suppose your work leaves you hardly any time for yourself, Mr. Hackett."

"Oh, I have enough," says Larry.

"You do?" asks Rita.

"Mmm," says Larry.

Meanwhile, Vincent sits with arms folded across his chest. He keeps looking at his wrist watch.

"Rita," I point out firmly, "you are not letting Mr. Hackett get on with his work."

"Oh, I don't mind, Mrs. Lingle," says Larry.

Vincent asserts his rights. "But I do. Miss Lingle and I are anxious to hear the Philharmonic."

"Oh, I don't mind if we don't," says Rita. "I'm not fond of classical music. Are you, Mr. Hackett?"

"Personally," he answers, "I lean toward the rumba."

"How nice," Rita says, and sure enough they begin to discuss Xavier Cugat and Enrique Madriguera and other names which I suppose are people connected with the rumba.

"Mr. Hackett," I say in a harsh voice, "I would appreciate it if you would fix the television set."

"Why, sure, Mrs. Lingle," says Larry. He goes behind the set.

The very next thing I know, Larry lets out a yelp, sparks fly from the set, and he keels over on the floor. He has fainted.

The three of us rush to his side. Rita gets there first. She holds Larry's head in her arms. I turn to Vincent. "Quick," I order him, "run down to the corner drugstore and get a bottle of smelling salts."

As Vincent runs out, I hurry to the kitchen for a glass of water. By the time I return, Larry is sitting up on the floor, shaking his head and blinking his eyes, with Rita sitting beside him. It is certainly a short faint.

"That's the first time that ever happened to me," Larry says in an embarrassed way. "These television sets are alive even when they are turned off." He looks hard at me and then at Rita. "And they are especially alive," he goes on, "when somebody leaves a handful of hair curlers inside."

The shock Larry gets from the set cannot be greater than mine is now. I am speechless.

So is Rita, but in a different way. She is blushing and looking at Larry with a special melting kind of a look, and I am suddenly beginning to understand a lot of things, such as what she meant by calling the television set a mantrap, and she didn't mean Vincent, and how come she dressed so fast and was alone in the parlor while I was in the kitchen.

Larry is responding to Rita with a similar look of his own. My woman's intuition tells me that Rita will not have to do any explaining about the hair curlers.

Just then Vincent bursts into the room, panting for breath. He holds a small bottle in his hands. He sees Larry and Rita sitting on the floor. "Oh," he says.

I walk over to him. I take his arm and lead him back toward the front door. It would seem that Vincent is now in somewhat of a position to interfere with Nature taking a brand-new course. "I feel quite sure, Vincent," I say, "that Mr. Hackett will not be fixing the set for some time to come. As a matter of fact, he may not get to it for hours. I would hate to have you miss your concert, Vincent."

He looks from me to the bottle of smelling salts in his hand.

"You may get your money back for it, Vincent," I say kindly.

Vincent bows—a polite, formal little bow. "Good night, Mrs. Lingle," he says stiffly, and leaves.

I look into the parlor. Rita and Larry are still sitting on the floor, chatting and laughing. I am about to suggest that the sofa is more comfortable, but I realize from the way Rita has handled matters so far she needs no help whatsoever. I quietly return to the kitchen. Somehow or other, I find myself thinking of Rita's hope chest and the set of sterling silver I have been collecting for her. I can hardly wait for Mike to get home so I can tell him about this new wonderful turn of events.

My thoughts stop short. "Wonderful turn of events?" I ask myself out loud. "What's so wonderful about it? My little Rita, all grown up and able to take care of herself now. Before I know it, she will be getting married and leaving me alone."

My eyes fill with tears. A mother's lot in life simply has no rewards. ###

Continued from page 30

"POLKA AND DOT"—red and gray, green and rust, navy and light blue dots on white . . . in lustrous Sanforized cotton.

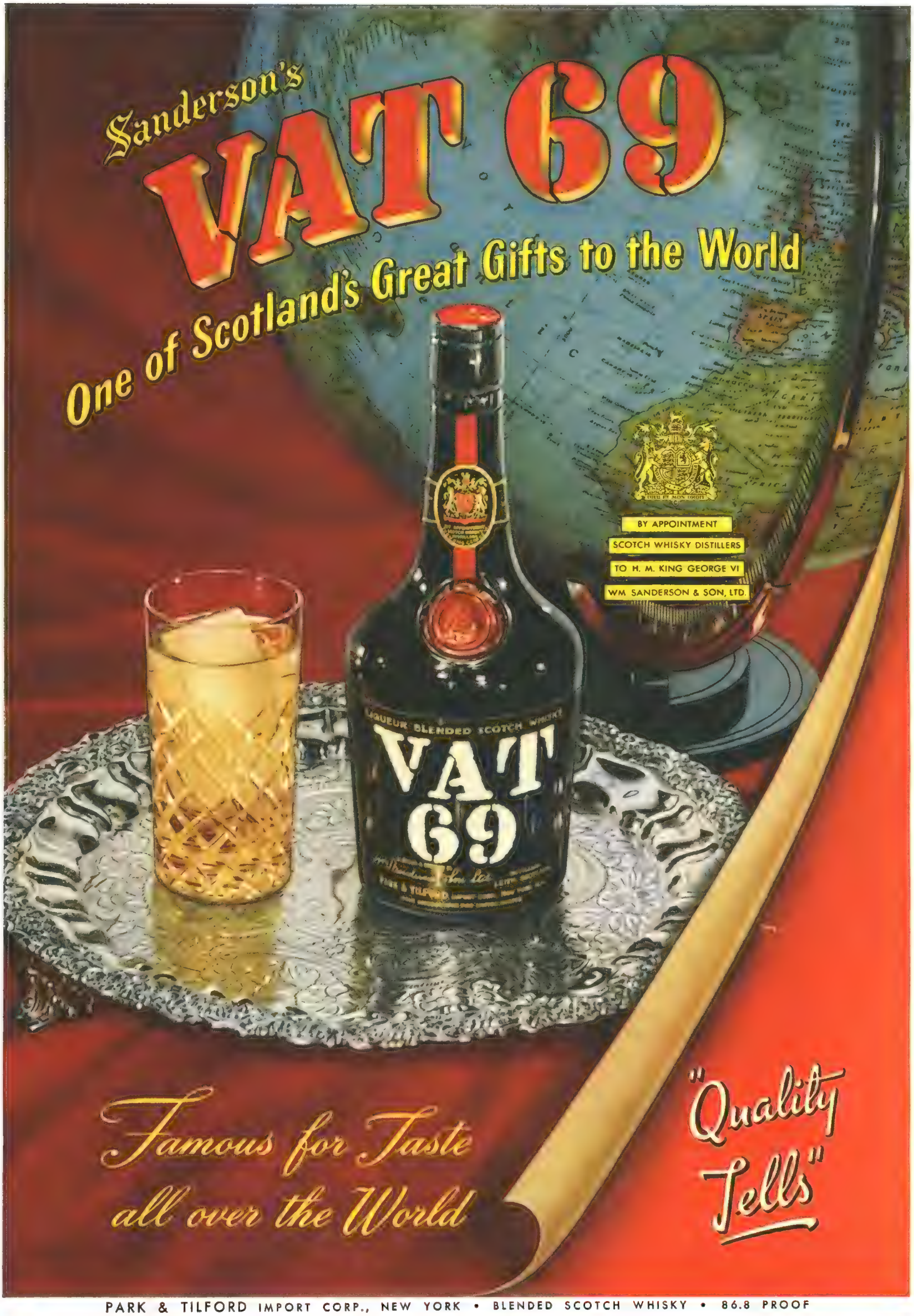
Textron's "Polka and Dot" hits the spot

If your aim is real sleeping comfort and top tailoring, get on the trail of Textron's new "Polka and Dot" pajama. There's no excuse for missing those anti-bind trousers and roomier armholes. All Textron pajamas are made with sturdy stitches, generous seams. Your choice of plain colors and other patterns in both Sanforized cottons and finest rayons. Textron pajamas and shorts, at popular prices, are available at leading stores throughout the country.

TEXTRON INC., Textron Building, 401 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

TEXTRON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BLOUSES • WOVEN LINGERIE • TRICOT LINGERIE • HOSTESS COATS • MENSWEAR



PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

Gifts of the Greeks

Continued from page 37

Casino, where they played baccarat for very high stakes. Of course, the franc had fallen, but it wasn't unusual to see a hundred thousand dollars or more in American values on the table at one time, and frequently more than that. You know baccarat. Anyone takes the bank who cares to put up the money, but at that time the bankers were mostly the 'Greek syndicate,' as they were called—a group of Greek adventurers who consistently outbid other competitors for the bank. I've never been much of a gambler myself, but I believe it is true that the banker in baccarat has quite an advantage. Anyway, these Greeks thought so, and they were said to be winning large sums. The syndicate head was a plump little man named Sophocles Parapoulis.

"He had a bullethead and close-cropped black hair; but his hands were long and slim, true gambler's hands with sensitive fingers, and his face was imperturbable. The first time I saw him he was dealing and the bank was very large, several millions of francs. Both sides of the table had asked for cards, and as it happened both of them received an eight. Parapoulis looked straight ahead of him, then stroked the tip of his nose with his right forefinger and said quietly: 'I don't draw.' He laid down a queen and a four. On the right, they had eight and four, making two. On the left, they had drawn to a five—most unwise, in my opinion—making three. So the bank won the double coup. Without a smile, Mr. Parapoulis rose to his feet, said, 'I pass the bank,' pushed aside his chair, and waddled toward the door. To my utter amazement, he was followed by this beautiful borzoi bitch. A dog in the sacred precincts of the Inner Club? It was unheard of."

"I should say so," I said. "Why, do you remember when one of the early Hollywood stars tried to take a Peke into the Inner Club at Nice? She made quite a fuss, but she couldn't get away with it. Unless you had told me . . ."

His Excellency smiled. "It was simpler than you'd think. Remember, this was 1921, and the Princess was a truly superlative creature. And that was the time when the Prince of Wales, who is now the Duke of Windsor, was the playboy of Europe's playboys. How Mr. Parapoulis got hold of the dog I don't know, but the Prince saw her once at Deauville, and, if I may use the phrase, fell in love with her at first sight. I was told that he offered the Greek five thousand pounds for the Princess, but Parapoulis refused it. He said that, on one condition, when he came to breed her, the Prince could have his choice of a pup, gratis. 'Of course,' said His Royal Highness, 'and the condition?' "

" 'Well, you see, Sir,' said the Greek, 'I made a bet with a friend. We were talking of birth and breeding and some of the lovely ladies who visit the Inner Club, and I said that my beautiful dog had the bluest blood in her veins and a hundred generations of nobility, but one of my friends replied: *That may be all very well, but I'll bet you a thousand dollars your beautiful blue-blooded dog can't get into the Inner Club.* And I suppose he's right—unless, Sir . . .'.

"There are many and divers opinions about the Duke of Windsor, but he is not slow on the uptake. 'Prince and Princess,' he laughed. 'Well, they can only say no, and I want that puppy.'

"Naturally, the Club didn't say no. When the heir to the throne of England deigned to visit the Deauville Casino and led on a golden chain a companion, although four-footed, lovelier than Aphrodite, the minions and flunkies bowed with no reproach. But it was a breach with all tradition, so something had to be done. Next morning, the Prince received a thin little golden plaque attached to a silver cord. On the plaque was engraved a permit, as follows: 'To admit to the Inner Club (life membership) Princess Alexandra of Russia,' with the signature in script of the Casino manager. So, from that time onwards, the Princess was a member in good standing of the Inner Club at Deauville."

His ex-Excellency absent-mindedly drained his julep to the bottom, refreshed it with fragrant bourbon, stirred the mint a little, and sat there looking at me.

"Was that the end?" I said. "Did the Prince get the puppy?"

The old man blinked at me as if he had been half-asleep. "I suppose he did," he replied. "But . . . of course . . . it wasn't the end. I have often wondered . . . she was such a beautiful creature . . ."

He buried his nose in the fragrant mint and drank deep, then went on.

"I do not care for gambling. Now, mountain climbing . . . when I was a young man, that was another thing. There you gamble with your life. But the idea of risking large sums on a single card, or the fall of the dice, which you cannot control, seems silly to me."

He nodded to himself and muttered, "Silly." Then he said, irrelevantly, "You know, that Princess dog, she was truly sheer perfection. I'd have given my right hand to have her for my own; and once, for a week, I thought . . .

"I'll tell you how it happened. Do you know Villerville and those other little resorts along the Normandy coast? They were as cheap and modest as Deauville was lush and expensive, but most of them had a small casino where they played baccarat with a 500-franc bank—say, twenty or thirty dollars—which might run up to the hundreds if the bank had a run of luck. At any rate, a few days after they ran the Deauville Grand Prix and the season was half-over, I visited some friends at one of these little towns, and we thought it might be fun to look in at the casino. There in an inner room they were playing baccarat. And what should I see at the door, not allowed inside the room, but that beautiful borzoi hound, the Princess Alexandra, lying there on a blanket, without her golden chain, without her silver cord, just tied by a leather leash, looking very forlorn! I went on into the room and there was her master, Parapoulis, holding a baccarat bank with a few hundred francs in front of him. How bedraggled he seemed, and where was the emerald ring that had flashed on his little finger? Even his clothes were seedy, and his face was sallow and wan. As I watched, the right table said, 'Nine,' and the cards were thrown down. The man at the left cried, 'Eight,' and downed his cards with a grin. Parapoulis faced two kings, and the croupier swept the money from the middle of the table to the winners and said, curtly, 'You want to go on, sir?' Slowly, Parapoulis drew a thin wallet from his pocket and put another 500 francs into the bank. I watched the game for half an hour, and it was a massacre. I suppose, at that limited stake, poor Sophocles Parapoulis lost fifteen thousand francs. I must say he took it well, never frowned or groaned, but he had a beaten look, and a thought came into my mind. My friends went on home, but I stayed until Parapoulis said, 'That's enough. I won't play any more,' and got up to leave. Then I stepped forward.

" 'Do you remember me?' I said. 'We met at Deauville. You know, I admired your dog, and you told me how the Prince of Wales took her into the Inner Club and helped you to win your bet.'

"He stared at me dully. 'Oh, yes,' he said. 'I remember,' then added, 'Here, you know, they won't let me bring in the Princess to lie at my feet when I play. She has to wait outside.' His hands were trembling as he lit his cigarette, and I wondered whether, perhaps . . . I know what gamblers are. I said, 'Listen, Mr. Parapoulis, how would you like some supper? What do you think about some grilled chicken and a bottle of champagne?'

" 'Oh, yes,' he said eagerly, 'I should like that very much.' And, by Jove, you know I was right? The man was really hungry—the way he wolfed that chicken! With the second bottle he began to talk, and it was pitiful, how at Monte Carlo he had made such a coup, how he'd begun at Corinth, at the casino there, with such a run of luck as no one had ever seen, then Monte Carlo and Nice, then Paris at the races, always these strokes of luck, wonderful runs of luck. Then his voice sank to a whisper. 'I counted too much on my luck. There came a time when I couldn't win, when I simply couldn't win. Well, you've seen tonight. Just look at this.' He pulled out his wallet again, and there were two thousand francs—less than fifty dollars in American money.

"I felt my heart leap within me, but I held my voice slow and careful as I said to him, 'Yes, Mr. Parapoulis, but I'm sure your luck will turn, if only you persevere.' 'With this,' he said, 'this . . . chicken-feed?'

"That, I thought, was my cue. I said to him directly, 'I am not a wealthy man, but perhaps I could help you out. Say, three or four thousand dollars?'

" 'But I have no security, unless . . . you surely don't mean—you don't mean to buy the Princess? I never would part with her, not for ten thousand dollars.' I answered, suavely enough, 'Of course I didn't mean that, but if, for ten thousand dollars, you would care to pledge the Princess for, let us say, a week, then she would be security.' I hated myself as I said it, but, as I told you before, she was a superlative hound, and for breeding, let alone shows, worth every cent. Unless you're fond of dogs, you don't know what I mean, but sometimes it happens like that.

"The Greek's eyes were beaten. He said, 'She has no gold chain any more, but I do have the silver cord and the little card of admission to the Inner Club at Deauville. All right then, M'sieur, it's yes. You give me ten thousand dollars and you take the Princess; and if, in a week from now, I can't repay the money . . .' He drained a glass of champagne to the dregs.

The Ambassador seemed embarrassed. "I don't know," he said. "If you've ever wanted something terribly, with all your heart, the way I wanted the Princess, and yet—well, I mean . . . You understand, there are certain things that one should and certain things that one shouldn't . . . I said to the Greek, 'No, really, I can't accept. I will lend you five thousand dollars, but this idea of pawning your dog doesn't seem right to me.' It was hard for me to say it because I knew once they begin to lose, they throw good money after bad, and I was sure he'd never be able to meet his bargain.

"To my surprise, he said, 'No, let us stick to what we said. You lend me ten thousand dollars, and I sign a paper pledging the Princess as security for your loan. If within one week I do not pay you back, the dog is yours for always.'

"The next morning I gave the Greek the money and that evening I went to the Inner Club at Deauville with the Princess beside me on the golden leash.

"You know, in my day, I have held many important posts and done a few things of which any man might be proud. But never in my life have I known so complete a satisfaction as when I walked into the Inner Club at Deauville with that queenly animal. Men, you know, are silly, and I suppose there isn't one of us who doesn't feel gratified when the headwaiter in a crowded and fashionable restaurant calls you

Continued on page 116

THE STORE FOR MEN

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

Chicago

Frosty comfort in the "Icy Cool" sports shirt, tailored by

Fisch of California, in lightweight porous rayon by famous

Folker Fabrics

Whether you spend the summer in town or on vacation, you'll want to wear the "Icy Cool." Smartly tailored with two breast pockets and square-cut bottom; the casual roll of the collar is perfectly adaptable to wear with a tie. Best of all, it's washable and presses up just like new again. In seven colorful shades to go with all your summer wardrobe; eggshell, champagne yellow, pink, gray, light blue, light green and white, sizes small, medium, large and extra-large. Shirts, First Floor.

If you can't come in, write or phone Personal Shopping Service—STate 1-1000

THE STORE FOR MEN—MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

Gifts of the Greeks

Continued from page 115

by your name, and leads you to the best table in the place. That is human nature. But my little triumph at Deauville was something more than that."

The old gentleman's face was pink, and he gulped, but he went on with his story: "You know, I heard someone say, 'Before, it was beauty and the beast, but now it is beauty and elegance.' I was young then, and . . . Oh, you cannot imagine my feelings, unless you really love dogs . . . and this was the perfect dog."

The bulldog grunted loudly, and the Ambassador's pale old hand caressed its slobbering jowl. Yes, he was telling the truth. I knew that; this man loved dogs.

I wish I could tell the story as he told it to me and make you see the picture. The peerless, purebred hound, and the tall, slim, handsome American, who lived those days, as he told me, in a world of unreality. Although he had never gambled, it seemed a matter of course that he should take a bank, not at the highest table, but a thousand dollars to open. Then, beginner's luck, and the advice of the croupier, which any baccarat player in a French casino has the right to ask. He never won enormously, but he won consistently, and for a week. He heard no word of Parapoulis, except a line in a letter from one of his friends at Villerville, who wrote, "Your Greek friend looks very sad and is losing every night." Then he was called back to Paris for a few days. He took the Princess with him. Hitherto, he had been a nice-looking young American, but now he was the man with the beautiful dog—so great is the power of beauty in a world that doubts itself. He had always had invitations, but now, in the offseason, there were ten times as many as before.

By this time, I gathered, he was sure that the Princess was his, but as a man of his word he went back to Deauville with a friend of college days, who had professed not to believe anyone could take a dog into the Inner Club. So you see these two men—the skeptic and our hero—dressed to the nines, white tie, tail coat, and the rest, with the Princess at Calquhoun's heel, and the surprise of the friend as the minions and flunkies bowed and passed them by. That was his moment of triumph.

There at the biggest table sat Sophocles Parapoulis, with his emerald ring on his hand, and before him a pile of bills, heaped up in lavish display. The croupier announced, "The bank is at 80,000 gold louis ($200,000 American). Gentlemen, make your stakes."

Mr. Calquhoun smiled at me, wryly. "Well," he said, "there's your answer. That's why I show bulldogs, like Joe here, instead of wolfhounds.

"Parapoulis must have seen me, because he passed the bank at once, and came over toward us, saying, 'Mr. Calquhoun, you are punctual. Perhaps you will join me for supper, only this time it is I who will buy the champagne.' We went into the dining room and then I knew that the Princess was lost to me. Hitherto she had walked obediently at my heel, but when we sat down, she rounded my chair, straining a bit at the leash, and laid her head on the knee of the Greek. He stroked her head gently, and then said, 'Here's your ten thousand dollars, and I thank you very much for the care you took of my dog.'

"The waiter came, and he ordered the kind of dinner you would expect—caviar and vodka and *canneton à la presse*, and Nuits St. George 1906, the best Burgundy there ever was, and *crêpes suzettes*, and Napoleon brandy to follow. I said to him, 'Mr. Parapoulis, are you my friend? Did you give me these days of happiness in the belief that I owned the Princess and that I was going to keep her, or were you just fooling me?'

"Once again he stroked his nose with the tip of his finger and replied slowly. 'I am your friend, but in a way I fooled you. You see, you don't understand, because you are not a gambler. We gamblers know certain things. We know that luck runs in waves, that on the crest of the wave you are winning and cannot lose. But then comes the trough of the wave, when you lose and cannot win. You play it this way and that, but you're losing and *cannot win*.

" 'That's where gamblers lose—the stupid ones, the majority. They double their stakes to recover what they lost, and fail to understand that all they do is throw good money after bad. That is quite absurd, and the reason why gamblers go broke. But some of us know better. Instead of fighting bad luck at the highest levels, we let it run itself out at a much lower level.

" 'I had hit a run of bad luck and played it for a while to make sure it was a run. Then I left Deauville quickly. I went to that little place where you saw me and continued to play—that, of course, is important—but at the lowest level. I had to do it right, to put myself in the spirit of a defeated gambler who is losing and losing and losing, losing his health and heart, ready even to lose this darling creature of mine, too good for a ruined gambler. I was, for that week at least, a broken and beaten gambler, losing night after night—but only trifling sums—looking discouraged, feeling discouraged, playing out to the hilt my losing run of luck. Then I began to win. One night just a little, then a little more; and then I was sure I was winning, and so I came back to the high-level game. You, sir, have lost a dog to which you were greatly attached, although you had some days of happy possession. But you learned a lesson that is worth a fortune.' "

Continued from page 37

Notre Dame, Class of Zero

Continued from page 32

George Gipp and Knute Rockne and shout intimate episodes of bench and locker room until their voices shrivel with hoarseness. Should the strangers in the barrooms indicate disinterest, a punch in the nose is a common reward. It is peculiar that none of them ever admit saying hello to the obscure members of the team. All insist they are close to the guys who made the long runs or pulled down the big pass. They focus their miscalculation on the big men of famous squads and a guy who doesn't get his name in the eight-column line across the sports section is never mentioned.

I will cover the North Carolina-Notre Dame game at the Yankee Stadium as a neutral. I intend to do my story and then go straight home and shut myself in my apartment. I couldn't stand them yelling at me and pawing me and insisting that I drink a toast to the memory of Rockne or sing with them. I don't want them staking my girl to embraces or crashing my party and I don't want to hear their distortion of facts. I want no part of them. I used to play on their side. I know how lousy I could be. But I suppose I ought to qualify this piece. Naturally, if I fall off the wagon it doesn't go. Should I start drinking again I'm a short price to be a member again.

I will also have to welsh on most of this if Army puts Notre Dame back on the schedule.

I wouldn't trust myself even though my opinion of West Pointers below the rank of general is a high one. It is easy to laugh it off when it isn't going to happen, but Army-Notre Dame has always been the big game for me and there will never be another one to replace it in my estimation. It was a senseless rivalry, unrelated by any tradition but a big gate.

You will understand what I mean if you are of Irish descent or did any time as an enlisted man.

Rocky

It was when Rocky Graziano was middleweight champion of the world, after they picked up his license. At the time he was not permitted to fight in New York because he neglected to report a gambler who had offered him a bribe to go into the water in an unimportant fight. The people who did his business had pleased the National Boxing Association by putting him in with Sonny Horne in Washington, D. C. They accepted a dollar as their end and donated the rest to charity. It was not only an act of philanthropy, but a smart move by fight managers. After the fight, which Graziano won, we sat up all night on the train and it was still dark when we went into the restaurant in the Penn Station in New York. On the stool next to Graziano was an old man, filthy and murmurous with the whisperings of lunacy. He paused in his unintelligible soliloquy, which was addressed to his oatmeal because the big place was empty, and regarded Graziano with a near-sighted hostility. The counterman recognized Graziano and was impressed. The old man muttered profanely, mysteriously offended because Graziano sat so close to him.

"This is Rocky Graziano," the counterman said. "The middleweight champion of the world."

"How you doing, Pop?" Graziano said.

"What does Rocky Graziano mean to me?" the old man asked angrily.

The old man soaked his corn muffin in the coffee and raised it, dripping and crumbling. He pushed it into his whiskers as though the mouth hidden by the hairs was sealed and he had to force an opening.

"Be my guest," Graziano said. "Eat up big."

"You can't bribe me with a meal," the old man said.

The beard looked like a nest for untidy birds.

"Am I going to have trouble with you, too?" Graziano asked.

"Prize fighters are nothing," the old man said and spat to accentuate his contempt.

"Who are you?" Graziano said. "The district attorney? Leave me alone. We're pals."

"What happens to prize fighters?" the old man said. "What happens to all of you?"

"You got me," Graziano said. "Why don't you eat something? Order anything you want."

"They're all lunatics," the old man said.

"Did you ever hear of Stanley Ketchel?" Graziano asked.

"He's dead," the old man said. "You're alive."

"You ever box?" Graziano asked.

"Me—box," the old man said. "I'm sane."

"How do you like that?" Graziano asked. "Now I'm a bug."

"You know what happens to prize fighters?" the old man said.

He stood up, a tall man, crouching a little so that his face was close to Graziano.

"They go crazy or they wind up in the gutter," the old man said, his voice rising with hysteria.

The old man looked at Graziano, his face twitching and his body shaking, and then he left, laughing and hysterical.

"What am I?" Graziano asked us, the people with him and the counterman. "Am I a jerk?"

He turned to me.

"I get that wherever I go," he said.

"What's that?" one of the handlers asked, but he knew what Graziano meant. We all did.

"About being punch drunk," Graziano said.

"Punch drunk," the guy said. "You ain't punch drunk. You're the champion of the world and

Continued on page 118

Don't be Vague...

say Haig & Haig

For 322 years, every mellow drop has reflected the prestige of the House of Haig—Scotland's oldest distillers.

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

ENTERTAINMENT

TRAINING

FILMS TO BOOST YOUR BUSINESS!

Films to Train Or Entertain...

Ideal HAS THEM ALL!

Ideal Pictures offers you the world's largest library of 16mm sound-motion films. Thousands of titles . . . the most and the best . . . films that can pay *you* dividends!

Films for your training courses . . . films to put sparkle in your secretary, safety in your shop, or sell in your salesforce . . . Ideal has them all for an ideal personnel program.

And for morale . . . for real employee enjoyment . . . here are Hollywood's greatest stars in Hollywood's greatest shows. Gary Cooper in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," Crosby in "Pennies From Heaven," Jean Arthur in "Arizona," Cary Grant in "The Howards Of Virginia," . . . westerns, comedies, musicals and mysteries . . . Ideal has them all for an ideal recreation program.

Yes, films can boost *your* business, and Ideal has the films. The rental rates are low . . . the service can't be beat. Just write your closest Ideal office for details . . . there's one near you!

IDEAL PICTURES CORPORATION

ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • DALLAS • DENVER • DES MOINES
DETROIT • INDIANAPOLIS • KANSAS CITY • LOS ANGELES • LOUISVILLE • MEMPHIS
MIAMI • MINNEAPOLIS • NEW ORLEANS • NEW YORK • OKLAHOMA CITY • PORTLAND
RALEIGH • RICHMOND • SALT LAKE CITY • TULSA • HONOLULU, T.H.

NOTE TO ADMEN:

If your own company has produced a film that tells your story, Ideal, with its thousands of customers among schools, churches, clubs and industry, can solve your distribution problems. To find out how your films can reach Ideal's audience of millions, just write to: Distribution Service, Ideal Pictures Corp., 28 East 8th Street, Chicago 5, Ill.

Notre Dame, Class of Zero

Continued from page 117

there's a bum ain't got coffee money."

"Ain't they got any manners?" Graziano said. "Asking a fighter a thing like that? You'd think that people up in the country would have some sense. I'm up in the country training and they're always asking me when a fighter starts getting punch drunk. I want to hit them a shot when they start something like that. What are they—crazy? Asking a fighter if he's getting punchy. Ain't they got no manners at all?"

"How could you be punch drunk?" one of his own people said.

Insanity always frightened Graziano, but ignorance delighted him. Once I ate dinner with him in a restaurant on the East Side of New York. We were joined by an amateur boxer, a handsome child-faced boy who had a soft-voiced humility.

"Spell school," Graziano said suddenly. The kid's handsomeness was marred by the terror of stupidity.

"Spell school," Graziano insisted.

"I can't," the kid said, smiling.

"Spell school," Graziano said.

The boy closed his eyes in painful reflection and didn't open them when he spoke with an unexpected stammer.

"S-k-u-l," the boy said, the letters spaced very far apart.

"Fifteen years old and he can't even spell school," Graziano said as though he had witnessed a remarkable achievement.

There was a guy standing at the bar.

"See him," Graziano said, pointing to the guy. "He can't even read or write."

"Aw," said the kid who couldn't spell, "I can't read or write good either."

"You're brilliant compared to him," Graziano said.

The statement upset the boy.

"I bet I read and write worse than him even," he bragged.

When people denounce Graziano for what he is and believe that his suspension was justified, I think of the conversation with the old man in the depot restaurant and the kid who couldn't spell school. I wonder what we would be, all of us, if we had been born where Graziano was. I wonder what made the old man crazy. I wonder what will happen to the kid.

Blow, Wind, Blow

There must have been an Eskimo among my ancestors because I am convinced I was bred for Alaska. I have been miserable all summer long and now I find I am irritable and sapped by the heat and depressed by what most people confuse with pleasure. Loneliness compels me to make occasional trips to the beaches, but I go under protest. The ladies of my acquaintance insist I squire them on these aching pilgrimages and they blackmail me with suggestions they will not answer their telephones if I don't go swimming with them on my day off.

My skin is thin, my complexion fair. I burn as though I have been dipped in grease; more than a half-hour raises blisters. I cower under an umbrella on the sands, protected from the sun by an immense robe, a towel across my feet, one around my neck and a big-beaked cap on my head. I am not a strong swimmer. I behave in the ocean as though it were a bathtub. The salt water makes my eyes burn. I am afraid the undertow will drag me out beyond the life lines. I am not obsessed with the delusion that tampers with the judgment of most men who believe that a pair of swimming trunks endows them with grace and beauty and the strength of youth. The first time I saw myself in a tailor's three-way mirror years ago I realized that this didn't go for me.

The sun must soften the brains of those who worship it. I never go to the shore that I am not annoyed by clumsy acrobats who spend their time on the sands doing bad impersonations of the stunts which assisted in the permanent destruction of vaudeville. Always there is a guy who spends the afternoon standing on his hands with his feet up in the air. There is also a horde of seashore architects who arrange themselves into pyramids and other designs by standing on one another's heads and shoulders.

Such frolicking blows up sand storms which temporarily blind me; it is a unique day when a guy doesn't fall off the top of a pyramid and topple my beach umbrella around my head.

Only true love would make me go with a girl to the beach and once I go I know our romance is finished no matter how strong the ties. I warn you that if you are fair-skinned as I am and allergic to the sun you should choose a girl of the same shade for a summertime affair. Do your romancing in night clubs and restaurants in the summertime and avoid any place where a guy can appear in trunks without being locked up for indecent exposure. Spotlights don't burn me and my tailor partially corrects the structural errors of my being. No man's way of life is accidental and a guy should figure what his best shot is.

I'm positive the sun's not my ally and if you're a pale blonde with paper skin, give me a ring sometime. I'm not Gable, but I do my best work when the sun sets.

Bible Salesman

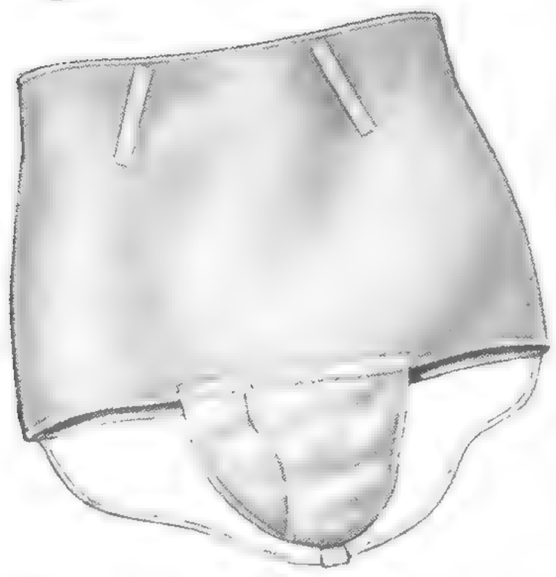
The office of *The Ring*, the trade journal of the fight racket, is in a gallery in the main entrance of Madison Square Garden. The publication has been called the Bible of Boxing. It is a title always given to publications which limit their news to a specific busi-

"I feel better, look better, enjoy more comfort"

says traveling man

Lew C. Oesterle, Los Angeles

"I can't say enough FOR 'Bracer*' SUPPORTER BELT!"



That's right, Mr. Oesterle! Men in all walks of life report that "BRACER" helps them look trimmer, feel better, helps relieve fatigue.

No other similar garment offers all the features of "BRACER": full 2-*way stretch* all-elastic seamless belt gently but firmly pulls your stomach in, helps you stand straighter, your clothes fit better. Special design of waistband assures snug fit, minimum roll; soft, roomy, no-gape fly-front pouch is *self-adjusting* to any position; exclusive *tubular* elastic leg bands—no crease, no curl, no roll.

Ask at your department, men's wear, drug or surgical store for the supporter belt *first in popularity*—"BRACER"... $3.50

"BRACER*" Royal... wider, cooler, more porous waistband with more support..... $5.00

FOR FREE BOOKLET, "Hints on Correct Dress," write Dept. X9-8, Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago 16, Ill.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago 16

FIRST IN ELASTIC SUPPORTS

Montreal. Resort rates are generally below comparable ones in the States. Write La Province de Quebec Tourist Bureau, Montreal.

For the Man with a Long Stride

SCOTLAND—Ben Nevis, at 4406 feet, is the highest peak in Britain. And don't forget the International Music and Drama Festival in Edinburgh August 21 to September 11. Write British Travel Association, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York, or Associated British and Irish Railways, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

FRANCE—The Alps, the Jura, and the Vosges in the east; the Auvergne Mountains in the central part; and the Pyrénées in the south. Write French National Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

SWITZERLAND—Here is a real paradise for lovers of the highlands, since the landscape is practically all mountain. Write Swiss National Tourist Office, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

ITALY—Italy is a land of mountains, as any Fifth Army veteran will testify. At present Italy is one of the best bets for the visiting American. Write Italian National Tourist Office, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

NORWAY—Midsummer is the time to visit northern Norway, where the sun shines day and night for 66 sparkling summer days. Norwegian hotels are excellent, average rates low: about $5 a day, including meals. Write Norwegian Travel Information Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

CHILE—It's winter south of the Equator. Spring skiing begins in mid-August in such ski centers as Portillo, Farellones, Lagunillas, Villarica, and Osorno. Write Pan American—Grace Airways, 135 East 42nd Street, New York City, or the Grace Line, 10 Hanover Square, New York City.

For the Carefree Cruiser

MEDITERRANEAN AND MIDDLE EAST:

American Export Lines—*Excalibur*, *Exochorda*, *Exeter* and *Excambion*, from New York; on return, stop at Boston. 44-day de luxe Yankee Cruises, minimum, $850.

ORIENT:

American President Lines—*President Cleveland* and *President Wilson* from San Francisco. 39-day cruise, two classes, rates $1415 to $3368.

ROUND THE WORLD:

American President Lines—*President Polk* and *President Monroe* from New York or San Francisco. 110-day cruise, single class, rates from $2716 to $3200.

SOUTH AMERICA:

Moore McCormack Lines—*Argentina*, *Brazil* and *Uruguay*, celebrated sister ships, from New York to various South American points. 38-day cruises, $1110 minimum, first class, including shore trips.

Delta Line—*Del Sud*, *Del Norte*, and *Del Mar*, luxurious postwar cruise ships, from New Orleans. 47-day cruise, $900 to $1701.

Westfal-Larsen Co.—Cargo ships with accommodations for 8 to 12 passengers, from San Francisco and Los Angeles. Round trip takes about 150 days, with layover at Buenos Aires at passengers' expense. One-way fare $440.

CARIBBEAN:

Alcoa Steamship Co.—*Alcoa Cavalier*, *Alcoa Clipper* and *Alcoa Corsair*, new luxury cruise ships, from New Orleans. 17-day cruises, one class, $545 minimum.

Alcoa Ranger, *Alcoa Roamer*, *Alcoa Runner*, with accommodations for 12 passengers, continuous round trip, New Orleans to Mobile, stopping at Haiti and ports of Venezuela and Dutch West Indies. 29-days round trip, $520.

Canadian National Steamship line—*Lady Rodney* and *Lady Nelson*, Boston to Bermuda and the West Indies. 34-day "round voyage," $513 minimum.

Grace Line—*Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula*, from New York. 12-day cruise, $435 to $870.

Santa Monica, *Santa Clara* and *Santa Sofia*, 52-passenger cargo ships, from New York. 18-day "casual cruises" (with schedules somewhat dependent on freight demands) $435 to $460.

Panama Line—*Ancon*, *Cristobal* and *Panama*, 14,000-ton sister ships, each accommodating about 215 passengers, New York to Cristobal. 14-day cruise, minimum $288, with four days in Panama at passengers' expense.

Porto Rico Line—*Borinquen*, from New York to Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic. 11-day continuous round trip, one-class $189 to $351.

Standard Fruit and Steamship Co.—*Contessa* and *Cefalu*, one-class cruise ships, accommodating 65 passengers, New Orleans to Havana and Honduras. 10-day cruises, $200 up.

United Fruit Co.—*Jamaica*, *Talamanca* and *Veragua*, each accommodating 99 passengers, from New York. 17-day cruise, minimum $415, 24-days (including Guatemala tour) $520 minimum.

Quirigua, *Chiriqui*, modern one-class ships accommodating 99 passengers, from New Orleans to Havana and Puerto Barrios, 11-day cruise, $230 minimum. *Antigua*, sister ship, sails from New Orleans to Canal Zone and Puerto Barrios, same rates.

Waterman Steamship Corp.—Freighters with accommodations for 12 passengers, New Orleans, Puerto Rico, Mobile. Trip takes about three weeks, including few days in Puerto Rico at passengers' expense. One-way fare $86.25.

BERMUDA:

Furness Bermuda Line—*Queen of Bermuda*, from New York every Saturday. Six-day cruise, including two-day stopover in Bermuda, $125 to $550. ‡

(If you wish further details or other information relating to travel, your inquiries will be welcome. Just send queries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17.)

finest... smartest most dependable!

Alligator Rainwear

Extremely Light Weight

TRAVELWEIGHT

$18.75

Finely woven water repellent fabric. Trench model $20.75. Other Alligator Rainwear $7.50 to $53.50.

Yes, more men ask for Alligator, because Alligator offers more quality, more style, more value, more protection in exclusive water repellent and waterproof models. See the many Alligator styles at your favorite store—coats you'll wear, come rain, wind or chill—coats you'll smartly and proudly wear in *any* weather! The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:

ALLIGATOR Rainwear

because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Orange Blossom
ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS
The name that symbolizes the finest in ring beauty and quality.
Write for illustrated "Tradition" Booklet.
TRAUB MFG. CO. • 1936 McGRAW • DETROIT 8

97 Proof

full-bodied . . . hearty . . . mellow—this superb dark rum unlike any other!

MYERS'S

"Planters' Punch" Brand

JAMAICA RUM

R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.
Sole Distributor in U.S.A.

Always the SMARTEST Show the DANCIEST Music the FINEST Food *In Town!*

MONTE PROSER'S
COPACABANA
10 EAST 60th ST. • NEW YORK
Plaza 8-0949
DINNER $2.50

THIS IS MY BELOVED

The Most "Talked Of" Album In Years . . . Available at last . . . the vibrating and exciting poems of love by Walter Benton. The vivid passion of this work is intensified by the impassioned narration of JOHN DALL. Original music by VERNON DUKE. Concert orchestra and chorus conducted by Lehman Engel.

AT-1 . . . 3-12" vinyl records. . $7.50*

Also available in
1-10" LP vinyl record. $3.85*

*Plus city sales tax in NYC. Add 25c for packing. Shipped parcel post prepaid within the continental limits of U.S.A. Write for FREE CATALOG of party records.

RABSONS 111 West 52nd Street Dept. 55, New York 19

THE BEDSIDE ESQUIRE

From Hemingway . . . to Thorne Smith, more than 700 pages of the 80 best stories from ESQUIRE to suit your every mood. Over half a million copies sold to date. Only $1.98. U.S. orders only.

Just send in this coupon:

ESQUIRE, Inc., ESQUIRE Bldg.
Chicago 1, Ill.

Here's my check or money order (no stamps)

for $

Please send me THE BEDSIDE ESQUIRE. Only $1.98 each.

Name

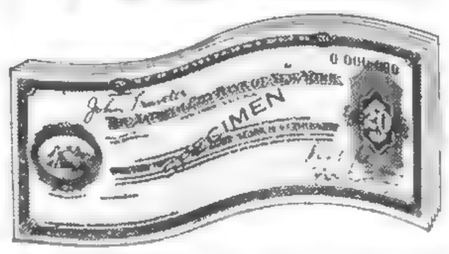
Address

City

Zone State.

Because they are safe . . . and spendable like cash everywhere. Prompt refund if lost or stolen. In denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100 . . . cost 75¢ per $100. Buy them at your bank.

NCB TRAVELERS CHECKS



BACKED BY THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK

First in World Wide Banking

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

GOING PLACES

Getting Away From It All

ROME: This Italy would seem like a different world to the Fifth Army soldier who knew it during the war. It would be much more familiar to the prewar tourist, back again for a visit after ten or more years. The Roman sunshine is sheer magic, but it would take an even more powerful spell to simulate the feeling of bustle and recovery and downright prosperity if the elements weren't really there.

THE TRUTH IS that Italy has staged an amazing economic comeback these last few years. Aided mightily by the Marshall Plan, the Italians have again demonstrated that superb resilience which is the despair of anyone who tries to count Italy down and out.

WHILE THE COUNTRY still has a long way to go to achieve a good standard of living for the masses of its people, the visiting tourists—particularly if he's a dollar-bearing American—lacks nothing in comfort, service and luxury at the better hotels and resorts. And the socially-conscious American can be happy in the thought that the dollars he brings into Italy are doing far more to feed the Italian people and speed their economic improvement than any other factor, with the exception of the Marshall Plan itself.

WITH THAT IN MIND, you can really revel in the plush luxury which Rome can offer to Americans with even a limited vacation budget. Prices generally are as low or lower than they would be at home for comparable meals and accommodations. The Excelsior hotels in Rome and Naples, for example, are grande hotels in the old prewar European traditions of opulence, service and cuisine, yet their prices in terms of dollars changed at the so-called "free" rate—at which everybody changes them—are far less than you'd pay for similar accommodations in the U. S. And we don't know of many American cities which have hotels with their standards of service.

A SINGLE ROOM with bath will run you about $5.50 a day, including heating—if necessary—various taxes and service charge. And, remember, that's in one of the lushest hotels in Rome. The prix fixe dinner at the Rome Excelsior ran about $1.50 while we were there—with wine and service extra.

JUST TO GIVE you an idea of restaurant prices in Rome, we had an excellent antipasto, pork chops with mushrooms in a beautiful butter sauce, a bottle of good Chianti, chocolate cake, a basket of fruit and coffee for just about $2—and that entitled us to listen to a tenor singing "Cielo Lindo," accompanied by a violin and accordion, and to ogle a brown-haired alto whose show costume consisted of a blue tailored suit and brown sport shoes. That was at Da Gennaro, a middleclass restaurant on the Via del Lavatore. One of the best small restaurants we found in Rome was the Pizzeria St. Ignazio, on the Piazza St. Ignazio.

SOONER OR LATER, though, despite the fine Italian cooking, you'll pine for a respite from the rich dishes and long for a chance to talk English again, if only for one lunch hour. When you do, hie you to the Shanghai Restaurant, at 29 Via Borgogna. It's a good old American chop suey joint and bar, started in January of this year by Nick Plati, formerly with the 12th Tactical Air Force, and Sam Mole, ex-Fifth Army, two GIs who married Italian girls and settled down in Rome after practically kidnapping a Chinese cook in Paris to act as their chef. The food and the conversation are fine.

IF YOU WANT to write anything from a letter to a novel in Rome, sit yourself down at the famous old Caffe Greco, on the Via Condotti, the most fashionable shopping street in town. Since its founding in 1760, it's been the meeting place of such literary and musical figures as Byron, Shelley, Goethe, Keats, Mark Twain, Gounod, Bizet, Wagner, D'Annunzio, Anatole France and Schopenhauer. Not at the same time, of course. The result of all this contact with genius has been to give to everybody connected with the place a decent respect for the privacy of man's meditation. So you can sit there all day with one cup of coffee, if you choose.

THE ITALIAN RAILROADS have shared in the general recovery of the country. As a matter of fact, most of the railroads of western Europe have regained—and even exceeded—their prewar standard of service. This is particularly true of the railroads of Great Britain and Ireland which did not suffer comparable war damage in the general physical destruction and which have added many excellent pieces of new post war equipment.

If you wish further details or other information relating to travel, your inquiries will be welcome. Just send queries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, 17, N. Y.

WITH ESQUIRE

Painting the Town

IF OUR OBSERVATIONS seem unduly rambling this month, it is because of the incongruous nature of the items crowding our agenda. We want, for example, to put in a word for a fine new book of recipes, but at the same time, we cannot forego mentioning, among other things, a small Chicago club which offers superb jazz; the rather baffling problem presented by young men who play piano in posh Manhattan bars; a New York shop which carries just about every gadget to bring the saloon into the home; and the six-by-four-foot television screen which is drawing customers to the cocktail lounge of a Manhattan hotel.

THE SMALL (seating capacity: 83) Chicago club is Jazz Ltd. at 11 East Grand Avenue. The significant thing here—aside, of course, from the lofty quality of the music dispensed by men like Muggsy Spanier and Joe Sullivan—is the firm hand with which the management deals with its clientele. Jazz Ltd., which has a minimum charge of $2, is open every night except Tuesday, has air-conditioning, bars unescorted females, and decrees that males wear coats. In view of this, it may surprise you that the place does a thriving business. The clientele includes such socialites as Mrs. Potter Palmer III, stage people like Bert Lahr and Kent Smith, jazz devotees such as Squirrel Ashcraft, international celebrities like Miguel Covarrubias, and any number of eligible bachelors. It's really an enchanting joint.

THE BOOK of recipes we want to mention is called, with disarming directness, "Favorite Recipes of Famous Men" (Ziff-Davis). This sort of thing usually bores us to tears, but in the present case the anthologist, Roy Ald, seems to have approached his task with complete seriousness. The result is remarkably down-to-earth and a real appetizer.

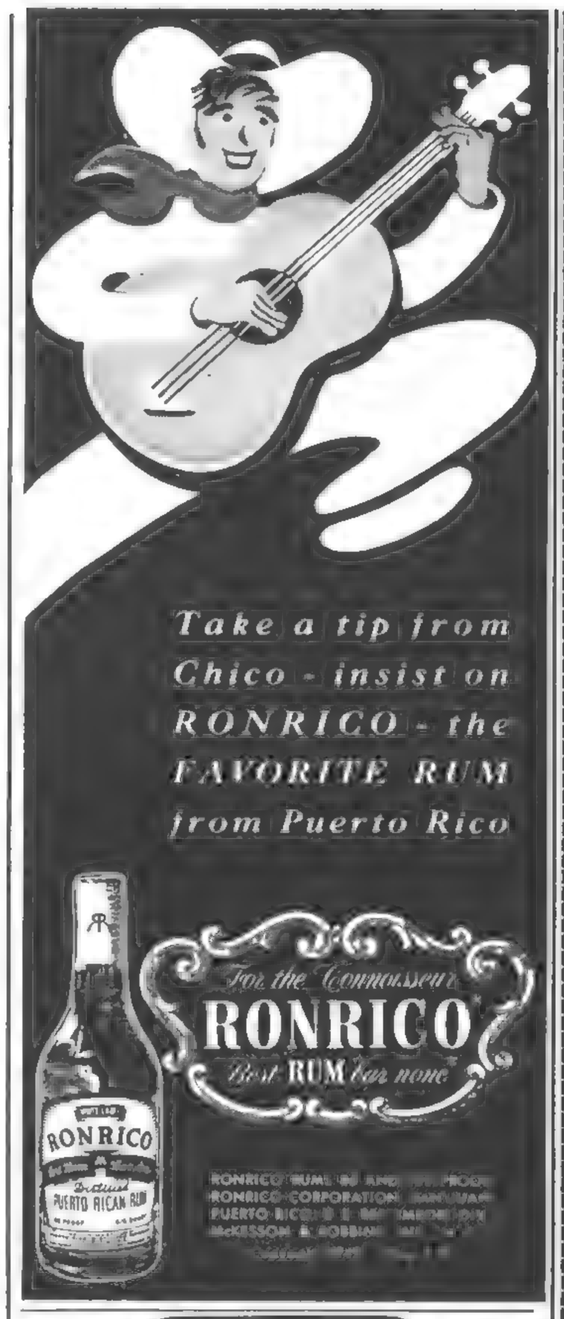
THE THIRD item on the agenda is the Bar Mart at 62 West 45th Street, which deals, as it says, in bars and accessories for the rumpus and whoopee room. It would be misleading to imply that the Bar Mart carries anything really vital to our existence, but it would be just as inaccurate to underestimate the purpose it serves so handsomely. There is, we think, a need for such frivolity—for the highball glasses adorned with nudes, for the slightly risqué coasters, and for all the other lively trifles. If they happen to be redolent of the fickle twenties, why, that is allright too. That, in fact, is swell.

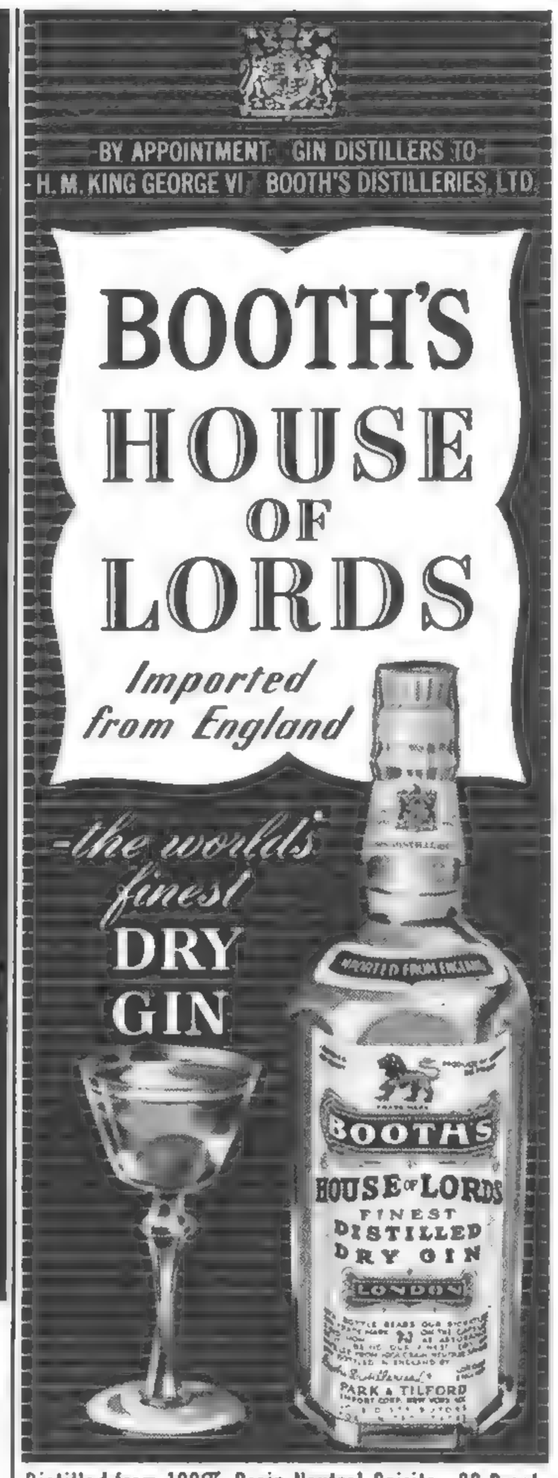
OUR NOTATION on television is to the effect that the Beverly Hotel, at Lexington Avenue and 50th Street, offers a room where one can drink while watching video in complete comfort—as if one were in a movie theatre, indeed. We've spent considerable time inspecting this six-by-four-foot screen and can report that it gives an astonishingly clear image and no eyestrain.

OUR FINAL ITEM, and far and away the most troubling of the four, has to do with young men who make their living playing piano in Manhattan oases. We must say right off the bat that we consider most of these young men to be without conspicuous talent. Which is why we mention one Hugh Shannon, who can be heard nightly in the upstairs room of L'Aiglon, a superb and inexpensive restaurant at 13 East 55th Street. To make everything aboveboard, Mr. Shannon is not the pianist that Johnny Guarnieri is. We mention this because these two boys alternate at the L'Aiglon keyboard. Guarnieri is a skilled technician who can provide musings after the manner of such masters as Fats Waller, Earl Hines, Count Basie, and Albert Ammons. He is, in short, far superior to Shannon. This, though, isn't the point. For Shannon's speciality is in the way he renders show tunes, as well as the show tunes he chooses to render.

SHANNON STRIKES us as one of the very few satisfying male vocalists around at the moment. Given any kind of buildup, he could, we think, become a very important personality. He sings effortlessly, huskily, distinctively, and with no display of discomfort at the occasional speciousness of the lyrics he declaims. On this score, we feel quite strongly that a shop like Liberty or Rabson's, which have their own record labels, is making a mistake in not getting his voice onto wax. But what makes Shannon even more of a rarity is that he has an extensive repertoire of lovely and not-often heard show tunes. Drop in any night and you might hear his whispering nostalgia like Rodgers and Hart's "Ship Without a Sail" or Gershwin's "Half of it Dearie Blues." We think you'll like this boy. If show tunes happen to be your dish, incidentally, you should investigate the Marshall Grant Trio, which holds forth nightly at a watering hole called The Little Club (70 East 55th).

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.





Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • 86 Proof
PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York

In Britain
TRAVEL MEANS
BRITISH RAILWAYS

LAND—Swift, comfortable train service everywhere in the British Isles . . .
SEA—Railway-operated cross-channel services to Ireland and the Continent . . .
AIR—British Railways are official agents for British European Airways Corporation routes in Britain . . .
HOTELS—47—all conveniently located, operated by The Hotels Executive, British Transport.

Be sure to purchase tickets and secure reservations for these services before you leave!

STAY LONGER—SEE MORE!

Plan your tour of Britain—and purchase transportation in advance. That way you'll save the 25% on tour fares granted Americans from British port of entry!

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT

or any of the British Railways offices shown below for tickets, reservations and authoritative travel information on the British Isles:

NEW YORK 20, N. Y., 9 Rockefeller Pl.
CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. LaSalle St.
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL., 510 W. 6th St.
TORONTO, ONT., 69 Yonge Street

For British Isles Travel Literature with color map, write Dept. 40 at any of these offices

BRITISH RAILWAYS

Some People think all rums are alike...

But they just don't know JAMAICA RUMS

Next time you get to thinking all rums are alike...try JAMAICA RUM!

SINCE 1661, ALL BRANDS OF JAMAICA RUM HAVE BEEN MANUFACTURED UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION TO ASSURE HIGHEST STANDARDS OF QUALITY.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD., KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

LINGUAPHONE PUTS *JOY* INTO TRAVEL

For greater pleasure, more convenience and easier transaction of business, speak the language of the country you are visiting.

Before you go, prepare *in your own home* to speak and understand

SPANISH • ITALIAN
FRENCH • PORTUGUESE
RUSSIAN • GERMAN

by the only original

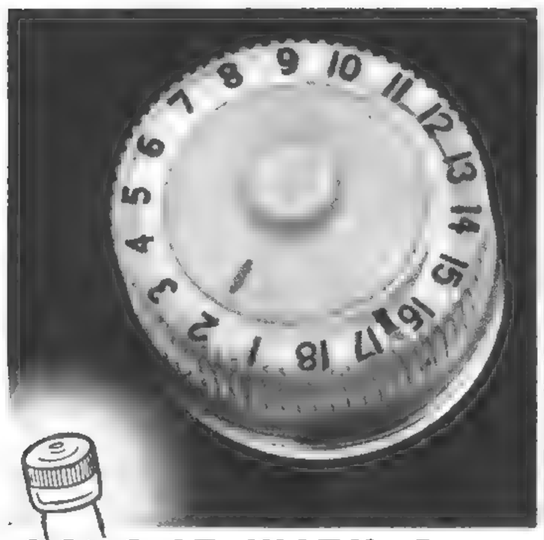
LINGUAPHONE
Conversational METHOD

You will be amazed how simple and practical the lessons are and how quickly you can carry on a conversation. You are *sure* with Linguaphone. Used by thousands of schools, colleges and a million home-study students.

Available to Veterans under G I BILL OF RIGHTS

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE,
91 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.
Send me the FREE Linguaphone Book.
G. I.? Yes ☐ No ☐
Name .....
Address ..... *City* .....
Language Interested .....



SAVE IT WITH A LOXIT CAP

Seal your favorite brand with a cap that locks it safe. Clear plastic, with a combination that's as personal as your wallet, it fits all screw top beverage bottles. The Loxit Cap makes a novel, personal gift to that friend with the home bar. Clip and mail the coupon printed below, together with $1.00, to Loxit Cap Corporation, 36 Fifth Street, N. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

EACH $1.

23,000 Combinations

MAIL ME TODAY!!

LOXIT CAP CORPORATION,
36-5th ST., N.W., ATLANTA, GA.

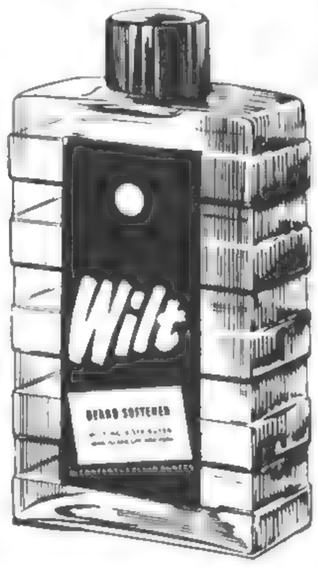
Enclosed find $____ for ____ Loxit Caps

Name _____

Street & No. _____

City _____ Zone ____ State ____

MEN... Take us up on this AMAZING Shaving Comfort TRIAL OFFER



Rub a few drops of Wilt Beard Softener into your whiskers. Then lather up as usual. Like magic the razor glides over your face. Shaves toughest beards clean and close without painful razor "pull."

ACCEPT FREE

a trial-size bottle of Wilt, with our large bottle at $1. (Trial bottle contains 7-day supply.) If, after using trial-bottle, you're not completely satisfied, return large bottle unopened and get your money back immediately.

Available at better drug stores or write direct enclosing $1, to:

WILT, INC. 38-31 Crescent St.
Long Island City, N. Y.

HOSPITALITY ENSEMBLE FOR THE DISCRIMINATING HOSTESS AND HOST

For Your Apartment, House, Playroom, Etc.
Front Bar 42" wide, black Carrara top. Full plate glass mirrored 36" back Bar. Natural finish hardwood uprights and stools. Leatherette covered in all popular colors. Nail head studded.
BAR, BACK BAR, 2 STOOLS $99.50
Extra stools $12.50 each.
Polished brass foot-rail $22.00 add'l.

CORNER HOUSE
146 S. Oak Park Ave., Oak Park, Illinois

NEW BOOK FOR OUTBOARD SKIPPERS

• *64 picture-packed pages* • *Written by experts* • *Tells how to have more fun with your outboard!* ONLY 10¢

EVERYTHING you need to know to get the most out of your outboard is told in this compact handbook. Neat Nautical Tricks, How To Care For a Boat And Motor, Trouble Shooting Made Easy, Navigation, Safety Afloat, Nautical Law, etc! Write for it *now*. Send name, address, and 10¢ to: Dept. 9, Scott-Atwater Mfg. Co., Inc., Minneapolis 13, Minn.

Save $50!

• Shine shoes **at home** with SHINE BOY . . . professional shines every time! Thousands of satisfied owners report **savings up to $50 a year!**

$2.75

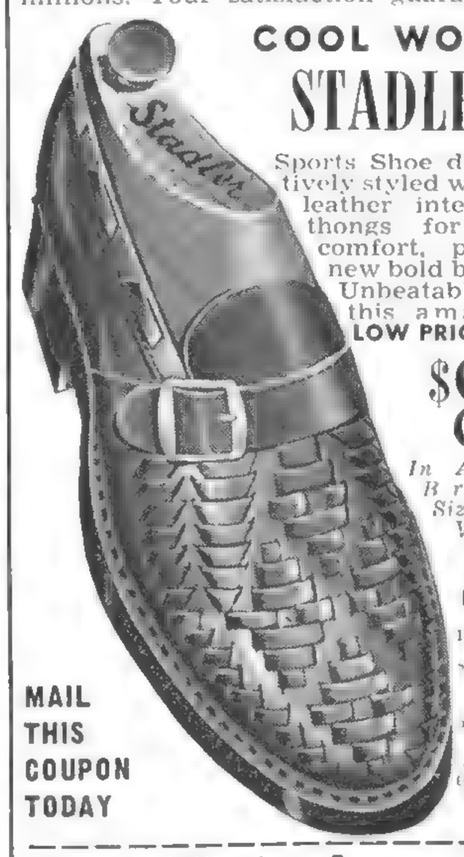
• **SHINE BOY** fits men's, women's and children's shoes.
• Sturdy steel construction holds shoes firmly for easy cleaning and polishing.
• Removes from bracket when not in use.

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED Dealer's inquiries welcome

B/E COMPANY
5829 Ocean View Drive, Oakland 18, California DEPT. EB

★ SENSATIONAL ★ MAIL ORDER VALUE

Buy direct from one of America's oldest shoe chains . . . STADLERS . . . famous over half a century, serving New York's millions. Your satisfaction guaranteed.



COOL WOVEN STADLERS

Sports Shoe distinctively styled with all leather interlaced thongs for cool comfort, plus a new bold buckle. Unbeatable at this amazing LOW PRICE

$8.95

In Antique Brown
Sizes 6-12
Widths B C D

ORDER BY MAIL

Quick Delivery. State size and width. STADLERS' 50 years reputation guarantees your MONEY BACK

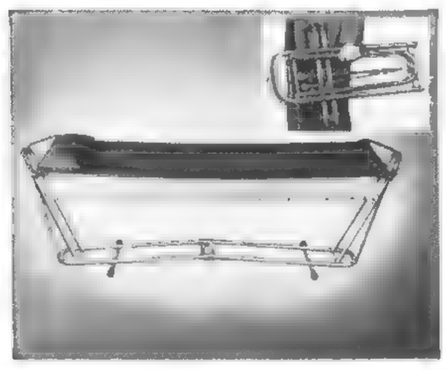
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

STADLERS', Warehouse E
260 Troy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Send me your COOL Woven Buckle Shoes.
Size ..... Width .....
Name .....
Address .....
City .....
☐ Check or M.O. enclosed (you pay postage).
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postage.

TALKING SHOP

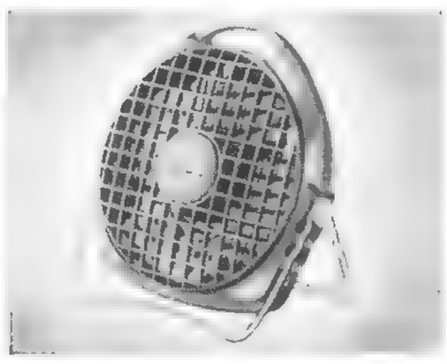
YOU NEED PROTECTION against mosquitoes and other flies that take the pleasure out of sitting on the back porch. A gentle, odorless spray over you and your clothes makes a no-man's-land for flies. They don't come anywhere near you. The container has a built-in atomizer. On picnics or camping trips, it spares both children and adults.

IT USED TO BE that if you wanted a hammock in the garden, you needed two good trees or something sturdy to hang it on. Now you can have one that stands on its own, folds up compactly and is adjustable: It can be lowered at either end and made taut or loose as you please. 30" wide and 75" long, it is made in blue or green duck with white fringe.

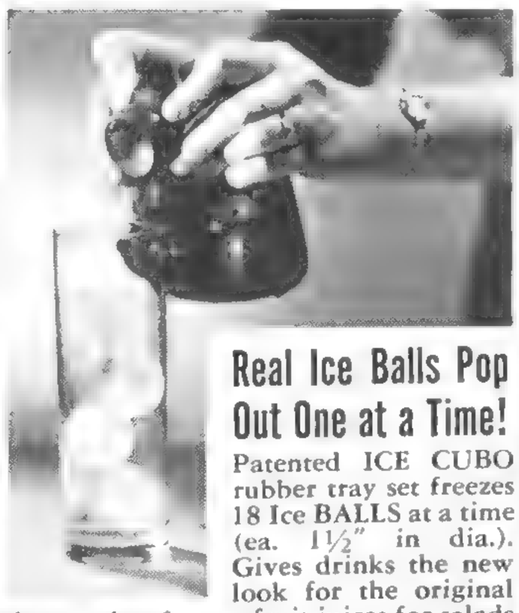


ROOM FOR TWO. Luxury, leisure and particularly comfort seem to be indicated in this double-sized lounge for a terrace or garden. It has wheels for moving it just where you want it, kapok-filled cushions and a canopy that folds back out of the way when you want to look up at the stars. Frame is rattan, sailcloth any two colors you choose.

AN IMPROVED VERSION of an old summer standby—a 1949 model electric fan—safe, lightweight, quiet, powerful and portable. It weighs under 3 lbs. and its plastic frame measures only 9" across. U-shaped legs let it stand firmly almost anywhere. It can be included in a small suitcase or moved about wherever needed at home or at the office.



For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address



Real Ice Balls Pop Out One at a Time!

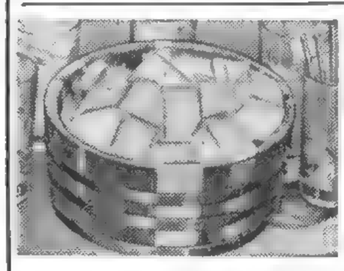
Patented ICE CUBO rubber tray set freezes 18 Ice BALLS at a time (ea. 1½" in dia.). Gives drinks the new look for the original host—also, freezes fruit juices for salads & drinks. Trays last for years. TWO trays in beautiful gift box with color tablets—**$3.95** postpaid to you. No C.O.D.'s.

ICE CUBO CO.
Dept. D
930 Grant St. Box 29
Denver 1, Colorado

DEALERS' Inquiries Invited

carry that bottle SAFELY in a VENUS BOTTLE GUARD

Venus quart-size, heavily-padded, suede-like Bottle Guard keeps clothes and suitcase free of stains from bottles that might leak; protects against breaking; saves bulk in wrapping—pays for itself in peace of mind and cleaning bills. Travelers love them. Quart size $3.00, Pint size $2.50. Colors: Tan, Maroon, Green. Also two-compartment Perfume Bottle Guard, $3.00. At most good stores or write us.
Venus Corp., 1170 B'way, New York. Dept. E-8



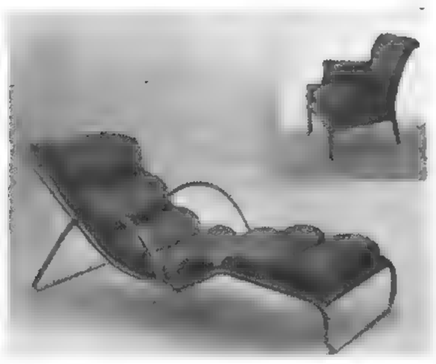
CEDAR ICE TUB

$2.50
(Plus 25c postage—No COD)
Tenn. purchasers add 2% tax
FREE CATALOG of other cedar woodenware

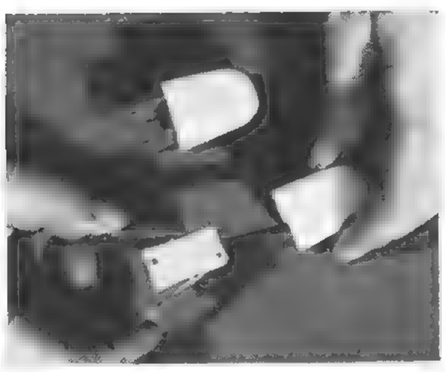
Bound in brass, sturdy as a rail fence—you can chip or crunch ice without harm to this tub. Between parties use it as fruit bowl, sewing basket or serving dish. Height, 4"; diameter, 9".

THE BUCKET SHOP
Box 165 Murfreesboro, Tenn.

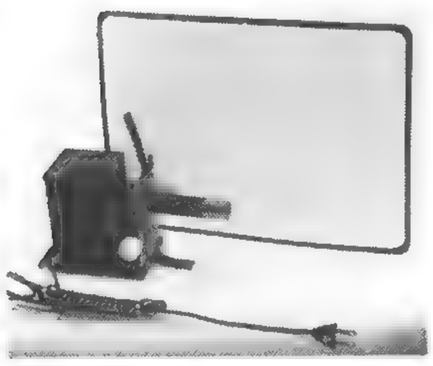
WITH ESQUIRE



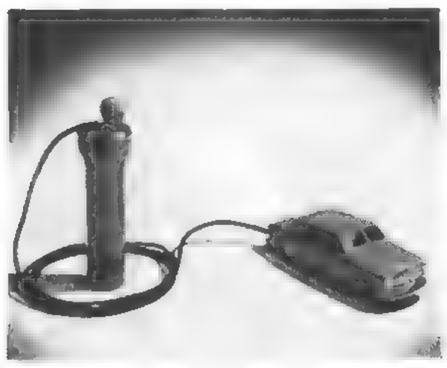
A REMARKABLE PAINT for fabrics goes on anything from chintz to sailcloth, dries quickly, leaves the material flexible, waterproof, mothproof and fire repellent. Excellent for convertible tops, beach furniture, awnings, boat sails, tents and rubber toys as well as for lamp shades and all kinds of indoor upholstery. Applied with an ordinary brush.



SAFETY AWARD WINNER. Many a weary husband who would rather be reading his newspaper finds himself fixing the plug on the iron or maybe the toaster. A clever plastic plug is so simple that even a child could replace a worn one with it in a few seconds. No tools, screws or stripping and no shocks; just insert the wire and close the prongs.



WITHIN EASY REACH of almost everyone's pocket, a film slide projector for the youngsters offers all sorts of interesting entertainment. 16 mm size and very well built for the money, it comes equipped with 5 film strips and additional ones can be purchased. It is safe even for the children to operate themselves. The strips are noninflammable.

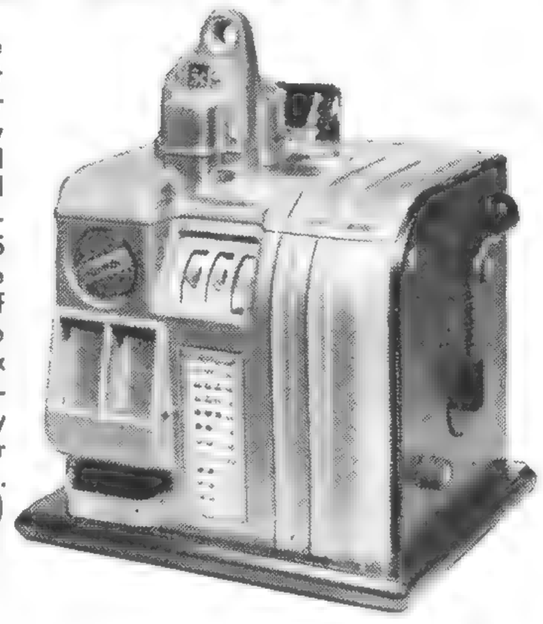


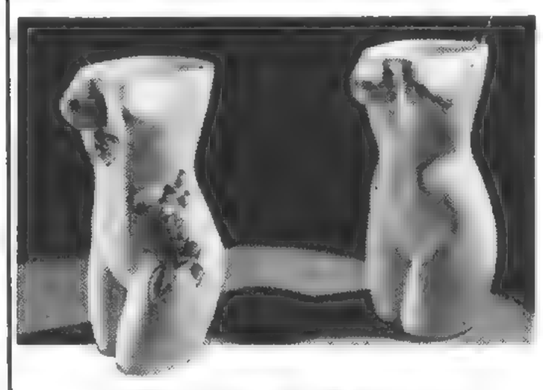
BY REMOTE CONTROL, you or your young son can operate an 8" model Tenite plastic car. Two flashlight batteries in the power pack which you hold supply the current through a cable stretching out to 72". You stop the car, steer it, drive it forward or backward by the switches on the pack. This is one toy for Junior that will keep Dad off the floor.

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Ranger

ONE-ARMED BANDIT!

To satisfy any man's secret ambition, here is the latest model 1949 streamlined slot machine, available for the first time for your home game room, den or club. Heavy duty construction, fully automatic, with all the usual winning combinations (Staggered payoff, 3, 5, 10, 14, 18 and 20 plus Jackpot). Adjustable for 5 cent, 10 cent or 25 cent play, with fittings to effect the change from one to the other. Set for payoff of 60% (higher or lower percentage may be arranged). Specifications: 18" x 11½" x 14½"; cam action, double jackpots; shipping weight 47 pounds. Complete, ready to operate, with detailed instructions for the layman. Unconditionally guaranteed. **$198.00** (Express Prepaid. No CODs.)





TORSO HIBALLS

Here's just the thing to shock a maiden aunt; but watch Uncle Foster's eyes pop when you serve him his night-cap in one of these ten ounce white ceramic torsos. What a full bodied drink that'll be! FLOWERED TORSOS are **$2.00 each.** BARE TORSOS are **$1.75 each.** (Postpaid, if your remittance accompanies your order.)

BOTTLE BITER!

If you have a perverted sense of humor (like we have), you'll get a kick out of this handy hilarious wall bottle opener. All metal Dentures (in natural colors), to bite off bottle caps. Giftboxed, complete with three "gum" colored screws. **$1.95** (Postpaid, if your remittance accompanies your order.)

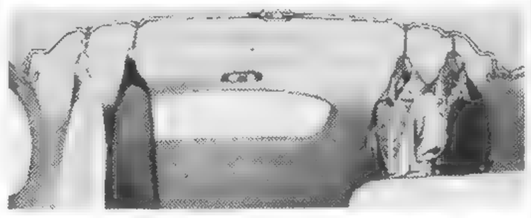
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG E-8 OF SMART BAR ACCESSORIES

the GAME ROOM

1538 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

('Phone: COlumbia 2131)

MOTORISTS! KEEP CLOTHES WRINKLE-FREE WITH NEW HANG-ALL AUTO RACK!



Holds 12 or more garments full length

FITS ALL CARS—SUPPORTS 100 LBS.

Now—no more travel-wrinkled clothes! Amazing auto wardrobe rack ends packing troubles, pays for itself many times over in pressing bills saved. Attached and removed in a jiffy. Does not obstruct rear view or use of doors or windows. Richly nickel plated. Immediate delivery. When ordering state make and model of car. Send check, money order or postal note. $3.95 postpaid. Order NOW!

DAMAR DISTRIBUTING CO.

Dept. E-8, 333 Halsey St. Newark 2, N. J.

MARK OF TRADITION

Your Family Coat-of-Arms

University or Fraternity Seals

HAND CARVED on GOLD, PLATINUM or STONE seal RINGS. Cuff links, Tie clasps, Earrings, Brooches, Pendants, Disc Charms, and Silverware.

STEEL DIES for SOCIAL STATIONERY

Handpainted coats-of-arms for framing or fired on genuine tiles.

Let our genealogical department assist you to locate or create your crest.

WRITE FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

323 Madison Ave. Near 43rd Street New York 17, N. Y.

CLIVE Jewelers

Murray Hill 2-0383 MAIL ORDERS FILLED

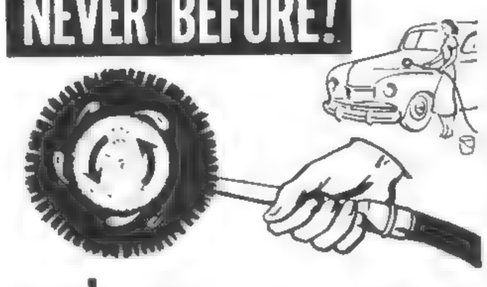
YOU CAN DEPEND ON CLIVE FOR QUALITY

FIREARMS & SWORDS

You don't want to miss our new thrill-packed catalog. Fascinating background and illustrations of 3300 authentic pieces. Exceptional values in hard-to-find items. For your 190-page catalog, simply send 50c to cover postage and handling, with your name and address, to

ROBERT ABELS *860-E Lexington Ave. New York 21, N. Y.*

NEVER BEFORE!



such an easy way to wash your car!

Just hold the **SWIRL-O-MATIC**

ONLY $6.95 PREPAID

The Revolving Brush Does the Work!

Simply attach Swirl-O-Matic to any garden hose . . . the amazing, whirling turbine action quickly cleans, gives car a gleaming jewel finish.

- Rinses as it cleans! No streaking!
- No rubbing, scrubbing, wiping!
- Washes windows, siding, etc., too!
- Easy to use . . . weighs less than 1 lb.
- Guaranteed! Economical! Pays for itself in 5-6 washings. And so *easy* to use!

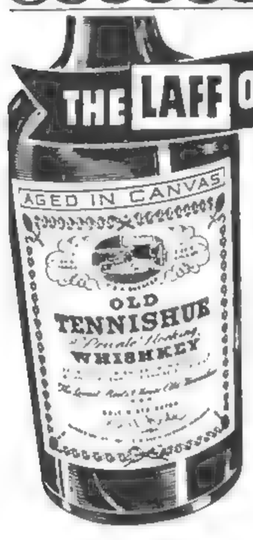
If Car Is Not Too Dirty, plain water does the job beautifully. For really *dirty* jobs, **Free** "magic" detergent is included. For washing windows, screens, etc., order 3 ft. extension, ideal for this purpose. Only $2.50 extra (prepaid).

West of Mississippi: add 25c each item.

MELAIRE DISTRIBUTING CO.

Dept. 3ES, 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

THE LAFF OF THE PARTY



Pep up the proceedings with these screwy "private stock" labels. Beautifully designed, they look like the real McCoy, but screamingly funny on inspection. Set of 12 front, back and neck labels include OLD POPSKULL, BELCHER'S BOURPON, WHITE HEARSE and other brands nobody will switch to. Lithographed in two colors on gummed stock. A swell gift for your drinkin' friends. Order today! No C O Ds. please

$1.00 FOR 12-PIECE SET
2 SETS $1.75

Write BARFLIZE

BOX 3551 • PORTLAND 8, OREGON

FOR THE ESQUIRE MAN

"IT DOES EVERYTHING"

KLEVER

KLEEVER

"INGENIOUS" is the word for this beautiful, multi-purpose Klever Kleever.

1. Chops, minces poultry, meat, fish, vegetables—other foods.
2. "Tenderizes" steaks.
3. Opens bottles—pries open jars.
4. Loosens stuck refrigerator trays.
5. Lifts tacks and nails.

An Ideal Companion For HUNTERS and FISHERMEN and for all camping purposes

ALSO A HANDY BAR ACCESSORY

Designed for kitchen convenience and outdoor cooking, this strong, sturdy, polished and tempered carbon steel is easy to handle. Will not rust.

BEAUTIFULLY BOXED

Only $2.98 Postpaid or 2 for $5.50

Buy one for your home and one for your outdoor kit. Rush check or Money Order to

PHENIX ENTERPRISES

67 W. 175th St., N.Y. 53, N.Y.

(C.O.D.'s also filled—you pay postage)

LOOK TALLER INSTANTLY!

WEAR HITE-BUILDERS IN YOUR OWN SHOES

Want more respect? . . . more opportunity? Then increase your height INSTANTLY with Davis Hite-Builders. Slip them inside your own shoes. Invisible, comfortable, easy to wear. Made to last years. Amazingly low-priced!

SEND NO MONEY

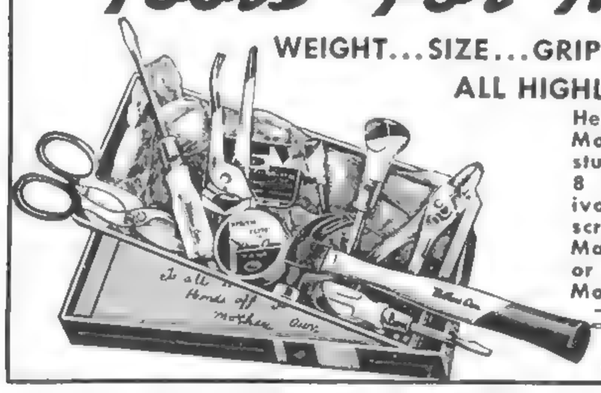
Rush name, address, and shoe size today. Pay postman only $1.95 plus few cents postage for your pair of Hite-Builders, mailed in plain package. If not delighted with immediate result, just return them and we'll refund your money at once. Or send $1.95 now & save postage. Same guarantee, of course. Order today, look *taller* next week!

DAVIS MFG. CO.

Dept. E-308, Loveland, Ohio

Only $1.95 A PAIR

Tools For Mother

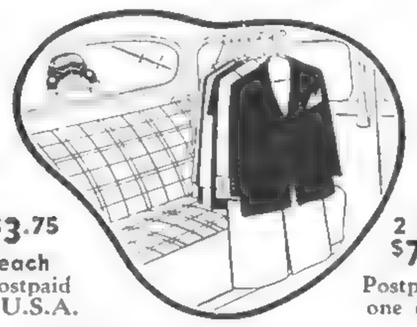


WEIGHT...SIZE...GRIP—FASHIONED FOR WOMEN
ALL HIGHLY POLISHED, FORGED STEEL

Here's a set of tools sure to answer all Mother's household needs. Packed in a sturdy blue and silver box, the kit includes 8 highly polished tools with blue and ivory handles. Also assorted nails and screws. All guaranteed under Pexto brand. Makes a perfect gift. Send $8.95 check or money order...$9.45 in or West of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico.

Dorothy Weaver
BUCKS COUNTY
QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

TRAVEL BY AUTO? *Then buy our* *Improved* Easy-Pack Auto Rack!



$3.75 each Postpaid in U.S.A.

2 for $7.00 Postpaid in one carton

- No packing—no pressing bills.
- Holds many garments WRINKLE free.
- Fits all cars—no tools required.
- Made of Aluminum—Weight 1¼ lbs.
- Won't mar car upholstery.
- Does not obstruct rear view.
- Extension links & suction cups now supplied.
- Hangs over doors, chairs, radiators and panels in homes, offices, motels, etc.

Two day service! Postpaid. Gift boxed. Money back guarantee. The Ideal Gift For All Gift-Giving Occasions. Send check or money order

THE H. H. EBY COMPANY
Patents Applied For
P. O. Box 808-ES Fort Wayne, Indiana

erratic golfball

← this is why

Looks like the real thing but try to putt it and it weaves across the green like the town drunk. Your golfing partner will blow up with this one.

$1.50 each or 6 for $8.00 $1.50 ea.
Postpaid or C. O. D. plus postage.

magic center "The world's largest magic center"
741 8th AVENUE, N. Y. 19, N. Y. • Dept. EG-5
Free catalogue with each order.

BE TALLER

WEAR CUSTOM MADE STATURAIDS

$19.50

LOUNGER
brown calf & white buck No. 11 shown above
brown calf & brown bucko, No. 12
cordovan crushed grain No. 13

Get the Thrill of Being Taller
ORDER THE ABOVE STYLE BY MAIL
...5 day shipment or visit my factory

Our 10th year producing fine Staturaid custom made height increasing shoes

HOW TO ORDER: Send correct shoe size (or old shoe), with deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage, or if you remit in full, we pay mailing charges

Free Catalog showing 50 styles in height increasing shoes, sent on request

JOSEPH BURGER, Manufacturer, Dept. 175
Factory & Factory Store, 433 E. 148 St., N. Y. 55, N. Y.
DEALERS: WRITE FOR STATURAID SALES OPPORTUNITY

Thirst Extinguisher

COCKTAIL SHAKER

Your party's off to a wonderful start with this amusing cocktail shaker. An authentic smaller version of the familiar fire extinguisher . It is whimsically engraved with the following humorous text:

THIRST EXTINGUISHER
Required By Law
TO BE PUT IN CONVENIENT SPOT
In Emergencies Charge With Ingredients, Shake Well And Dispense Freely Until Conflagration Is Under Control
EVERY HOST A FIRE CHIEF
Guaranteed By Thirst-Quenching Underwriters
Approved by Fire-Eaters Everywhere

Choice of ☐ mirror-bright chrome or ☐ polished brass with copper trim. Silverplated lining insures perfect drinks free from any tinge of metallic taste. Giant 60-oz. capacity: 12" high. A WONDERFUL GIFT!

$18.50 each postpaid
No C. O. D.'s please

WECK CUTLERY, INC. Est. 1890
138 Fulton St., New York 7, N. Y.

Swim With Confidence and Greater Safety
FLOAT-EES SWIM TRUNKS
WON'T TIP YOU UPSIDE DOWN*
(Inside out view)

When worn pontoons are INVISIBLE THEY FLOAT YOU

*U.S. Coast Guard, Army, Navy, Swimming Coaches, Olympic proved this in Scientific Test

FLOAT-EES Specially Styled Boxer Trunks—lined with water repellent Zel—have hidden Comfort-Aid pockets with plastic pontoons that can be inflated in or out of water. With these trunks beginners LEARN to SWIM RAPIDLY, swimmers can relax, float & tread water. Distances with EASE.

Blue - Tan - Maize - Maroon
Men's sizes - - 30 to 44 at $6.95 each
Boys' sizes - - 6 to 16 at $5.95 each

FLOAT-EES Company Dept. E2
1745 B'way, N.Y. 19, N.Y. CO 5-3150
Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D. ☐ MAIL ORDER
Size Color 2nd Choice

Here are FOUR CORKERS

Four party HEADliners in tooled antiqued finish. Just tip the bottle . . . drink pours from the mouth. Good for a hearty laugh.

$7.50 set of 4

Brass Ash "pitoon." A gay '90's touch for modern living that holds as much cigarette ash as your guests can smoke.

$2.95 each

Mail orders promptly filled

All that you need for your Entertaining Needs
The HOMBAR Center
BARS • BAR ACCESSORIES
GADGETS • NOVELTIES • GIFTS
55 West 45th Street, N.Y.19, N.Y.

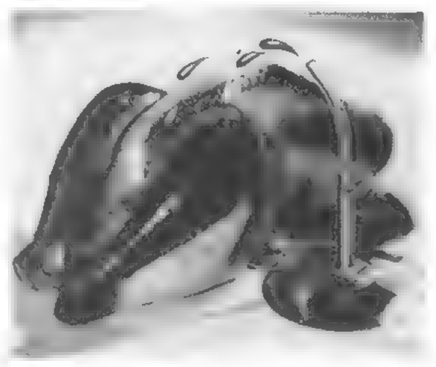
TALKING SHOP

FAME AND FORTUNE comes to those who "build a better mouse trap," as the saying goes. In this case, a famous sea food restaurant owes its original success to a salad dressing—a man's dressing, well-seasoned and wonderful for green salads and particularly for sea food. You can't buy it in any shop but you can order it directly from the restaurant.

THE ADVANTAGE of this smallest of all refrigerators we've seen is that it can be put in any corner. It has one large ice cube tray and place for another, hermetically sealed motor, efficient insulation, and temperature control. 24" x 16" x 19", it weighs 75 lbs., works on AC current and has handles for carrying. In a beveled soft grey finish.

A REVOLUTION in frying pans and a boon to anyone who ever prepares bacon for breakfast: A cast aluminum pan has a valve to drain off the grease. It works by pressing the lever on the handle. Precarious pouring over the side of the pan is eliminated as is the use of paper to absorb excess grease of fried foods. The food, moreover, is more digestible.

A STUFFED CHICKEN or a roast requires frequent basting. A small device operating on the same principle as a coffee percolator does the basting automatically. You put it into the pan right with the roast and the juices steadily percolate over the meat. The inconvenience of constant vigilance and frequently burned fingers is no longer necessary.



FOR THE HOST and hostess when you accept week-end hospitality, bring them silverplated butterers. Corn eaters will regard your gift as a real contribution to the household. Like a spoon but with openings to let the butter melt through onto corn, hot buns, pancakes or potatoes. Better for spreading the butter and less wasteful than a knife.

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address

AT LAST! A GIFT FOR MEN!
"LUSCIOUS LADY"

CAN BE USED AS A VASE OR BEER STEIN

Attractively and artistically designed by a well known California sculptor and made of high gloss, quality ceramics
Stands 7" high. Either Ebony Black or Emerald Green.
Only $1.00 at your favorite department or gift store or order Postpaid from

FRANMOR CERAMICS
33 S. Chester Ave.
Pasadena 1, Calif.
Sorry! We cannot accept COD's

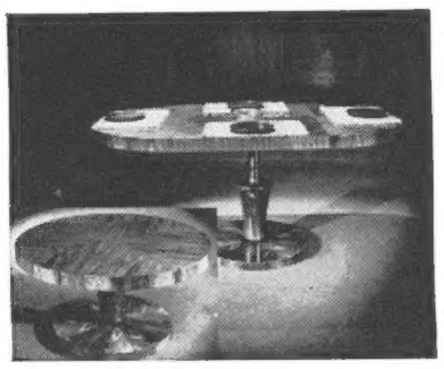
NAUSEA

If you suffer discomfort from morning nausea, or when traveling by air, sea or on land—try

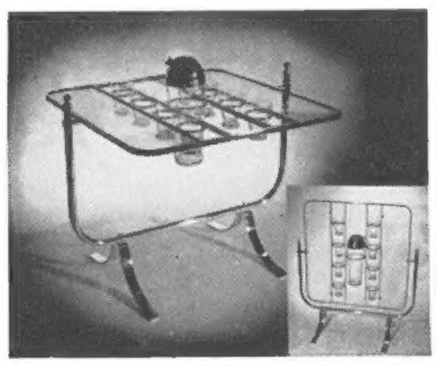
Mothersills

Used for over a third of a century as a valuable aid in preventing and relieving all forms of nausea. A trial will prove its effectiveness and reliability. At druggists.
MOTHERSILL'S, 430 Lafayette St., New York, 3, N. Y

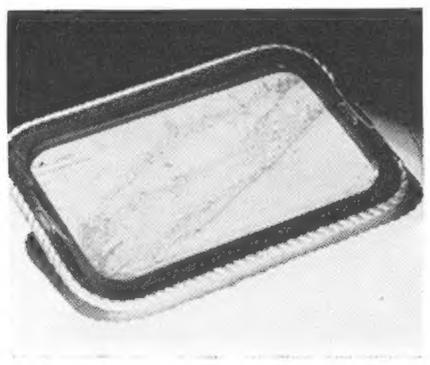
WITH ESQUIRE



SWEDISH DESIGN in furniture has long been renowned and for good reason. Here is a table, for example, on a swivel base that is a coffee table 18" high or an eating table for two 29". When you want it larger, it opens out to an oval shape seating 6 or 8. The appeal is its serviceability, its solid simplicity and the beautifully matched grain of wood.



A GLASS AND METAL service bar fitted with cocktail glasses and shaker has the added advantage of turning up to a vertical position so as to conserve space especially when not in use. In either position, the glasses and shaker are held firmly enough to avoid falling or spilling even when the table is moved about. The top is 21" square.



A NAUTICAL CHART for any specific area you wish and with all the details marked is under glass on this solid mahogany tray. 22" x 14", it has grummet rope around it and 2 cleats for handles. For flying fans there are aviation chart trays with aeroplane propellers for handles and aluminum strips instead of the rope. Interesting and useful.

AN EASY WAY of doing a paint job—and economical—is to use paint that sprays right from the container onto whatever you're painting. It eliminates the cost of thinner and brushes and the bother of cleaning them afterwards. The enamels are quick-drying. Available also are some protective plastic coatings and a chrome aluminum finish.

THERE ARE TIMES when it may be useful to have on hand directions for a hangover breakfast. This little wooden tray advises "tomato juice, two raw eggs, black coffee, aspirin, and our sympathy." Apart from the tray, the same information comes on a simple wooden plaque suitable for the wall of a guest room, playroom or breakfast corner.

to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Ranger

SAVE YOUR SHIRTS

BUY NEW CUFFS & COLLARS
Made of First Quality White Broadcloth or Oxford
Easy to replace. Anyone can sew them on.
Collars—(1) Long Point, Slotted, Low Band (2) Button Down, (3) Regular, (4) Semi-Windsor State Size and Style No.—2 for $1.50
Cuffs—French, 2 pr. $1 . . . Single, 3 pr. $1
Send check or Money Order.
Add 10c for postage. No C.O.D.'s.
EXPERT SHIRT HOSPITAL
M. HARRIS 365 WEST 34th ST. (E-1) NEW YORK, N. Y.

TIRED
COCKTAIL GLASSES
. . . that put life and laughs into any party. For gay entertaining and good drinking, serve the *next* round in these unique, singularly-shaped 22k gold-rimmed *Tired* glasses.
SET OF 6 $5.95 postpaid
Dept. 6A Send Check or Money Order
klepa arts
8413½ W. 3rd St., HOLLYWOOD 36, CALIF.

It's new!.. It's FREE!

Our newest FREE catalogue of made-to-measure shirts contains many unique collar styles, including the distinctive "Everoll" (at left). Actual cloth samples for your inspection; special measuring chart guarantees a perfect fitting shirt made to your individual measurements. Your exact collar size and sleeve length, whatever they may be. Shirts from $6.50 to $22.50, depending upon fabric.
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE AT ONCE!
Stern Bros America's Largest Manufacturers of "Made-to-Measure Shirts by Mail"
Dept. EA
914 N. PLANKINTON AVE., MILWAUKEE 3, WIS.

Please Send . . .
3 YEARS OF Esquire
FOR ONLY $12
To:
name
address
city zone state
☐ Three Years at $12 (saving of $6)
☐ Two Years at $10 (saving of $2)
☐ One Year at $6
I enclose $_____ Please Bill Me ☐
Clip and mail today to:
Esquire
ESQUIRE BLDG. • CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS
E-272

AT LAST YOU CAN Enjoy Smoking IN SAFETY

with the "LIGHT AS A FEATHER"
SMOKER-TEER
Pats. Pending
NO ASHES - NO SPARKS
Smoke in the WIND—Smoke while golfing, hunting, fishing, boating or motoring. Smoke in BED (if you must) . . . Smoke anywhere with perfect safety.
●
Protects clothing, rugs, furniture, table cloths and bed clothes . . .
●
SMOKER-TEER is made of finest imported briar and comes complete in gift box with highest quality holder and filters.

DANGEROUS

SAFE

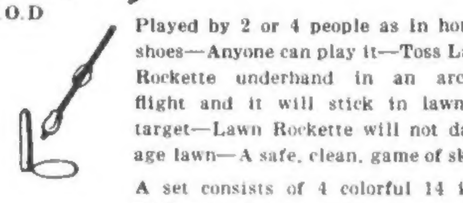
It's light as a feather. POSTPAID only $4.75
The SMOKER-TEER CO.
199 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

GET away from hum-drum living and hit the adventure trail on a Harley-Davidson Hydra-Glide! Explore back country roads that lead to rare scenic splendors, hidden valleys, little known hamlets and historic places, out-of-way lake and mountain areas — so hard to reach by other transportation. See great cities, fascinating rural regions, glamorous resorts and vacation spots. New thrills, new friends, new pleasures await you at every turn . . . at gypsy tours, exciting race meets, endurance runs, hill climbs, club gatherings of every kind. There's no sport like motorcycling; no fun like riding a sleek, swift, "comfort-cruising" Harley-Davidson Hydra-Glide! See your dealer. Mail the coupon now.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. E, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin
Send free copy of ENTHUSIAST Magazine filled with motorcycle action pictures and stories; also literature on latest models.
Name_____
Street or R.F.D._____
City_____ State_____

LAWN ROCKETTE
New Novel Lawn Game

$3.15 POSTPAID
MONEY ORDER, CHECK, C.O.D



Played by 2 or 4 people as in horseshoes—Anyone can play it—Toss Lawn Rockette underhand in an arched flight and it will stick in lawn at target—Lawn Rockette will not damage lawn—A safe, clean, game of skill
A set consists of 4 colorful 14 inch Rockettes—2 wire circles—2 pegs.
THE SMITH INDUSTRIES
FRANKLIN PARK, NEW JERSEY

PERSONALIZED LUGGAGE TAGS
GENUINE CALFSKIN

Your Name and Address on Both Sides in 24 K Gold
Protect — identify — enrich appearance of your luggage with BST Luggage Tags. Super-fine quality, rich genuine calfskin, personalized with name and address imprinted on both sides in 24 K gold. Rustproof brass swivel snap—tag lies flat with name always in sight. For traveling bags, golf bags, duffle bags, etc. Size 3x1¾ in. Black or luggage tan. Only $1.25 each—3 for $2.25, postpaid. Mail order with payment today. Money back if not delighted. Print name and address to be imprinted (not more than 3 lines).
$1.25 EACH
3 for $2.25
BST Leather Products Co., 300 E. Third St., Dept. A-10, Cincinnati, Ohio

AVOID SCALP SCUM

IF YOU WANT HANDSOME HEALTHY-LOOKING HAIR

Wake up, men! Remember water is no hair tonic. And don't keep on plastering your hair down with sticky, gooey products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching 'scum.' Use Kreml—a *distinctly different* hair tonic. Kreml grooms hair so *naturally* with a handsome lustre yet *never* smothers hair—never clogs pores with greasy goo. Great to remove dandruff flakes. Kreml keeps your hair—scalp feeling as *delightfully clean* as the day you washed it. Change to miracle-working Kreml Hair Tonic today!

FOR THAT KREML TYPE HAIR THAT ATTRACTS

KREML Hair Tonic

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

IMPORTANT:
Don't fail to try the new Kreml Shampoo with its *natural oil base.* It will never dry your hair as so many cream and liquid shampoos which contain drying detergents do.

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

AUGUST, 1949

Abels, Robert 127
Absorbine Jr. (W. F. Young, Inc.) 18
Alligator Company, The 123
American Extension School of Law 14
American Safety Razor Corp. 107
Ancient Age Distilling Co. ..... IV Cover
Ancient Bottle Gin (Seagram-Distillers Corp.) 7
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 99
Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. (Grant's) 8

B./E. Company (Shine Boy). 126
BST Leather Products Co... 129
Barflize 127
Bar Mart, The 12
Bauer & Black ("Bracer") ... 123
Blye, John 11
Booth's House of Lords (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 125
British Railways 125
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. (Old Forester) 111
Brownscope Co. 12
Bucket Shop, The 126
Burger, Joseph 126

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc. (Johnnie Walker) .... III Cover
Cash's 12
Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co. 11
Classics Club, The 3
Clive Jewelers 127
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow) 99
Copacabana 124
Corner House 126
Crane's 12
Crystalier Co. 14

Damar Distributing Co. 127
Davis Mfg. Co. 127
Dawson, Peter (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) 122
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's) 124
Dobbs Hats 6
Dollar Mystery Guild 13
Dresner & Son, Inc., S. (Gladiator) 120
Dutch Masters 119

Eby Company, The H. H. ... 128

Fiction Book Club 17
Float-Ees 128
Folker Fabrics Corp. (Marshall Field & Co.) ... 116
Franmor Ceramics 128
French National Tourist Office 121

Game Room, The 127
Gilbey's (National Distillers Products Corp.) 22
Gladiator (S. Dresner & Son, Inc.) 120
Glenmore Distilleries Co. (Kentucky Tavern) 102
Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd.. 19
Grant's (Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.) 8
Gripper (Scovill Mfg. Co.) .. 105

Haig & Haig (Renfield Importers, Ltd.) 117
Hale Rubber Co., Alfred (Rajah) 120
Harley-Davidson Motor Co.. 129
Harris, M. (Expert Shirt Hospital) 129
Hombar Center, The 128
Hull Mfg. Co. 12
Hussco Shoe Company 11

Ice Cubo Co. 128

Juilliard & Co., Inc., A. D. (Juillcord) 119

Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Distilleries Co.) 102
Klepa Arts 129
Klinger, Georgette 14
Kreml (R. B. Semler, Inc.) .. 130
Kuehnert & Co., Inc., A. (American Hosiery Co.) ... 12

Lanvin 11
Linguaphone Institute 125
Loxit Cap Corporation 126

Macfadden Foundation, Inc., Bernarr 109
Mackie Lovejoy Mfg. Co. ... 14
Magic Center 128
Melaire Distributing Co. 127
Mothersill's 128

National City Bank of New York 124
National Distillers Products Corp. (Gilbey's) 22
Native Boot Company 14
Navarro Bros. 12
Norma Pencil Corp. 11
Norman-Jules 14

Old Fitzgerald (Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc.) 10
Old Forester (Brown-Forman Distillers Corp.) 111
Orange Blossom (Traub Mfg. Co.) 124

Paramount Pictures, Inc. ... 4
Park & Tilford Import Corp.:
Booth's House of Lords ... 125
Reserve and Private Stock. 16
Vat 69 114
Phenix Enterprises 127
Puerto Rico Industrial Development Co. 21

Rabsons 124
Rajah (Alfred Hale Rubber Co.) 120
Recordia Mfg. Co., Inc. 130
Renfield Importers, Ltd. (Haig & Haig) 117
Rolls Razor, Inc. 12
Ronrico Corp. 125
Rum and Maple 14

Schenley Distributors, Inc. (Schenley Reserve) 101
Scott-Atwater Mfg. Co., Inc. 126
Scovill Mfg. Co. (Gripper) .. 105
Seaforth 11
Seagram-Distillers Corp. (Ancient Bottle Gin) 7
Semler, Inc., R. B. (Kreml). 130
Smith Industries, The 129
Smoker-Teer Co., The 129
Sportex Foundations 12
Springs Cotton Mills, The ... 9
Stadlers' 126
Stern Bros. 129
Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald) 10
Studebaker Corp. ..... II Cover
Sugar Manufacturers' Association (of Jamaica), Ltd., The 125

Textron, Inc. 113
Tinsley Laboratories 12
Traub Mfg. Co. (Orange Blossom) 124
Turgeon Studios, The 14

United Artists 15

Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 114
Venus Corp. 126

Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) III Cover
Weaver, Dorothy 128
Weck Cutlery, Inc. 128
Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius (Peter Dawson) 122
Wilt, Inc. 126

Young, Inc., W. F. (Absorbine Jr.) 18

Zippo Mfg. Co. 20

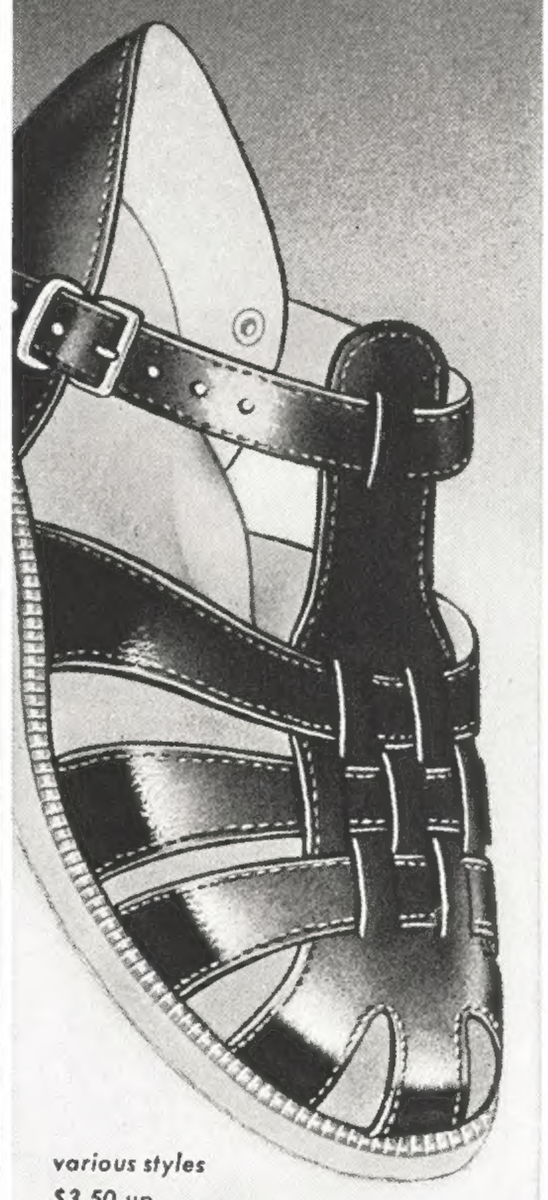
While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

THE BOLD LOOK

in Sandals

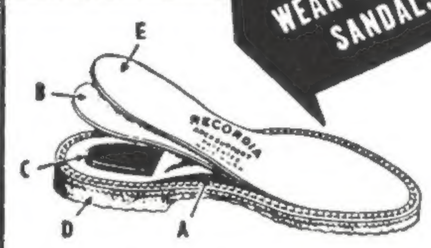
"RECORDIA"

...the only sandal with the BILT-IN ARCH SUPPORT



various styles
$3.50 up

WHY MILLIONS WEAR RECORDIA SANDALS



A — ORTHOPEDIC ARCH-SUPPORT
B — INSULATED FOR COOLER COMFORT
C — SPONGE CUSHION SHOCK-ABSORBER
D — NON-SKID SOLE exclusively developed for LIGHTER WEIGHT AND LONGER WEAR
E — GENUINE LEATHER SOCKLINING

MANUFACTURERS OF "RECORDIA PROCESS" Sandals FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

LOOK FOR THE GREEN SEAL ON THE SOLE

for your nearest store selling RECORDIA PROCESS SANDALS, write:

RECORDIA MFG. CO., Inc.
142 W. 14th ST., NEW YORK 11

MEET *SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON*... Most congenial of companions the seven-seas-'round is that world-famed traveler from Scotland — Johnnie Walker. Mellowed to please the choosiest of tastes... the fine flavour of this flawless Scotch will make it always *your* favourite choice. **JOHNNIE WALKER** Born 1820, still going strong. Blended Scotch Whisky... Red Label... Black Label... both 86.8 proof. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer.*

A A

..."tastes its age"

Now America's largest-selling

full **5** year old

straight Kentucky bourbon

ANCIENT AGE

The whiskey with Age in its flavor!

Every drop *straight*. Every drop *Kentucky*. Every drop *bourbon*. Every drop patiently aged for 5 full years. Every drop evenly matured...and uniform...from sip to sip... from bottle to bottle. Ask for "double A"...get *double value*.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. Ancient Age Distilling Co., Frankfort, Ky.

© 1949 ANCIENT AGE DISTILLING CO.